VOL · VII APRIL 1926 NO · 28

THE AMERICAN MERCURY

A MONTHLY REVIEW

EDITED BY H · L · MENCKEN

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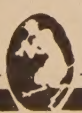
Albert & Charles Boni  **66 Fifth Avenue, N. Y.**

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Published monthly at 50 cents a copy. Annual subscription, $5.00; Canadian subscription, $5.50; foreign subscription, $6.00. . . . The American Mercury, Inc., publishers. Publication office, Federal and 19th streets, Camden, N. J. Editorial and general offices, 730 Fifth avenue, New York. . . . Printed in the United States. Copyright, 1926, by The American Mercury, Inc. . . . Entered as second class matter January 4, 1924, at the post office at Camden, N. J., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Published monthly on the 25th. Five weeks' advance notice required for change of subscribers' addresses.

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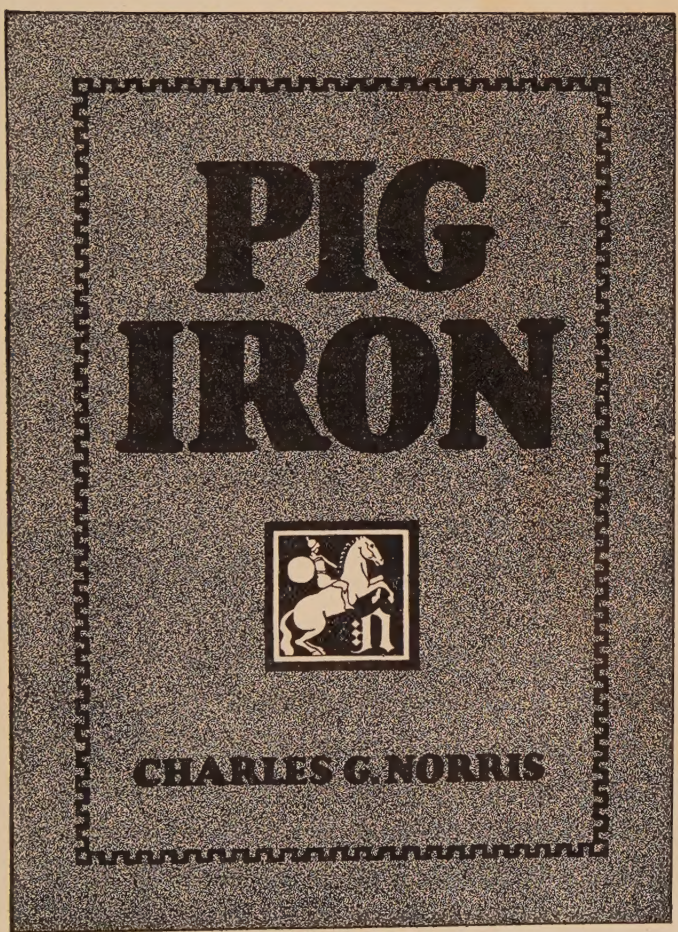

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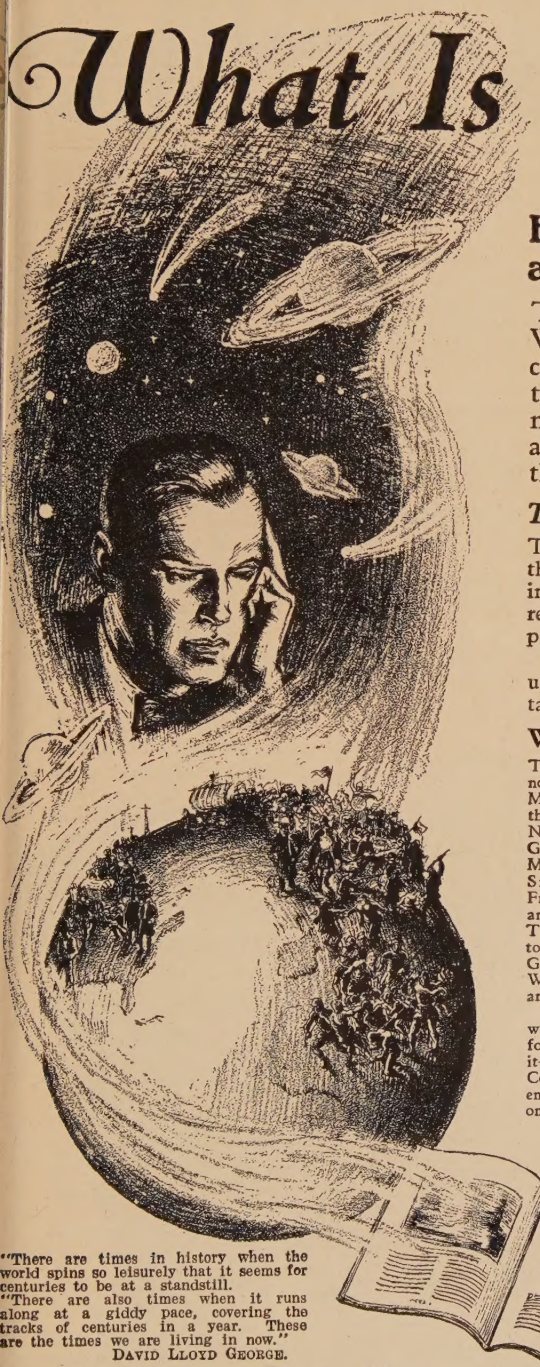

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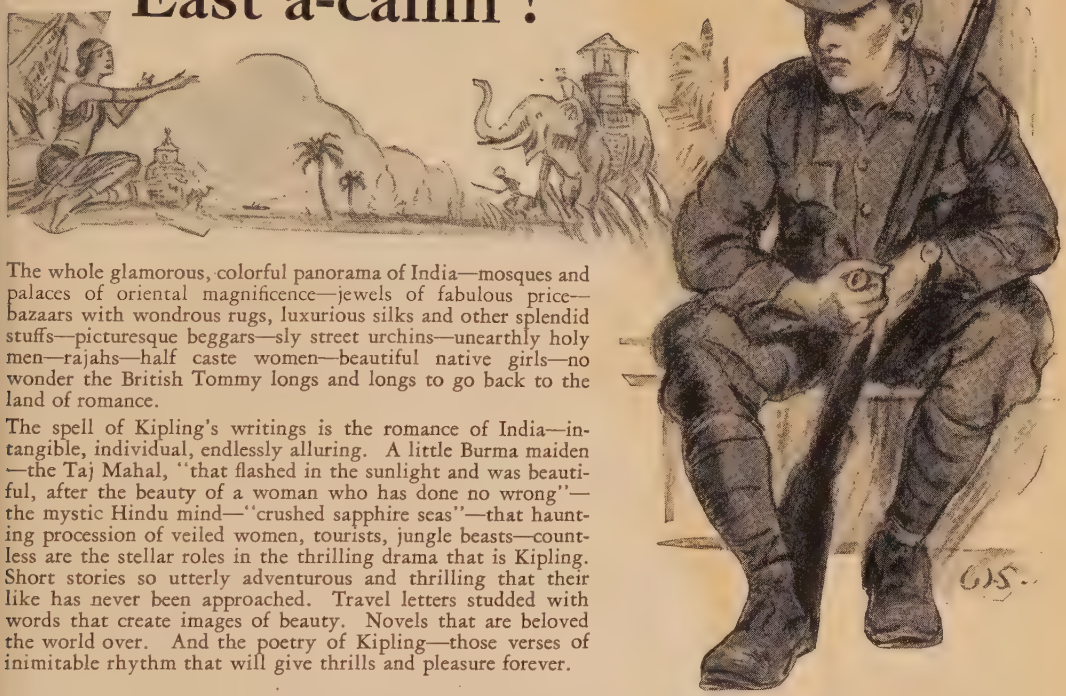

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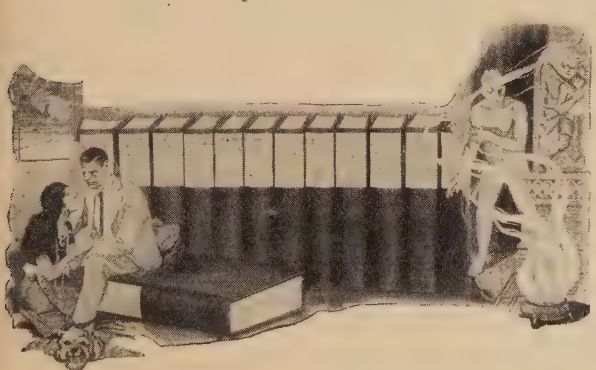

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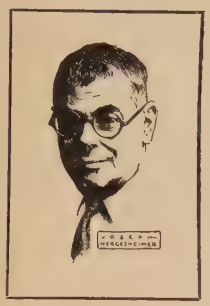

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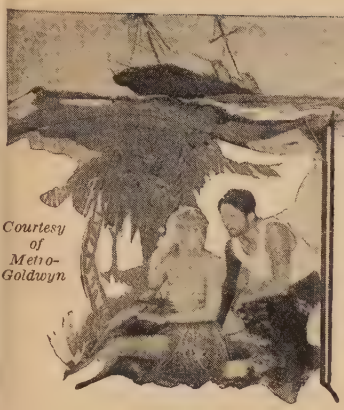

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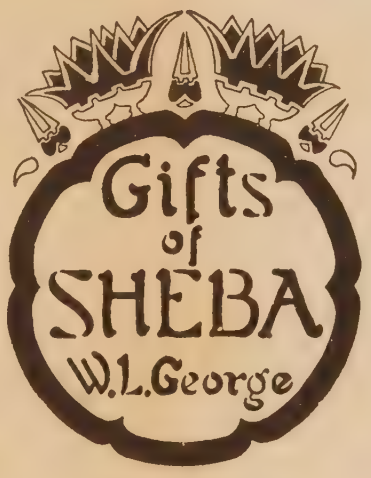

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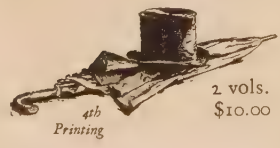

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The American MERCURY

April 1926

THE ANATOMY OF JAZZ

BY HENRY OSBORNE OSGOOD

"Come on, boys! Give it a lick! What do you think you are—a symphony orchestra or something?"

Past midnight, on the bare stage of the Garrick Theater, lighted by one glaring white bulb high up in the flies, Paul Whiteman, in sweater and felt hat, throned on an old wooden chair cornerwise upon a prop platform from "Arms and the Man," faced thirty-odd players, a motley crowd whose temperaments and temperatures ranged from sport shirts with neither coats nor vests over them through conventional white shirt-sleeves to business suits, sweaters and even overcoats. As I sat bundled up out in the cold auditorium listening to the rehearsal of that extraordinary first operatic experiment in jazz, George Gershwin's one-act sketch, "One Hundred and Thirty-fifth Street," I imagined to myself the surprise and, I am sure, the joy that even so recent a master of orchestration as Nicolas Andreivitch Rimsky-Korsakoff, who died less than fourteen years ago, would have experienced could he have dropped in and taken a seat beside me.

Peculiar is the right word for that orchestra, particularly from old Nicolas' standpoint. Fifteen years ago it was not dreamed of; ten years ago it was an infant; only two years ago was it brought to its present state of development, and it will keep on changing and growing. Whiteman has already greatly altered the instrumentation of his band from what it was at his first formal concert, "An Experiment in Modern Music," at Carnegie Hall on February 12, 1924. One can imagine the feelings of the good Russian upon seeing the present combination for the first time. Instead of his string band of sixty, since the earliest days the cornerstone, underpinning and foundation of the orchestra, he would find scarcely a dozen, arrayed against a brass band of very respectable size, three trumpets, three trombones and a tuba, not to forget percussion instruments like two pianos, a banjo, a steel guitar and all sorts of drums.

He would wonder how it is possible to obtain the proper balance of tone with such a band. The prominent position of the quartette of saxophones, right up in the front row, would puzzle him, though saxophones themselves are nothing new. I do not recall that he ever called for one in an orchestral score—he had plenty of colors on his palette without; though back in those years when he was superintendent of the military music of all the Russias he doubtless used them in scoring for band. "Where is the other wood-wind?" he would ask, for the saxophones, though made of brass, are reckoned orchestrally among the wood-wind, and, as he watched, the answer would become plain. One or the

other (or perhaps all) of the saxophonists would suddenly lay aside his first love, lunge into the stack of instruments about him and emerge in a second as a clarinetist, an oboist, an English hornist, a flutist, a piccolo player or even a bass-clarinetist. Then, I think, Rimsky-Korsakoff would see the light, and, fascinated by the novel colors that were charming his ears, he would begin to think of trying his hand at this new medium.

Reflect for one moment on that appalling thing, the skeleton dance orchestra of pre-jazz days! A flute, a clarinet, a cornet, a trombone, drums, a piano, a double-bass, and, squeaking vainly against all this, one lone violin, or perhaps two! There was practically no homogeneity. Held together precariously by the piano, it was unbalanced, squeaky, full of holes, noisy when the brass was working and dull when it wasn't. Today the dance orchestra has two or three saxophones, two trumpets (or cornets), a trombone, one or two violins, a tuba, a banjo, drums and a piano. The flute and clarinet of the old combinations have given away to the saxophones; the banjo is a new-comer; the double-bass is generally replaced by the tuba; and, oh, how different the whole sounds!

II

The old style orchestra was with us for years in dance-hall and theatre, hanging onto life with a grim persistency worthy of something better. What finally brought about the present change, not only in the instrumental combination but in the style of playing? Did the newer dances of stronger rhythm, impulse and violence develop a new orchestration to accompany them, or did the change in the orchestra promote the invention of the newer dances? Which was the chicken, which the egg? I don't know the answer nor can I find anyone who does.

A short time ago Herman Heller, director of Warner's Theatre, New York, had on his programme an interesting potpourri, arranged by himself, called "Milestones to Jazz." A leader of dance orchestras for at least twenty years, Mr. Heller is one of the many Californians who have had a lot to do with the development of jazz. "Milestones to Jazz" began with one of the spirituals, since it is Mr. Heller's theory that modern jazz is only a development over the years of some of those old tunes; then came a soft-shoe dance, a cake-walk, the Texas Tommy, the one-step, the fox-trot and the Charleston. That seemed like an ingenious and probably correct genealogical tree, especially when backed up by the authority of a man of so much experience. Mr. Heller was the first I know of to use a banjo as a regular instrument in the dance orchestra. He used two of them in 1909 at the St. Francis Hotel in San Francisco, to put more life into the rhythm when the Texas Tommy came into vogue. In this case it seems to have been the dance that introduced the instrument.

Incidentally, if the Pacific Coast is looking for something to balance the fame of that ornament of the Atlantic Coast, Faneuil Hall, Cradle of Liberty, it might christen that same St. Francis Hotel the Cradle of Jazz, for the first complete modern jazz combination I have been able to locate played there in 1914. Art Hickman, who came East later and did much to arouse popular interest in the kind of music already so well known on the Coast, was its leader. The combination was two saxophones, cornet, trombone, violin, banjo, piano and drums. For probably the first time the limelight was focussed on the drummer, since Hickman was neither violinist or pianist, like the usual leader, but a master of the drums and traps. Though, as we shall see, the modern jazz orchestra was already in existence as early as 1914, it was by no means familiar; in fact, saxophones were rare for several years longer. The public liked its jazz hot in those days, and revelled in such noise as Ted Lewis made with his combination of clarinet, cornet, trombone, piano and drums, the most nerve-shattering, ear-destroying, ca-

cophonic racket ever produced upon this earth in the name of music.

There was no special scoring for jazz orchestra then. The combinations were so many and varied that there was no demand for such orchestrations. Each orchestra made its own arrangements, nor were these, as a rule, reduced to manuscript. The system was to obtain a piano, violin, or song copy of the piece to be performed and to learn it at rehearsal. The pianist played it through till the others caught the tune and a general idea of the harmony, though the latter was not important except for the pianist. Those instruments that did not play the melody devoted themselves to free fantasias, either contrapuntal devices or *obligati*. All this was arranged impromptu according to suggestions from the leader or to the players' own ideas. The piece was rehearsed over and over again, the embellishments hit upon were tried out, remodelled and polished, and when it was finally set it was not set at all, for, as Carl Engel said in an article some time ago, "a good jazz band never plays the same piece twice in the same manner. Each player must be . . . an originator as well as an interpreter, a wheel that turns hither and thither on its own axis without disturbing the clockwork."

Mr. Engel also pointed out that this huddle system (to borrow a term from football), far from being new, goes back to the very beginnings of the orchestra. "Strange to relate" he said, "orchestral improvisation is not an invention of our age. To improvise counterpoint was a talent that the musicians in the orchestras of Peri and Monteverdi, three hundred years ago, were expected to possess, and did possess, to such a high degree that the skeleton scores of those operas which have come down to us give but an imperfect idea of how this music sounded when performed." Our ideas of the operas of Peri and Monteverdi may indeed be imperfect, but our descendants three centuries hence will have no idea at all of what early jazz sounded like. They will have no skeleton scores, for the simple reason that there are no scores, skeleton or otherwise. Perhaps that is lucky, after all, for if they could hear that awful stuff, they would form an even lower opinion of our civilization than that they will inevitably gather from such other records as come down to them.

Though the ear-wracking hot jazz continued to dominate the field for several years, its possession was not undisputed. Into the brain of that same Art Hickman there popped the revolutionary idea that his new orchestra would be just as effective and much more musical when playing softly as when blaring its way ruthlessly through an evening. For certain tunes whose moods suggested gentler treatment he began at rehearsal to work out quiet arrangements, effects that wooed the ears instead of blasting them—and "sweet" jazz was born. It was not, however, until several years later, when the Hickman combination (frequently with an increased number of players and the addition of a tuba or contrabass to fortify the bass), having proved effective and practical, became established as the standard, that the system of improvised arrangements gave place to actual scoring.

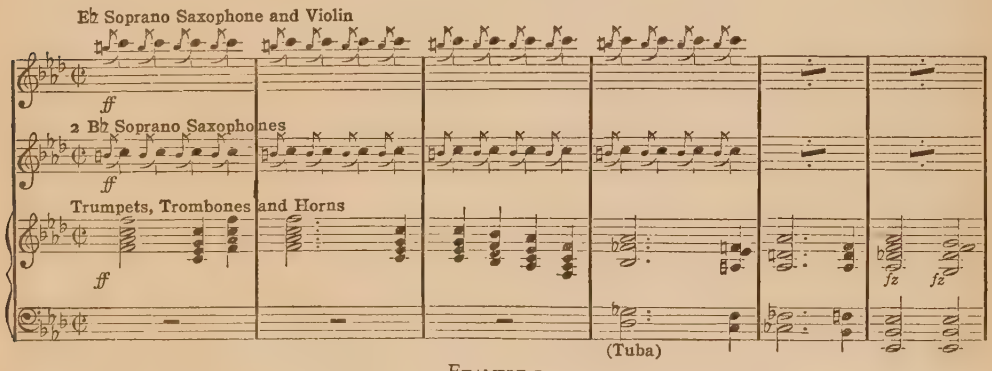
In 1920, Ferdie Grofe, New Yorker by birth and Californian by habit, was the pianist of Paul Whiteman's orchestra at the Hotel Alexandria, Los Angeles. Grofe, who had a sound musical training, was a professional orchestra pianist with ambitions toward something better. The previous year, 1919, when he was one of the pianists with John Tait's orchestra in San Francisco, he had started to make arrangements for the pure love of it. When he went to Whiteman, where he found the Hickman orchestration, he kept on experimenting.

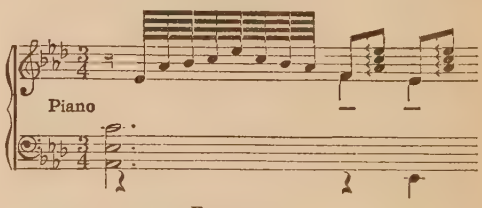
Instead of keeping everybody busy all the time, as was the custom in huddle system orchestrations, he studied the possibilities of the various instruments for solo use and worked out combinations of them to produce novel colors. He made scores,

the first jazz scores, from which fixed parts were copied out and played. He invented rhythmic surprises. He evolved the harmony chorus, something entirely new. In this he gave the melody to the solo saxophone, supporting it with sustained chords on the brass, played *piano*, the rhythm being indicated lightly by the piano, the banjo, or merely by light drum taps. If the melody was to be brought out more strongly it was allotted to the solo cornet, supported softly by the saxophones and trombone. Everybody played from parts, the only variations being the occasional impromptu embellishments of individual players, still the grace of jazz. If you heard "Whispering," the popular tune of that year, at the Hotel Alexandria on a Monday evening and enjoyed the novel beauty of the arrangement, you could go back on Tuesday evening and be sure of hearing the same thing.

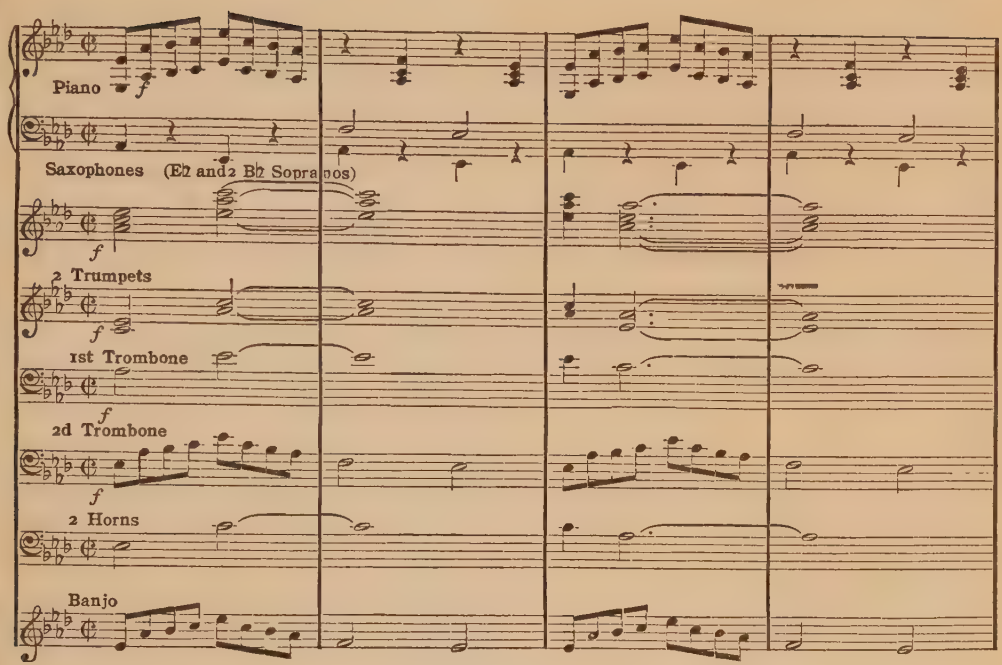
The innovation caught on at once, and today every good orchestra has its staff of arrangers. There are hundreds—yes, thousands of them. Each has his special task and talents. Ben Bernie has three, one for hot jazz (which the Charleston and the Stomp—ye gods, what a name!—are bringing back, worse luck!), one for sweet jazz, and a third for medium, with elements of both. But there is no doubt that the honor of being the father of modern jazz orchestration, which, an art in itself, is nearly always ingenious and very often beautiful, belongs to Ferdie Grofe, who has now retired from the position of first pianist in the Whiteman band to devote nearly all of his time to making arrangements and to doing composing on his own account as well.

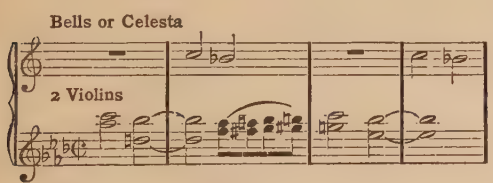
III

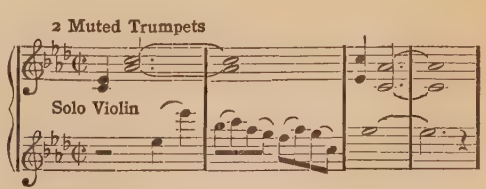
The jazz orchestrator has been able to call for and achieve many of his unusual and extraordinary effects because of the virtuosity of the players at his disposal. The trumpeters and trombonists of a good jazz band, for instance, possess a technique that is not expected of their fellows in a first-class symphony orchestra, because it is never called for. It will be worth while to consider in what degree the development of the jazz player has extended the possibilities of his instrument, the saxophonist first, since he is practically both string band and wood-wind of the modern dance orchestra.

EXAMPLE 1



EXAMPLE 2

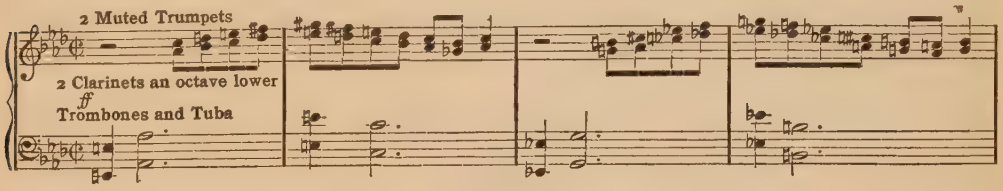
The saxophone is no youth. Ingenious Adolfe Sax invented it about 1840; in 1844 a forgotten Parisian composer named Kast-

EXAMPLE 3

ner introduced it into one of his long-forgotten operas; in 1845 it was officially adopted for French military bands. It was then something quite new, a brass instrument played with a reed. Before that all

EXAMPLE 4

reed instruments were of wood. There are seven members of the family, ranging from the sopranino down to the contrabass, though very few of the latter are now in existence, owing to their unwieldiness and the necessity of having a superhuman pair of lungs to play one. The sopranino can climb up to the second G flat above the treble clef; the baritone (the average orchestra has no lower bass) can drop down to D below the bass clef. So there is plenty of room to write for them. They grow bigger according to the depth of their voices. What you see ordinarily when there are three players are two alto saxophones and a tenor; if there is a quartette, the fourth is a baritone. They all have bent-back mouthpieces and bells doubling back and up and out. When one or more of the players suddenly changes to a straight instrument, it is a soprano, and if there is one straight one about half as long as the others, that is little sopranino. They are all transposing instruments; that is, they sound a note quite different from the one actually written.

EXAMPLE 5

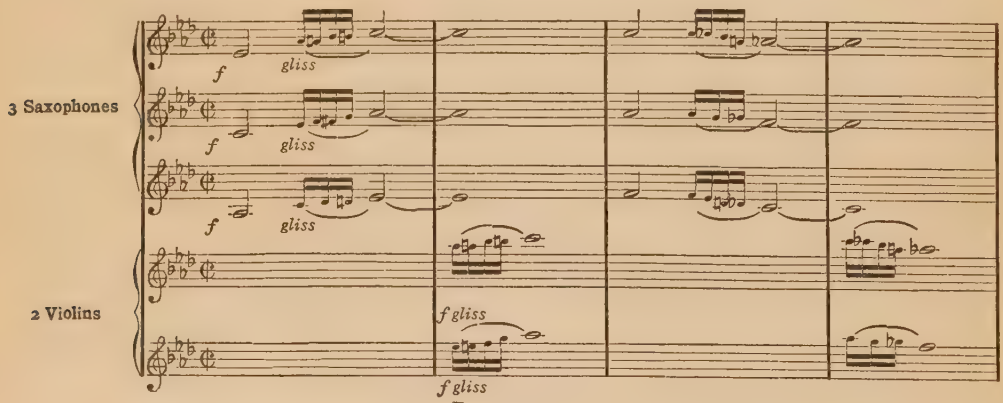
Until the days of jazz there was practically no virtuoso saxophone technique because none was called for. In military bands

(Sousa has carried a quartette for years) they wander quietly and unobtrusively about, filling in and enriching the harmonic background. Meyerbeer, Bizet, Massenet and Thomas all employed them as solo instruments, though making no great

The saxophonists had a virgin field to develop. Jazz trumpeters and trombonists, on the other hand, have taken their classic instruments and in a very few years extended their possibilities beyond the dreams of the generations that previously played

EXAMPLE 6

technical demands on them. As a bit of ironic fact, these passages generally were (and are still) transferred to the clarinet because there was no saxophone player available in opera or symphony orchestras. Today, under the agile fingers of the modern player fluttering over eighteen or twenty keys, saxophones toss off scale passages and arpeggios with reckless ease;

them. The orchestration books, for instance, all give the soprano high C (two octaves above middle C) as the extreme upward limit of range for the B-flat trumpet, the one in ordinary use, and even at that warn against the employment of the upper register. "It is a good rule," says Cecil Forsyth in his exhaustive book on orchestration, "to take them . . . only

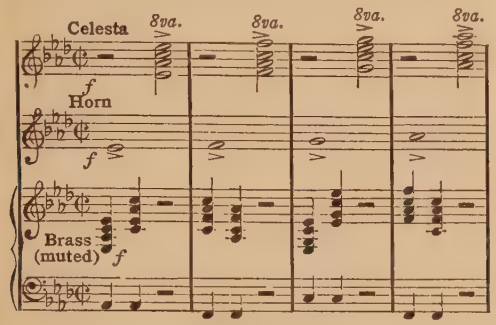


EXAMPLE 7

they chatter, they bleat, they glide, they coo—especially the latter. They even produce *portamenti* that are, mechanically speaking, not among their possibilities. Urged by a skilful tongue (slap tonguing), they produce explosive noises that sound as if a door had been slammed to upon a tone with a woodeny bang. They are invaluable in all situations—the heart, soul and spirit of the jazz orchestra.

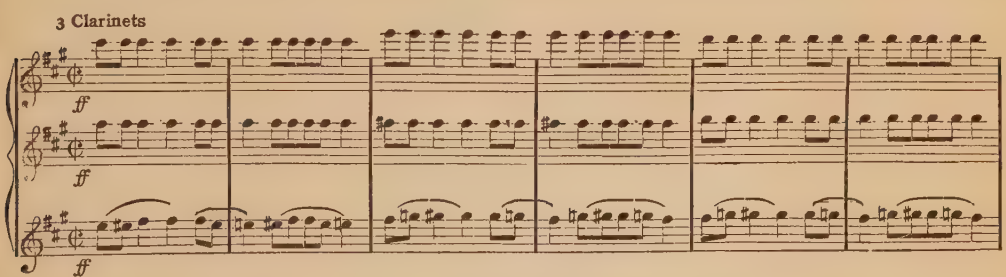
for special purposes above their high G." Yet the jazz players of today run up an octave higher than that with entire ease, and Leo Sowerby in his "Monotony" has actually written the B flat above that summit—and had it played.

The tonguing technique for cornets and trumpets was developed long before the days of jazz, but the new music has brought in the special effects that are so outstand-

ing in jazz orchestration. Frank Siegrist, in his book, "Trumpet Playing Up to Date," enumerates as effects to be obtained without mutes, the Split, the Horse Whinny, the Conversation, the Lip Slur, the Tone Slide or Dip, the Flutter Tongue, and the

Example 8

Drag. The trombonists too, have taken thought and added to their stature. The tenor instrument, with the aid of false positions (invented, I believe, by John King, of Chicago), and a special lip technique, now climbs up to the second F above middle C, a major fourth higher than the

and the wha-wha mute, with or without use of the hand), not to mention the unexpected elevation of the lowly derby hat to a position in the artistic world.

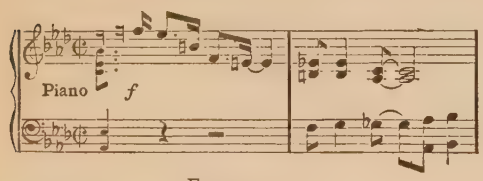
The violin, however, has meanwhile descended from its old place as orchestral cock of the walk. The single fiddle of the average jazz orchestra supplies a high obligato on the E string, or occasionally takes the melody with a soft saxophone counterpoint below. Patiently strumming its persistent background of chords without hope of recognition or reward, the banjo rarely comes in for a solo passage. The piano is all things to all jazz—a percussion instrument, a soloist, an embellisher. Used in pairs, as it frequently is now, it is as important as the saxophone, though less showy when the whole orchestra is playing. And the drums—snare drums, bass drums, and, in the larger orchestras, tympani as well—yes, the drummer is the busy boy of the jazz orchestra. Industrious as the other players are, most of them are mere corner loafers compared to him. Not only must he be an expert at the instruments from which he takes his name, but also

Example 9

previous limit. There are also special effects similar to those of the trumpets, and a development of *legato* playing to a degree hitherto regarded as impossible. Even the ungainly tuba has given over its grunting, blaring habits and learned to sing a melody almost as smoothly as a 'cello. Added to all this technical development of the brass instruments there is the mechanical assistance of the mutes (the ordinary aluminum mute; the jazz mute, with its kazoo effect;

master of the traps, which, according to Frank Patterson's "Practical Instrumentation," include "blocks, bells, train-bells, sandpaper, baby cry, sticks, chimes, tamtam, India drum, cocoanut, soft bells, cow bells, triangle and suspended cymbal," not to forget that truly American instrument, the common or garden fly-swatter, with which he brushes delicate rasps, like etherialized sandpaper scraping, off the top of the snare drum.

IV

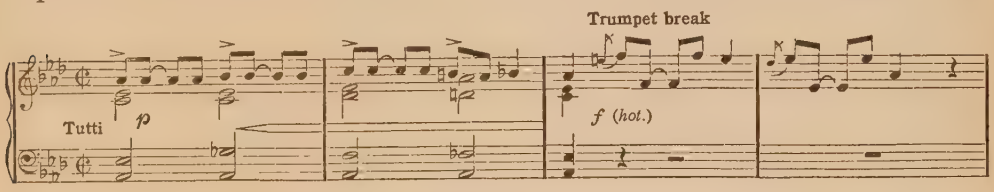
The tendency in modern symphonic orchestration is all toward the development of the wood-wind, brass and percussion at the expense of the strings. Consider the relative importance of the three as compared to the string band, first in a Beethoven symphony and then in one of the larger works, say, of Stravinsky. The jazz orchestrator, with practically no string color on his palette, in a few short years has developed his art in a manner and to a degree that has called forth the admiration of that same Stravinsky and the outspoken praise of so well-equipped a modernist as Alfredo Casella, who bore public testimony in writing that the American jazz men have invented effects that he and his colleagues never dreamed of. Jazz orchestration meets the highest test of any art—the accomplishment of large effects with small means. There is no better way to prove this than by example. My first quotations are



EXAMPLE 11

from the arrangement made for the Whiteman dance orchestra (not the large concert band) of Thurlow Lieurance's tune, "By the Waters of Minnetonka," purposely chosen because it is so widely known. Grand-master Ferdie Grofe is the orchestrator. Notice how simple his effects look to the eye. And yet how delightfully colorful they are to the ear!

The Victor record of this arrangement, made by Whiteman, will aid the layman. The recording orchestra consisted of fifteen players. No drum part is shown because drums, at the time this arrangement was made, were not used in phonograph recording, but they would be added, of course, in playing the piece for dancing. In 1924 Whiteman used a pair of horns, which appear in this score, and three saxophones. The following year he dispensed with the horns and added another saxophone, having decided that the horn color was too similar to that of the saxophones, and of too little individual value to be worth keeping.



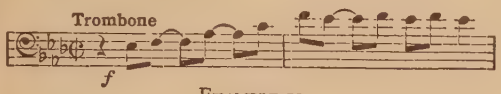
EXAMPLE 10

Example 1 shows at a glance how much the composer owes to the orchestrator. ("When we talk about the fascinating color and lilt of jazz music, we are talking about the man who scored it," says Deems Taylor.) It also shows a favorite trick in jazz arranging. The orchestrator, taking his cue (in this case only two notes) from something in the tune, begins with a striking, colorful introduction that immediately catches the ear and arrests the attention. Grofe, with his bold harmonies and ingenious modulations, starts off as if a real he-tune were to follow, instead of the sweetnesses of this "Indian love song." Soprano saxophones chirp above the chant of the massive brass, everything *fortissimo*.[1]

Example 2 shows the figure which the composer invented for the piano accompaniment. In Example 3 we see what hap-

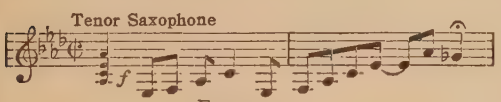
[1] The actual notes heard are used in these quotations, for the sake of clearness and convenience. No account is taken of the transposing instruments—saxophones, clarinets, trumpets and horns. As a matter of fact, jazz scoring is generally done this way, the transpositions being made only when the parts are copied out for the use of the players.

pens to it. The time has been changed, of course, from 3/4 to *alla breve*—it must be a fox-trot. And look at that accompanying figure! It begins now on the strong beat, not on the after beat, as in the original, and has been assigned to the piano in octaves,



EXAMPLE 12

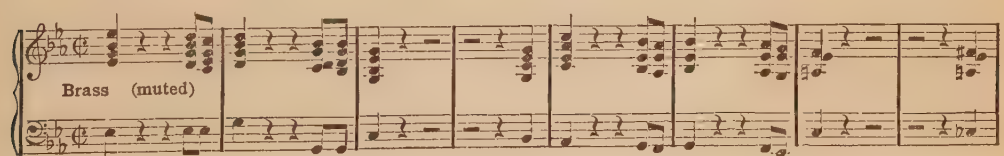
the banjo and—the second trombone! Think of what confidence that shows, on the part of the arranger, in the ability of the second trombonist to play *legato* and strictly in tune! The melody appears in three octaves: high up, in three-part harmony on three insistent soprano saxophones, a characteristic and frequently employed effect; lower down, again in three-part harmony,



EXAMPLE 13

divided between the two trumpets and the first trombone; and, still another octave lower, sung by the two horns in unison, without harmonic support. The tum-tum bass of the piano is strengthened by the tuba, which is not shown in the score, since it is taken as a matter of course.

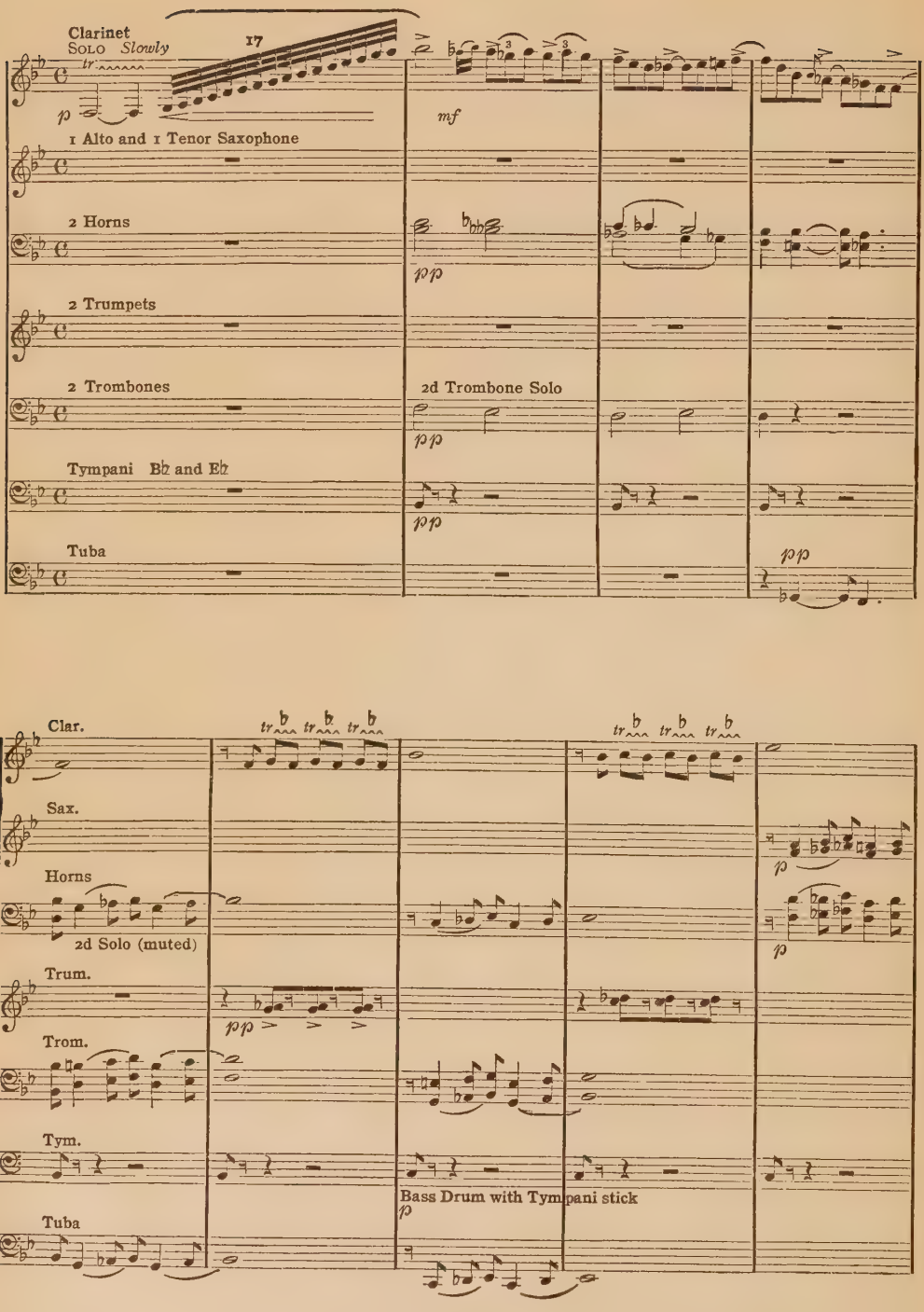
the first trombone, while the accompanying figure, ingeniously improved with an alto voice, is given to two alto saxophones. The piano continues its quiet accompaniment and the dominant E flat, simply sustained on a solo horn, provides the proper binding.

The next time A appears the tune is assigned to two muted trumpets in harmony. Example 5 shows this, and also something else very characteristic: the E string obligato for the violin, its principal use in jazz orchestration. (The faithful piano background is always understood, though not quoted for economic reasons.) Before A comes back for the fourth time, Brother Grofe, tiring of its banality, snatches a rhythmic cue and, just to wake things up, indulges in some quite original modernities—whole-tone scales, augmented intervals and the like. (Example 6). The distribution of parts is shown in the quotation. Two clarinets double the muted trumpets an octave lower, and an alto saxophone supports the first trumpet in unison. After this outburst, peace is restored and three saxophones (two altos and a baritone) begin to coo with characteristic glissandos (Example 7), echoed, a half measure behind and an octave higher, by two melting solo violins. Some of the glissandos have four notes in them, some

EXAMPLE 14

This particular tune is in what the theorists call the ABA form. There is an opening section, A, a middle section, B, and a return of A. Example 4 shows the simple but charming effect Grofe uses for B. Two solo violins play the theme, answered by bells or celesta. There is nothing else but the soft piano accompaniment, in strict and regular rhythm. A then returns. This time the melody goes to the noble voice of

only three. The trifling difference is not detected by the ear, which hears nothing but the gentle "ooo," rising or falling under the influence of slid fingers.

The next variation (Example 8) is ingenious and interesting. The brass has sharp, full, staccato chords on the first two beats of the measure. (Another jazz trick—"stop time.") The gentle, bell-like celesta answers with high chords, as explosive as


Clarinet
Solo Slowly
17
1 Alto and 1 Tenor Saxophone
2 Horns
2 Trumpets
2 Trombones
2d Trombone Solo
Tympani B♭ and E♭
Tuba
Clar.
Sax.
Horns
2d Solo (muted)
Trum.
Trom.
Tym.
Bass Drum with Tympani stick
Tuba

Example 15

it can make them. The solo horn binds them all with an independent contrapuntal voice. (The composer sticks to tonic harmony whenever these four measures appear, but Grofe, the musician, has tired of it and introduces perfectly simple but effective harmonic changes.)

Example 9 shows another jazz trick. By an ingenious modulatory passage preceding the final return of A, Grofe has jumped his orchestra up half a tone into the bright key of A major, much more brilliant than the preceding A flat. Every brass player is busy blowing the tune for the last time, *fortissimo;* but the saxophonists have turned clarinetists and, in the biting, penetrating high register of their instruments, furnish a three-part accompaniment that is brand new both in matter and rhythm. Note the phrasing of the third clarinet part. It must have been a treat to Thurlow Lieurance to hear that arrangement for the first time!

In this particular arrangement there happens to be no "break," but the break is so characteristic a feature of jazz that it deserves quotation. The orchestra comes to the end of a phrase and halts abruptly, while the next two measures are filled with an impromptu and fantastic short cadenza on some solo instrument. I say impromptu advisedly, for though breaks are printed in orchestrations, the soloist is not only left free, but generally expected, to improvise a clever break of his own. "The Bell Hoppin' Blues," written and arranged by Don Sisson, first trumpeter of Ben Bernie's orchestra, has four breaks, each for a different instrument. Example 10 shows that for the trumpet, Example 11 that for the piano, Example 12 that for the trombone, and Example 13 that for the saxophone. The banjo and drums get solo breaks sometimes and there are also set breaks for three instruments (saxophones or trumpets), very effective indeed and known as "three-part bones."

In Example 14 another view of "stop time" is given. This is played with pauses, just as it appears, or sometimes the holes are filled in with impromptu breaks at the discretion of the leader. In this particular instance (which happens to be from another Grofe arrangement, Lehar's "Gigolette") the score is marked "wood-block breaks *ad lib.*" There is a tremendous whip to this stop time, especially when played, as in this instance, by the full brass choir (muted) in quick, snapped-off chords. It's a wonder the passage isn't marked "hot" or "sock it," for the jazz arranger writes plain and understandable English and has introduced a number of explosive new terms into musical nomenclature.

V

Jazz orchestration, it thus appears, has become a genuine art. Unknown seven or eight years ago, it has developed even more quickly than the æroplane. And whether or not jazz itself remains, the lessons to be learned from it will not be forgotten by orchestrators of more serious music.

As for the serious development of jazz itself, there is no better way to conclude than with a quotation (Example 15) showing the orchestrator's hand turned to scoring the first successful attempt to raise jazz above the level of the dance hall and the musical comedy stage, Gershwin's "Rhapsody in Blue." Here are the first measures, as imagined for jazz orchestration by Grofe. Will anyone who heard Ross Gorman play the solo clarinet forget the astonishment he created in the very first measure when, half way up that seventeen-note run, he suddenly stopped playing separate notes and slid for home on a long *portamento* that nobody knew could be done on a clarinet? It's not in any of the books. Ross spent days and days hunting round for a special reed that would allow him to do it. Days and days. That's the spirit that has made jazz what it is. By the way, what *is* it?[2]

[2] Permission to use the musical illustrations has been received from the respective owners of the copyrights: "By the Waters of Minnetonka," The Theodore Presser Co., Philadelphia; "Rhapsody in Blue" and "Gigolette," Harms, Inc., New York; "The Bell Hoppin' Blues," Leo Feist, Inc., New York.

HALSTED

BY FIELDING H. GARRISON

In the Spring of 1912, while attending a medical meeting at the Johns Hopkins Hospital, I was introduced to a pleasant-mannered old gentleman, of proud nose and aristocratic allure, who embarrassed me excessively by attempting to carry my suitcase as I passed into and from the building. I knew him to be, in the eyes of the cognoscenti, the most original American surgeon of his time, and mindful of sundry experiences with *Collegialität*, so much concern about a younger man, of no reputation whatever, was fantastic enough to flabbergast me. Indeed, the personality of my courteous guide seemed so singularly self-contained and quietistic that he actually intimidated me. In an acquaintance covering a full decade thereafter, I never once heard him make the slightest reference to his remarkable achievements, which were, in fact, known and appreciated only by his surgical peers. I first learned of the true inwardness of his work from his pupil, Harvey Cushing. Of this salient feature of William S. Halsted's character, his total indifference to publicity, Cushing has given the best account:

> He had few of the qualities supposed to accompany what the world regards as a successful surgeon. Over modest about his work, indifferent to matters of priority, caring little for the gregarious gatherings of medical men, unassuming, having little interest in private practice, he spent his medical life avoiding patients—even students, when this was possible—and when health permitted, working in clinic and laboratory at the solution of a succession of problems which aroused his interest. He had that rare form of imagination which sees problems, and the technical ability combined with persistence which enabled him to attack them with promise of a successful issue. Many of his contributions, not only to his craft but to the science of medicine in general, were fundamental in character and of enduring importance.

My recollection of Halsted is embalmed in Sir Henry Taylor's line,

> The world knows nothing of its greatest men.

The average well-informed American knows of Franklin's kite and bi-focal spectacles, Eli Whitney's cotton-gin, Fulton's steamboat, the Singer sewing-machine, Morse's telegraph, the Edison light and phonograph, the McCormick reaper, and the Langley and Wright æroplanes, but what of such strange fish as Espy, Maury, Genth, Leidy, the two Sillimans, the three Bowditches, Willard and Wollcott Gibbs, Asaph and Joseph Hall, Beaumont, Daniel Drake, McDowell and Sims, Marsh, Cope, Powell, W. H. Holmes, Henry, G. A. Hill, and Michelson—names that connote something very definite and special to continental Europeans?

Are we destined to share the peasant viewpoint of the Romans, who until the time of Cæsar, trampled upon Greek medicine and, as Cicero relates, had no use for the mathematics except for purposes of measurement and computation? What President was the founder of paleontology in our country? What American did Arago liken to Newton and Cuvier? What geologists have mapped out our mineral resources? Who triangulated the Mississippi Valley as to disease incidence? Who made the vital statistics of the United States Census viable and reliable? What American surgeons created operative gynecology? Who started our weather-maps in the Surgeon General's office? What American scientists won the Nobel prize?

Queries for cross-word puzzles! But when Leidy modestly sent in his card to

Johannes Müller at Berlin, the impetuous Rhinelander burst from his laboratory with the welcoming cry: "Which is Leidy?" Rowland's maiden effort on moving charges of electricity was immediately snapped up by Clerk Maxwell and published in England. Gibbs was hailed at once as a new star by Maxwell and Helmholtz, and his buried monograph on chemical equilibrium was translated into German by Ostwald. Maury declined the Paris Observatory, Jacobi the chair of pediatrics at Berlin, and Abel that of pharmacology at Edinburgh. So too, the German Koch was worshipped, as a *Heros Iatros*, or medical demigod, at a Shinto shrine in Japan. These were the good old days before the war!

Halsted was in active correspondence with all the significant European surgeons of his day, and sometimes published in German, but the true story of his lifework was not spread upon our own medical records until after his death. Six months before he died, shortly after his election to the National Academy, his priority in conduction anæsthesia was established through his friend Matas, of New Orleans, by the grateful dentists of the country. Given the peculiar mental detachment and humility necessary for the true solution of scientific problems, it is perhaps providential that democracy should insulate our ablest workers in science by ignoring them during life. "Obscurity" in Abraham Flexner's view, "was their protection."

II

At Yale, Halsted was captain of the football team in his senior year, but had no particular ambitions until he came to study medicine. Even here, he was probably influenced by the fact that his father, a prosperous dry-goods merchant of Manhattan, was a trustee of the New York Hospital and his uncle a respected surgeon. He did well in his studies, spent most of his time in the dissecting room, what is more significant, read Huxley with avidity, and won the outstanding prize upon graduation (College of Physicians and Surgeons, 1877).

During his post-graduate period in Germany (1878–80), he followed surgery under Billroth, anatomy under Kölliker, pathology under Cohnheim, and neurology under Meynert. His subsequent trend, was, as Cushing observes, "distinctly colored by the Austrian and German surgery of the day." What impressed him was the efficiency of organization, the discipline in surgical training, which concentered upon the idea that surgery is a science in the making, that the surgeon is, in Bacon's phrase, "a debtor to his profession," whence the man of superior intelligence will attach more importance to work done upon the confines of knowledge than to showy success and social prestige. This view, that the *Arbeit* or original investigation is the thing, constitutes at once the merit and the defect of German medical education. It has produced teachers so opposed in type as His, who forced his pupils to think and act for themselves by neglecting them, and Carl Ludwig, who not only set their problems, but, in some cases, wrote out their papers for them.

It made Halsted a surgeon of the Hunterian or experimental school, but his tendency, like that of the physicist Rowland, was to test the swimming capacity of his pupils by throwing them into the water. On this matter, Osler, who stood for the English trend of bedside teaching, became even caustic: "To have a whole faculty made up of Halsteds would be a very good thing for science, but a very bad thing for the profession." It may be said that, in this country at least, there is not the slightest danger of producing a whole faculty of Halsteds, and that the student learns surgery, not at the bedside, but by first looking on, then by holding sponges, giving anæsthesia and applying dressings, then by practicing on laboratory animals or the cadaver, finally by essaying operation under the guidance of his chief. It is none the less true, as Osler surmised, that the need of the hour is for more med-

ical graduates trained (by rote if necessary) to do the simpler surgical operations and to treat the sick at the bedside efficiently, —in brief, for the family doctor. There are whole American cities today without any physicians whatever. In a country of such vast extent as ours, the public health nurse has come to play the part of the Feldsher in pre-war Russia. Many bulky *Arbeiten*, as Ochsner has recently shown, are sterile, stodgy, prolix compilations, the substance of which could be reduced to a few pages. Halsted never insisted upon these pedantries. Like the late President Woodward of the Carnegie Institution, he probably saw modern medical literature as a gigantic unnecessary proliferation, its bibliographies tending to become "repositories of trash." He wrote but little himself, and then well and to the point. His pupils got their innings by contact with him.

Upon his return from Europe, Halsted held many important hospital appointments in New York City, and established the first dispensary or out-patient service in Roosevelt Hospital, but he had to eke out these lean years by organizing a quiz, in reality an extra-mural school, which soon became overcrowded, and even fashionable. It was in this period that he fought his first battles for the antiseptic idea in surgery, using an improvised tent outside Bellevue to carry out his ideas unmolested. Here, too, he made his first great discovery, in connection with which he experienced a contretemps which was to alter the whole course of his life. Cocaine anæsthesia had been introduced in 1884 by Carl Koller. It was immediately taken up by Halsted, who was soon teaching the dentists how to use it in painless extractions and in surgery of the jaws. In the course of a long series of experiments made upon himself, he discovered the superiority of the intradermal over the hypodermal mode of infiltration-anæsthesia, the analgesic properties of injected water, and the consequent advantages of a dilute cocaine solution in reducing toxicity and widening the area affected. In this, he antedated Schleich by four years. It is an unquestioned fact that, in 1885, Halsted was freely using and teaching dentists to use the principle of conduction (regional) or block anæsthesia, by injection of cocaine into a nerve trunk, thus blocking off pain in the region supplied by it as effectively as if the nerve itself had been severed. He was, at this time, already an adept in the indefinite prolongation of regional anæsthesia by mechanical constriction of the blood-vessels in the given area (ischæmia).

These outstanding surgical principles, including the dental and spinal modes of block anæsthesia, were all part of his mental furniture in the year 1885. Sundry features were rediscovered or claimed, in ignorance of Halsted's priority, by Corning (1885), Crile (1887), Cushing (1898), Matas (1899), and Bier (1899). It was not until April 1, 1922, that the American National Dental Association, after painstaking investigations at the instance of Matas, came forward handsomely and induced Halsted to accept his priority, with the award of a gold medal by the chairman of the committee, Dr. E. C. Kells of New Orleans. Cushing himself says that when he, "as Dr. Halsted's resident surgeon, stumbled anew upon the principle of nerve-blocking for operations on hernia and published a paper on the subject, he was utterly unaware that his chief had ever made studies with cocaine of any sort, so reticent was he about this particular matter, and so little did questions of priority interest him."

The reason for this reticence was simple. Like John Hunter, and other physicians of enterprise, Halsted experimented upon himself, but in the ardor of his experiments, ignorant of the dangers of the new drug, he paid with his person to the extent of wrecking his health. His papers on cocaine in the *New York Medical Journal* (1885), terminate abruptly and do not record his discoveries. Like Nothnagel, who wrote down the sensations of his own approaching death, he persisted in spite of danger signals. Continued experimentation

with the drug, to relieve the pain of an agonizing brachial neuritis supervening upon an infected finger, left him a broken man. Setting his strong will to the necessity of getting well, he gave up his practice, put himself in medical hands, and was not able to take up the threads of his work until he entered Welch's laboratory at the Johns Hopkins Hospital in 1887.

Before this time, he had, in 1881, already devised the well-known "cigarette" and "cigar" drains for wounds and, as part of his later technique for the delicate handling of tissues and the perfect healing of wounds, the use of sheets of rubber to protect granulations and skin grafts from insult and to prevent adhesions. The principle is now familiar in such commercialized substitutes as paraffin sheets, celloidin and silkoid. In 1881–3, he had already established, by practice and publication, the surgical principle of refusion or reinfusion of ærated and filtrated blood, previously withdrawn, in hemorrhage and gas-poisoning, which was rediscovered and claimed by Johann Thiess of Leipzig in 1914, in ignorance of Halsted's priority. By this method, Halsted had saved his sister's life during hemorrhage after labor, in 1881. In 1882, he performed one of the earliest successful operations for gallstones upon his own mother. A bold and resourceful surgeon was thus lost to practice during the long period of his recovery from illness.

In Baltimore, under the inspiration of his friend Welch, Halsted applied himself to the study of compensatory hypertrophy of the thyroid gland and the suture of resected intestines, two phases of experimental surgery which were to engage him for the rest of his life. His findings on the thyroid were, as stated by Cushing, "for twenty years the basis of our views regarding exophthalmic goitre as an expression of functional overactivity." In this investigation, he discovered what has since come to be known as Halsted's Law, *viz.*, that a transplant of a portion of a ductless gland will survive only when a physiological deficit has been produced.

III

When the Johns Hopkins Hospital opened in 1889, it was a foregone conclusion that Halsted would be chief of the surgical clinic, and upon the opening of the medical school in 1893 he was duly installed as professor of surgery. In the clinic, he at once applied himself to the new principle of aseptic surgery, (in other words), to the perfect and uneventful healing of the surgical wound by rigorous cleanliness. To this end, he devised an elaborate technique comprising the use of silver sutures, of silver foil as a bactericidal covering for wounds, of the above mentioned rubber or gutta percha sheets as a protective dressing, of fine silk threads deeply buried in the tissues by means of delicate cambric needles as a substitute for catgut sutures, of extensively applied hæmostatic clamps, latterly the fine-pointed mosquito-forceps of his invention, to secure absolute blood-stilling, and of rubber gloves, as a further insurance of the "boiled hand" of ideal asepsis. Along with this instrumentation went the most rigid discipline in the gentle handling of tissues. The patients usually recovered. There were no accidents from faulty or incompetent method. During the thirty-two years of his incumbency, Halsted's clinic was regarded by those in the know as the best station for the study of the perfect healing of wounds.

Meanwhile, he had become widely known as an inventor of novel surgical procedures, based, in each case, upon animal experimentation in the Hunterian Laboratory of the hospital. In 1889, he devised the modern operation for hernia, but, as Bassini had antedated him by a few months, he cheerfully gave way in favor of the Italian operation, returning to the charge with an improved method in 1893. The Halsted operation for cancer of the breast (1889), became, however, like those of Crile on the head and neck and Wertheim on the uterus, an accepted procedure. In the past, the difficulty with mammary or uterine cancer had been in-

evitable recurrence, and earlier operations were merely palliative. In Paget's time, the average lease of life was three months. Gross estimated ten months. Agnew frankly admitted the impossibility of a cure. Volkmann assigned three years as a test of "cure." The Halsted method comprised minute block dissections of all discoverable rootlets of the evil, carried forward with fastidious control of all bleeding points and set off by autogenous skin grafts extending into the axilla, beautifully illustrated in Max Brödel's colored drawings. Under this technique it became a commonplace for the patient to survive for five years or more.

Halsted was the first surgeon to tie the subclavian artery, in its first portion, with success (1892, 1918). He ligated the subclavian in all its portions six times, the innominate five times, as well as the iliac, with recovery in all cases. In 1909 he introduced the novel device of occluding the aorta for aneurism by an aluminum band. These were feats on the great vessels worthy of the palmy days of Astley Cooper, Valentine Mott and Wright Post. In his operations at the entrance of the biliary and pancreatic ducts into the intestine for cancer of the ampulla of Vater (1889, 1916), his methods of circular, bulkhead and blind-end suturing of the intestines (1887–1922), his transplants of the parathyroid gland (1909), his final goitre operation (1922) and his device of reimplanting entire limbs without suture of the vessels (1922), Halsted was one of the foremost of experimental surgeons. Through his horror of cocaine, he became the pioneer in new departures in general anæsthesia, using a mixture of nitrous oxide, carbon dioxide and oxygen as being superior to ether, at a time when gas-oxygen mixtures were unknown. Of his own initial experiments with the Meltzer-Auer method of insufflating the trachea for artificial respiration, he said: "Meltzer was such a true friend to me that I would not, in any event, have tried to anticipate him."

The essential man, averse to priority mongering, is in that sentence. Halsted was the careful painstaking operator of the Listerian or Kocher type, an exemplar of what Leriche calls the "surgery of safety," tending toward shockless surgery *via* conduction anæsthesia, minute blood-stilling and a rigid aseptic discipline. Crile and Da Costa have acknowledged their debt to him. Only the Mayos have surpassed him in successful results.

IV

Halsted was mainly of English extraction, old school in his feeling for the "duteous observances," preserving, on occasion, in spite of fragile health, something of the facial mask of a retired Anglo-Indian colonel of ironic eye, sun-baked cheek bones, well-hung chin and well-groomed moustache. Surrounded by his assistants and pupils, in a photograph of 1914, he looks like a military professor in some school of tropical medicine. Exquisitely polite, even gentle and cautelously considerate of all and sundry, he was a sworn enemy of vulgar approach, and no liberties or familiarities were ever taken with impunity. I have seen him, in the most languid mood, suddenly galvanize into life and transfix waterfly or gadfly with a single *Hieb* of well-directed sarcasm. These episodes suggested the fearsome "old man" of our old Army tradition or Maximilian Harden's view of the proud Cecil, *der hinter seiner greislichen Fassade sich recht lebhaft zeigen könnte*. To some, Halsted may have seemed a kind of denatured *Geheimrat*, with a touch of the peppery nabob of Victorian farce. The famous Sargent group, a fine painting but an indifferent portraiture, shows a veiled, even ghostly aspect, his *Lemurengestalt*. The photograph styled by Osler "The Fates" (Clotho-Kelly, Lachesis-Osler and Atropos-Halsted), gives a more jovial and arresting likeness.

If, at rare intervals, Halsted's nerves gave way from illness at the operating table, there were always willing and ready hands to carry on, so competent, devoted

and well-instructed were his assistants. He left a very real and unique school in all branches of the surgeon's art, including Finney, Bloodgood, Cushing, Hugh Young, Mitchell, McClure, Follis, Miller, Heuer, Reid and Churchman. In these men his confidence was such that they usually ran his clinic during illness or when he became absorbed in some new problem. On one occasion, he was baffled by the difficulty of inserting a shot in the bile-duct of a laboratory animal. None dared offer a hint until he put the question. Mitchell then suggested impaling the shot on a hat pin. "A brilliant idea!" But from that moment onward, the chief's mind was travelling long distances, perhaps up to the possibility of inserting a sheathed cautery in blind-end suturing of the intestine. The clinical conversations between chief and pupils which Dr. Reid has recently published go to show that toward the end of his life Halsted was teaching surgery by the Socratic method.

In the recesses of his home in Eutaw Place, Baltimore, Halsted was a fantastical duke of dark corners, who knew how to relax from fashionable attire into dressing gown and slippers comforts, with plenty of cigars and matches about. It was in this mood that I knew him best. Here he regaled me with stories of his student days in the Fatherland, when he danced with the girls, shouted *Solokrebs* at Polterabend festivities and led the jolly life betwixt the sunshine and the shade. As he warmed to his subject, his astonishing powers of mimicry revealed a new and unexpected side. He could burlesque or caricature anybody. The trend of his conversation was on an elevated plane, *bien au dessus du vulgaire*, with a trace of the "regret for the lost opportunities, for the time wasted from loss of health," which he expressed alone to Matas.

I recall vividly his picture of Gurlt, the historian of surgery, lying in bed, as Rossini composed, for days at a time, as sheet after sheet of his *opus magnum* was rapidly written off and laid, face downward, on the floor beside him. Yet this man was a Prussian army surgeon, who had "trodden the red wash of wars." Very creditable to Halsted was his friendship for the noble Matas, like himself one of the great masters of vascular surgery but his logical opposite in meridional gusto and surety of Latin intelligence. Halsted's own latent feeling for beauty was almost of the Latin order, and if he was sometimes beguiled by it, it is to his credit. He was bowled over by "White Shadows in the South Seas," whereupon I sent him "The Cruise of the Kawa." On Christmas, 1920, I sent him "Youth and the Bright Medusa," stressing the *défi* of the younger generation in "The Sculptor's Funeral" as a premonitory fanfare of the approaching Marche des Davidsbündler contre les Philistins. His acknowledgment took an unexpected turn. A few sentences will show how splendidly he had assimilated the Germanic, Latin and Slavic view of the artist—*dem Träumer zürne nicht:*

> The gentle warmth of your forgiveness compels the ugly bivalve to unhinge out of season. Willa Cather's stories are charming and made the sleepless hours from four to seven this morning dance by in a jiffy. She paints indelicate situations so daintily that one shares her delight in the sensuous nimbus, in the filtering halo which magnifies the transmitted loveliness. She credits her readers with imagination.
>
> Her portrayal of a doctor is true to the nature of the wretch, but conveys, as usual, one impression (her own) of his antics to a layman, but quite another to the medical man: "I have a very difficult operation to perform today"; "I am putting on my aseptic rubber gloves in the car to save time at the hospital."

Halsted's last letters showed very plainly that he was ill and expected to die. Soon after, other duties took me away and I was to see him no more. I think of him as pursuing the scientific ideal as the Greeks saw it, the way of the gentleman as the great Russian saw it, ever experimenting to get at the reality behind the deceptive appearance, immunized against the snobberies, sadisms, bigotries and childish ineptitudes of a half baked social order by the talisman of the noble-minded everywhere: *J' ai cherché le vrai et le simple.*

BALLADS OF THE OLD WEST

BY STANLEY VESTAL

Belle Starr

Far from his friends the bandit died;
John Morris fired the shot:
"We'll have to bury him right away;
The weather is so hot.

"Far from his friends I lured him off—
None knew him here in life;
None here can swear that this was Jim—
Nobody but his wife!"

They carried the news to the bandit's wife;
Her face grew bleak and hard:
"He killed my man for the price on his head—
He'll never get the reward!

"A week ago John Morris slept
Under our roof—a guest—
The hound! If he is paid for this,
Jim's soul will never rest!"

She rode alone to the house of death;
She stood beside the dead:
John Morris and his pals fell back,
But she never turned her head.

She lifted the sheet from the face she'd loved
Since first she was a bride;
Those arms that clung around her once
Lay stiffly by his side.

With iron will she ruled herself—
No tear fell from her eye;
They looked at her, astonished—
She did not even sigh.

She smiled a bitter, scornful smile,
And dropped the sheet again:
"It seems you've murdered the wrong man—
I'm sorry, gentlemen.

"John Morris, if you want to get
The price on my man's head,
You'll have to find and take him first—
Alive or dead!"

Then slowly, slowly she walked out,
And slowly rode away,
And bravely hid a breaking heart
That lovely Summer's day.

From the far hilltop she looked down—
Game girl that would not yield—
While Morris, cursing, buried Jim
In the potter's field.

Boggy Depot

It was at Boggy Depot
The dawn of a Summer's day—
The marshal came a-riding
From the city far away.

The marshal came a-riding
On his pony up the trail:
"I want the man who shot Bill White,
For he must hang in jail!"

The Indians held a pow-wow—
The chiefs talked long and loud;
The marshal was a lonesome man
In that great crowd.

"The man you want who shot Bill White
Is our tribesman true;

Though he is a murderer,
He shall not go with you.

"Our law is, never to give up
Our brother to the stranger,
And if you try to take him now
Your own life is in danger.

"Yet, since our brother murdered Bill—
As he does not deny—
We ourselves will kill him,
And you shall see him die!"

They led him out before the crowd;
They stripped him to the waist;
In white pipe-clay a round mark
Above his heart was placed.

The captain of the warriors
Stepped forth with shaft and bow;
There was no sound in all the camp
But leaves that rustled low.

The prisoner stood unbound, erect,
He neither spoke nor stirred:
The captain drew his arrow back—
The bowstring whirred.

Back from Boggy Depot
At noon that Summer's day
The marshal went a-riding
To the city far away.

Cynthia Ann

To Parker's Fort in Texas
Comanches came riding one day;
They captured poor little Cynthia Ann,
They carried her far away.

Oh, freedom is sweet on the prairie!

When she was grown, she married the chief—
The Wanderer loved to roam;
At last the troopers rescued her—
They sent her home.

Oh, freedom is sweet on the prairie!

Come Spring, she sat in her father's house;
Her thoughts were far away.
"My people are making new lodges now
On the prairie," she would say.

Come Summer, she sat at her father's door,
Lonely enough to cry.
"My people are running buffalo now
On the prairie," she would sigh.

Come Autumn, she sat in her father's yard;
Sadly she would chafe:
"My people are on the warpath now—
Oh, Quanah, my son, are you safe?"

Come Winter, she stood at her father's gate;
The snow fell fast above.
"Nokoni, my husband, you're needing things
I'd make to show my great love!

"Oh, Nokoni, my husband, the Wanderer,
My father is good to me;
But I long to be out on the plains with you—
In our lodge on the wide prairie!

"My lips are still on your lips,
Though you are far away;
I cannot come to you, Nokoni,
And here I cannot stay!"

She laid her down upon the bed—
Her voice was low and weak:
"My people wait for my spirit now
On the prairie," they heard her speak.

She laid her lonesome body down
Where it had pined away;
She died with her face to the open plain;
They buried her next day.

Quanah Parker was her son,
The raider and the chief;
Many a Texan lost his life
To pay for Cynthia's grief.

Oh, freedom is sweet on the prairie!

THE RETREAT FROM UTOPIA

BY HAROLD MacGRATH

I wonder often what the vintners buy
One-half so precious as the stuff they sell!

But lately I sat before my study fire, ruminating upon my past. I have one. Often nowadays I don't know what to do with it when it comes slily gibbering at me. Aforetime I could take this past, stand it up in a corner, the way you do an umbrella, and not be bothered by it for a couple of hours: to be sure, with this difference—I have often had my umbrellas stolen but never my past.

In the old ruby-and-blond days (*vins rouge et blanc*) I could make my past stand in the corner by a very simple process—by propping it with a cork.

But there are corks and corks. Let us understand each other at once. If all the gin and whisky were dumped into the Atlantic today, I should not drop one tear. Nor is this the confession of a tippler. I am not, and never was, a tippler. I never drank alone or behind closed doors for the fear that some one might see me. Whenever I had a bottle of sound wine I wanted a sound comrade to share it with me.

I used to look into a wine-glass as one looks into a kaleidoscope. I saw only the future, of many beautiful patterns. For my part, I never saw a wicked djinn come out of a bottle of wine; I never saw anything but dreams. And dreams never vanish: the vision goes but the memory remains.

Before the fire, then, I marshalled this past for review; and for the life of me I cannot see where I got any harm out of a bottle of wine. On the contrary, I got inspirations, the exchange of bright ideas, laughter, tenderness. My comrades in the old days possessed intelligence of a high order; but we were all of us rather shy until after the juice of the grape had gone around. Some new worthy book would be discussed, some poignant poem, or we'd talk of music, art, of our ambitions. We wore the conventional haircut and the conventional tie. We did not consider ourselves Bohemians. We sometimes looked upon ourselves as young gods, it is true. And we were not aggrieved that a grinning Senegambian took the place of the beautiful youth of Phrygia—Ganymede.

Ambitions! Where in the world is that Beautiful Thing I once held so lightly within my grasp? Still, I shall not impute the loss of it to wine.

Those wonderful nights at Mouquin's, when the genial O. Henry used to join us! Whisky or gin? Unthought of! Blond or red wine; never else was ordered, and but little of that. No more than enough to break down reserve. And now, all over this fair land a horror. Wine oozing out of sewers into rivers and lakes; the kindly juice of the grape flowing along the gutters! Oh, the vandalism of it! The senseless rage of the inferior man, who, not able to understand a Botticelli, destroys it! Why, look you: wine was the fourth on the list of considerable things in the beginning of mankind. Food, shelter, a mate and a vineyard. The grape? Who, then, set it there on the hillside?

Oh, vain regrets! For like the Weak Sister of the Empty Lamp, I forgot to stock my cellar while I had a legal right. Romanée Conti, Romanée St. Vivant, Clos de Vougeot, Chambertin, the Chateaux of Bordeaux, Champagne—all lawfully mine, had I possessed ordinary foresight, beyond

the reach of bile-eyed John W. Snuffwhiskers and the price of pearls!

So I haven't any cellar, when I might easily have had one. For the same reason that today I am only a frivolous novelist when I might easily have been a sound one. I permitted Opportunity to knock on my door and pass. Thoughtlessness—I have lost many things through that. Because of that sin, here I am, wandering and weaving among the stars, striving vainly to get my feet on Life again. Yes, yes; I used Life as a springboard to get among the stars, and now I can't find my way back!

But, on my word, if I owned a cellar in the vinous sense, I had rather the bootleggers robbed me than see the dry agents dump the precious juice into the gutters. Why? Because the bootlegger would eventually sell the stuff to some one who would appreciate it. I could suffer that calmly, if enviously.

I have reached the proper number of years that qualify one to enter the circle of philosophers. I can now sit back and watch the game of life from the sidelines, and make my little commentaries upon what I see. I no longer desire to be in the middle of things; I want perspectives. I therefore find that I have discovered the true cause of humanity's lopsidedness. States and individuals will meddle with their neighbor's affairs. Hence, wars and newspapers and reformers.

In what a predicament I find myself! My Bill of Rights has become a scrap of paper. I have no rights. Whenever I hear the national anthem, I no longer feel like standing up; I merely wonder what it's all about! My home is no longer my castle. It doesn't matter that I mind my own business; the government now purposes to mind it for me. And I must pay the government for the job. In a roundabout way the government calls me a liar because my earnings this year are not what they were last. Abysmal myopia! All I have to do is to slap some blank paper on my desk, sharpen a few pencils, and the job is done! Every dollar I earn as an author is partly a return of my capital, which I invested years ago in hard labor and study and bitter disappointments. I shall never be convinced that my earnings are anything else. I have submitted to all this, with rumblings. But when the government undertakes to regulate my morals—as in Prohibition—I am a rebel. I shout my defiance aloud, on street-corners, wherever I please. Regulate my civil conduct; I agreeably submit to that. But my morals? Here I become a revolutionist!

II

Look you! When we bargain with bootleggers, we are not law-breakers so much as revolutionists.

Enter my neighbor's house covertly to steal a match? I could not; my conscience would not permit me; the act would be a shameful one. But if a bootlegger were to offer me a case of Burgundy, I'd buy it without even consulting my conscience. My Bill of Rights!

Poison? That is my affair. If I ate twenty-one beefsteaks a week, I should die of something dreadful, I know; but Congress would not rush into session to pass a bill prohibiting twenty-one beefsteaks a week. And yet twenty-one beefsteaks a week will do more damage than the same number of sound pints of wine.

Alas, I observe the circle, once so generous, closing in upon me. American-born, I find myself without that freedom for which my ancestors fought. I am law-bound. Laws like hedges of malevolent Spanish-bayonet surround my house. Laws, laws, laws! Each little piddling congressman, fearful of not having a finger in the pie, gets the notion that he must make a law. . . . Well, we all are familiar with that phase. Someday I expect to have my pipe yanked from my teeth and tossed into the gutter. In time there will be one law too many, and then the United States will bust and become scattered all over Mexico and Canada. For my part, I don't care much which way I go.

The reformer always manages to catch us at ebb, and when we get back our fighting strength it's too late. Fighting then becomes, not self-defense, but assault and battery. These reformers! They lead us, or endeavor to lead us, to a hogshead when all we need is a nursing bottle of reforms. I can read back over centuries of reformations, and I defy any one to state that any reformer's programme went through in toto. Each reformer has a small good cause and an enormous blind-spot. A pinhead kernel of worth inside a cocoanut! Heaven knows, I'm not against reform if it be without fanatical inspiration; I am simply against reformers who believe that humanity can be saved only by the enactment of ridiculous laws. Each reformation has left a little grain of perpetual goodness behind. Out of our present muddle comes the permanent abolition of the corner saloon, but nothing else.

You see, I wish to be led to heaven, not *hurled* thitherward; I want to make the journey my own way, leisurely and inquisitively. But they will not let me alone, these reformers. I am accredited with no education, with no intelligence to direct an education if I had one; so John W. Snuffwhiskers is selected to be my guide and mentor. Thus I play hookey, when if left alone I'd go to school regularly.

Before the war England called France decadent because of wine; France called England decadent because of gin; Germany called them both decadent on these counts; and both said Germany was beerily headed for ruin. The most nonsensical piffle ever mouthed or written. How each and all of them refuted that calumny is now ancient history. Where one man is a drunkard, ninety and nine are temperate and industrious. As usual, the majority pays for the sins of the minority. Robinson Crusoe was the only majority that ruled any place.

I turn and watch the fireplace for a minute. You see things there, you know. There comes a picture of myself thirty years ago. Those old newspaper days here in Syracuse, when newspapers were published for the sport of it! Even in those days I loved good wine. The Yates Hotel owned a remarkable cellar. Delmonico's might have beaten it in the matter of quantity, but never in quality. This cellar was guarded by a dried-up little old man by the name of Shaw. I knew him well, this Yorick! Many a night, before dinner, he and I, a candle each, explored that cellar. I knew every bin, where the ordinary and the vintage wines were. I have always had a leaning toward vintages. For me to enjoy a bottle of red or white wine it must be dated. Shaw knew his business, and it was he who first informed me what the date on a bottle signified—the perfection of the grape.

Shaw neither drank nor smoked; he confessed to me that he never learned how. On the other hand, he enjoyed seeing a man enjoy a good cigar or a bottle of good wine. Adventurous days, those, unregrettable, too; youth popping at every pore, hunting for life and the meaning of it, tasting of the bidden and of the forbidden—living!—living! Eh, well; at fifty-four it seems to me that one no longer lives but exists.

One night, out of a far corner, we resurrected a dusty old bottle, with a label half obliterated. I could see by Shaw's sudden interest that this bottle was a stranger to him. I held my candle close while he got out his spectacles and inspected the label. He gave a little chuckle of joy. The bottle was filled with Madeira and was dated 1847! Shaw let me have it for six dollars! (I don't know why, but I'm full of exclamatory points tonight!) That bottle lasted me two years, for I treated it as a *liqueur*. And whenever the cork was drawn, the bouquet of that wine permeated the room. Even now it permeates my study, elusively. Alas, perfumes have no echoes!

In that old hotel I met many celebrities, literary and theatrical and musical. Having shown these celebrities the City Hall, the jail and the noble Erie (even that's gone!), I would introduce them to the hotel cellars. I wish I dared name them all! I shall never forget one light-opera composer—peace to his kindly ashes! I took him into

the cellar and introduced him to Johannisberger, 1872. He carried that empty bottle to the train, carried it as reverently as though the King of Spain had conferred upon him the Golden Fleece. So long as I live I shall be whistling his melodies.

In that old cellar there were two extraordinary wines, long ago out of print, you might say. One was Veuve Clicquot—the Widow. There is still a Clicquot but it is not the same. This is still the land of the free and the brave, but it is not the same. A delicate bead it had and a long life in the glass. It hummed against your teeth like "the murmur of innumerable bees." The Widow with a date on the yellow label! Well, I don't know what it was that Jove drank; but I know that I would not swap one Widow for the whole Jovian cellar. Here I pause in reflective puzzlement. I find my topographical sense badly mauled. Where the devil *were* the Olympian cellars?

The other wine—ah, me! For twenty years I have travelled up and down the earth, poring over every *carte des vins* from Paris to Yokohama—in vain. It has vanished. Sparkling white Chambertin, it was labelled. Brünninghaus et Cie. Never have I found a Champagne to match it. Never have I found words to describe it. It was full of poetry and gardens and Chopin.

Which reminds me. One twilight, at the country home of a friend, I heard a great pianist play the Fourth Ballade, while I sat at his elbow, with a tall glass of Pommery in which was wreathed the peel of an orange. I shall never forget that hour. Yet can I see the pale yellow sky kissing the wooded hills beyond the window, the silvered surface of the lake below, and the fine head of the pianist *en silhouette;* yet can I hear the exquisite sounds no words can describe. Said Beethoven: "Words are bound in chains, but happily sounds are still free." Indeed, come to think of it, sounds in this country are about the only things that are free.

I drank the last bottle of sparkling white Chambertin in celebration of my first book. During that hour I was the equal of the author of "Père Goriot." Bethink you the quality of a wine that could make a young author expand to such measurements, even for an hour! I often wonder what became of that little vineyard, of that marvelous grape. Last Summer in Paris I searched Marguery's cellars, futilely; if not among those four hundred thousand bottles, it would be nowhere in the world. Still, I had lots of fun that day, under the kindly guidance of the handsome one-armed cellarman. There are wines in that cellar that are not on the wine-card.

The marvelous dream? Oh, the beads went out of that quickly enough. Balzac rests in his tomb undisturbed.

There is a wine called sparkling red Burgundy. I'd as lieve drink Normandy cider, which I do not like. It is a harsh wine, actually a hybrid, of no vinous standing whatever. Twenty years ago it was the rage here in America. I have never understood why.

But I can make a sparkling red Burgundy; or rather I could, once upon a time; for I have already remarked that I have no cellar. What a lonesome place it is: coal and wood and old boxes and furnaces and a row of empty bins! My past again, my gay, happy-go-lucky past!

A pint of Chambertin and a pint of Champagne. I filled the glass with Champagne: as I sipped I would decanter the Chambertin. Frankly it wasn't for the flavor but for the magical transformations in color that I played this game. The change from topaz to ruby, from ruby to topaz, amused and delighted my love of color. It generally took two hours to finish the two bottles, always with the help of a genial comrade.

Upon perusing this John W. Snuffwhiskers will throw up his hands in horror, I know. He may even come up to Syracuse and sniff at my cellar window. Well, all he will get for his pains will be the odor of coal gas.

> The Vine had struck a fibre: which about
> If clings my Being—let the Dervish flout;
> Of my base metal may be filed a key
> That shall unlock the door he howls without.

III

We are a hard-liquor drinking people—more's the pity! Myself, I never liked the stuff, though heaven knows . . . ! I'm too full of romance to like gin or whisky. Immediately it creates in my mind the picture of sordid environs, low companions, sawdust on floors and sand in wooden cuspidors: drunkenness, wife-beating, battle, murder and sudden death.

But wine! Sunrise and sunset and drowsy Summer noon. Bottles filled with romance, love, adventure, the splendors of the past, the glories of the future! I can't recall any teetotaler who wrote a great book, who painted a great picture, who composed a masterpiece in music. No, no; leave the Bible out of it. The Bible is pro and con, with no jury to bring in a verdict. The Bible does not give us the Law, it merely gives us opinions. And I have one of my own about wine.

There is no fury, no haste, in the grape. It makes for kindness and geniality; it mellows your philosophy and lances the fangs of irony. Under the spell of the grape the world isn't so bad, it glows rosal in spots; the beggar does not extend his palm in vain, even though we know him to be a fraud. Laughter and broken melodies and mayhap "an armful of girl," as my old friend Le Gallienne wrote in the Golden Days. If you are young, you reach Olympus; you dance to the pipes of Pan, you nudge Silenus in the fat of his ribs, you thwack Bacchus on the shoulder; you become a god. I shall never become a god again, but I can always remember when I *was* one. What a wretched bit of clay is he who has no souvenirs!

The past! What is there that is so terrible about the past? The cold finger of Nemesis? No. That youth is no more; that it can only be remembered, more poignantly as you sit before the fire alone, as I was sitting but lately.

How many bottles of the grape have I evaporated through my pores? I cannot recall. But I do know that I am none the worse for it, mentally or physically, and that I regret not one single bottle. If, when Time turns down my cup, St. Peter frowns at me, it will not be because of the wine but because I failed to make use of the dreams I found in it. I tremble somewhat here, but otherwise I am right and ready.

Prohibition is wrong in practice because it purposes to take the human soul and remold it officially. It isn't being done and it cannot be done, and the newspaper chronicles of the day prove it. Here in Syracuse I am but a hundred miles from the mysterious ports through which poisoned hootch enters the land, daily and nightly, where men die horribly and many are blinded. The futility of it all!

Years ago old man Shaw of the Yates Hotel, here in Syracuse, taught me a lesson which I have never forgotten.

"Never stick to one wine," he said, out of his infinite wisdom. "Change 'em frequently. Burgundy tonight, Bordeaux tomorrow night, then maybe a Chateau Yquem, and so on."

"Why?" I asked, out of my ignorance.

"Then your tummy will never get out of kilter. One kind of wine or liquor will ruin a man's stomach in time; so will one kind of food. You don't eat beefsteak everyday, do you?"

"No."

"And match your wine with proper food," went on this Nestor of the cellars.

"And Champagne?"

"Is a dessert wine; a wine for midnight frolics, celebrations, weddings and elections. And remember, when it is extra-dry it has been laced with brandy. Hence, the call for the ice-pitcher in the morning."

"What about the age?"

"Nearly all vintages reach their peak in ten years. There are, of course, exceptions to the rule. If you find a bottle of Champagne twenty years old and it is lively, then you've got something. But that doesn't happen more than once in a hundred thousand bottles. There's a bottle of Clos de Vougeot in the cellar forty years old. But never order that. You'll

get nothing but water and grape dust."

So I never drink Burgundy two nights running. Moreover, I never order a dinner, then scan the wine-card as an afterthought. I have been looked upon admiringly by a headwaiter in Paris. That is the only Legion of Honor he has to bestow, and I wear it proudly.

Alas, that famous Syracuse barroom is now a hasty lunch-counter. I could not enter the place without bursting into tears. And where is Johnny the barkeep, with his booming Irish voice? And where are the lads who used to sit around the table with me? One is a college professor of note, another is a minister, another is a great surgeon, while I am a spinner of yarns. All of us were travelling the road to Hell —so they said. There was something wrong with the time-table.

Hang it all! Suddenly I become inspired. Devil take Utopia, for a season, anyhow! So I fling down my pencil and rush from my study.

"Bill!" says I.

Bill is the business man of the house; she sees that I don't fumble a contract, that none of my royalty reports are nicked, that I am not bothered by telephones or callers, sees to it that I go fishing when the time comes, and waters the grindstone when my nose is no longer keen for work.

"Bill!" says I.

"Well?" comes from the business office.

"Pack up! We're going to Burgundy— I mean, to Paris."

"Paris!" says Bill.

Psychoanalysis. Instantly I knew what Paris had aroused in her mind. You know what I mean.

Horse-

Saddle!

Fish-

Hooks!

Ship-

Ocean!

"Paris!" says she.

And I secretly said: "Shops!"

But the gift of psychoanalysis in this family isn't onesided. For, when I said "Paris," she knew the answer to that was —"Cellars!"

I dwell in a land of Whispers where once there were Hearty Shouts. Men whisper to each other on corners. They whisper to headwaiters. They whisper in their own homes and in the homes of their neighbors. The longing came to me to get away from it all for awhile, to call out boldly, like the free man I once was—

"Louis, a pint of . . . !"

IV

I knocked off ten years as I went blithely down to the steamship office and paid Cunard's grandnephews and grandnieces a whopping sum for a ticket to Cherbourg. Burgundy — Bordeaux — Champagne — Tourraine.

And here comes that infernal past again, telling me that for the sum I paid for the steamship ticket I might, at the proper time, have got me a fairly decent cellar. My besetting sin is thoughtlessness. I promise myself that I shall do this or that, and straightway forget all about it.

I often ponder. Which is the best in life: a well-trodden path to my door or a Cunard ticket in my pocket? Stinging thought! Perhaps if I hadn't been so thoughtless I might have had both.

Eh, well! I go to Paris, and Friend Bill goes with me. At seven-thirty, on the night of the eleventh of August—a Victorian echo—we are in our old corner in the Bœuf à la Mode, with Louis Flangereau, the "wine-boy," bowing and smiling happily. Louis knows me, and he knew that night exactly what I was going to order, so he did not flourish the wine-card under my nose.

I do not speak French or understand it spoken, being partially deaf; but I can read and write it tolerably. Louis, aware of my affliction, wrote on his tab: "What will Monsieur and Madame have to drink?" I thereupon scribbled: "What did I like so well last year?" With a nod and a smile, Louis hastened away and a few minutes

later returned with as fine a vintage of Burgundy as can be found in this world today: Romanée St. Vivant, 1915.

Just a moment. Louis does not merely fetch the bottle. There is a ceremony. With a little wicker basket in his hand, Louis himself descends into the cellar. He lifts the bottle from its bin, keeping the correct angle as he places the ruddy nectar in the basket. Next, he goes over to the hot water faucet and drenches the neck of the bottle. This permeates the wine sufficiently that when it reaches my table the cellar chill is gone. He does not pull out the cork; he twists it out, slowly, as one might manipulate baby's tooth. He smells of the cork two or three times, then hands it to me, and I smell of it, and then I pass it over to Madame. And I think of John W. Snuffwhiskers, three thousand miles to windward, poor devil!

Hark! I hear footsteps. The city trembles; the world takes in a breath and holds it. Napoleon has passed upstairs to the private dining-room—Napoleon, when he was a lank-haired young artilleryman. Oh, that magnificent bandit!

Through the window at my right I see dimly the old palace of Richelieu. I see torches leaning on the night wind.... Look out, there! . . . They are at it fiercely. The King's Musketeers and the Cardinal's Guards have met again; and I know—because Alexandre Dumas has told me so—that the Guards will get the worst of it.

"*A votre santé, Madame!*"

We sip the melted rubies.

Tomorrow night we shall go to Marguery's. We shall have *filet de sole Marguery* and a bottle of Chateau-Margaux, to begin with. And later the "wine-boy" will bring me a queer old bottle, encrusted with the dust of a hundred and five years! He will set a little alcohol lamp in front of me and over that he will heat two glasses. Napoleon brandy! (I cannot see for the tears that spring into my eyes!)

The following night I shall hie me to Foyot's, get a duck and a bottle of Corton Charlemagne (white Burgundy), 1915.

Then, to Le Grand Vatel; white oysters with lemon juice and a bottle of Gordon Rouge, Mumm's 1915.

And after each dinner, of course, a taxi-cab ride up the Champs Élysées: the lights of the Place de la Concorde, the startling illumination of the Eiffel Tower—which Monsieur Citröen, the Henry Ford of France, rents of the French Government, at the rate of fifty dollars the night! I am mellow, and kindly, and generous. I forgive Charles Dickens for cuspidoring us years and years ago.

If you see pale blisters upon this page, they will be tears I dropped as I wrote. For I write in Syracuse. I am returned to Utopia.

V

Queer thing. Out of the bloody mess of 1915 came three wonderful wines: Romanée St. Vivant (red) and Corton Charlemagne (white), from Burgundy, and Mumm's Cordon Rouge, from Champagne. In the midst of that horror, Nature smiled a little.

About once in ten years there is a memorable vintage, and then only in spots. Perhaps it has rained too much; perhaps there has been hail, which stultifies the growth of the grape; perhaps the Summer has been cold and cloudy. So then, about once in ten years the grape will grow to ripeness without mishap. Then you will see a date on the label.

I saw something dreadful at lunch yesterday. (This from my note-book.) An American ordered a bottle of Scotch whisky and wrote the number of his room on it. Can you imagine the discouragement of this fellow's school-teacher? Scotch whisky in the land of the grape! I could not keep my eyes off this poor benighted duffer. The way he held up his peg to the light and admired it! He was well-dressed and good-looking; but you never can tell.

I go to the Champagne and prowl; I go to Tourraine for sparkling Chinon and

Vouvray; I wander about the Gypsy district in Burgundy for the incomparable Romanées; I whiz along to Bordeaux and sally forth from there into the wine districts; in Brittany and Normandy I drink the cider—out of courtesy to the native; then I whirl back to Paris, for soon I must return to Utopia—the bootleggers'. Eh, well; for two months I have elbowed the gods and dwelt in a beautiful false dawn. Even my earphone—cumbersome but efficient—has happy recollections. I carried this phone all about Paris, and whenever a cork popped I heard it—sometimes halfway across the town.

Homeward bound. It is November. I am leaning against the starboard rail. The world is full of fog and snow and there is no skyline visible. Some one shouts something about the rum fleet. So I project a vision upon the congealed gloom: a vineyard on a hillside, a brilliant Sunday afternoon in September: the peasants, in their best bib and tucker, are cutting the grapes. Sitting on the stone wall is a rosy-cheeked girl, eating fluid amethysts. Beside her is a young man—her lover, no doubt—playing an enormous accordion. I get a bar or two of the gay music as I pass. I wave my hand. The girl waves hers.

Suddenly I find myself alone. My fellow passengers have rushed over to the port rail. The Statue of Liberty is in sight. I stay where I am.

THE UNIONS LOSE SAN FRANCISCO

BY DAVID WARREN RYDER

Although trades unions existed in America long before 1876, it was not until that year, and in the city of San Francisco, that unionism as an active, go-getting, bellicose force really got on its legs. In September, 1876, the immortal Dennis Kearney organized his Workingmen's Party, and although the chief battle cry of the organization was "The Chinese Must Go or They'll Ruin Frisco!" it quickly served, by the brilliant effectiveness of its operations, to show what could be accomplished, politically and otherwise, by the working man, once he was organized and given a cause. Under the direction or inspiration of Kearney and his Pick-Handle Brigade, branches of the Workingmen's Party were formed in many other California towns, and when the triumphant campaign of 1876 was over they continued in existence and sought for other profitable activity. It was the influence of their example, sweeping back across the Rocky Mountains to Middle Western and Eastern centers, that gave unionism the encouragement which it then so desperately needed. In the past it had been feeble, but now, at one stroke, it became a sound and lusty movement. In the years immediately following were laid the foundations of that gigantic organization, the American Federation of Labor, which, after a decade of bitter strife, finally swallowed its chief rival, the Knights of Labor.

In California, particularly, labor organizations sprung up here, there and everywhere, and proceeded at once to battle for higher wages and shorter hours. In San Francisco unionism grew like a weed, and the decade after the organization of Kearney's party saw almost every skilled trade unionized. From that time onward, for nearly forty years, San Francisco was the prize union labor city of America. Not a hammer was lifted, or a brick laid, or a pipe fitted, or a wall plastered or painted or papered without the sanction of the unions. Let an employer, large or small, discharge a drunken, insubordinate or incompetent workman without the union's consent, and he found himself the next day facing a strike, and compelled to reinstate the discharged workman and pay him and his fellows for the time they were out. The walking delegate roved the town in state, issuing orders and imposing penalties. The power of the unions was absolute and for years they were able to exact the utmost obedience to their complex and extravagant rules and regulations. Here are some that were rigidly enforced in the building industry alone:

> The roofers' union would not allow an asphalt heater to commence work before eight o'clock, with the result that the rest of the roofing crew loafed for a half hour or so while the asphalt was heating. This union prohibited all apprentices.
>
> The electrical workers' union restricted the number of outlets a member could install in a day. If a member installed more he was called on the carpet, and for repeating the offense fined.
>
> The painters' union restricted the size of the brush which its members could use. This union also prohibited the use of paint guns and whitewash sprayers and virtually prohibited apprentices.
>
> The bricklayers' union limited the number of bricks a member was allowed to lay in a day. It, too, prohibited apprentices for many years.

The plumbers' union enforced rules that were even worse. As for example:

> No apprentices save journeymen plumbers' sons were allowed in the trade from 1905 onward, and even master plumbers' sons were not allowed

from 1907 to 1921, with the result that not more than twenty or twenty-five apprentices learned the trade in San Francisco during this fourteen-year period.

No plumber was allowed to bend a pipe to fit into an offset, but was required to use fittings instead, to cause more work.

No laborer or carpenter was permitted to cut a hole in concrete to permit the passage of a pipe, no matter how competent the workman nor how small or simple the work might be.

No union plumber would work with non-union material.

Union men could not work overtime on Saturday without the permission of the union, no matter what the emergency.

Detailed reports had to be made daily by union men to headquarters, showing how many fixtures were set each day. Men who did more work than the standard set by the union were disciplined for their efficiency.

No employer was allowed to stay on a job more than two hours a day.

And here are some of the rules the plasterers' union enforced:

Only one apprentice was allowed in each shop, regardless of the size of the shop and the number of men there employed, and no additional apprentice was admitted until the first one had served two years.

Double time was demanded for Saturday morning.

The use of labor-saving devices was strictly prohibited.

The steamfitters' union required radiators and steam pipes to be carried from the street into the building by steamfitters—work which common laborers could have done more expeditiously and at much less cost. In one celebrated instance a truckman unloaded a large quantity of radiators and steam pipes in front of a building under construction, around noon on Saturday. He piled them closer to the street car tracks than was allowed by ordinance, but by the time the contractor noticed it, both the truckman and the crew of union steamfitters were gone for the day. To avoid arrest for violating the law he had his common laborers carry the stuff into the building. The next Monday morning when the union steamfitters came on the job the first thing they did was notify their walking delegate. In ten minutes he was there; and, threatening to call all his men out on strike, compelled the contractor to have the union steamfitters carry the material out of the building to the side-walk and then carry it back into the building again.

That such preposterous regulations could have been enforced to the letter over a long period of years—even while the city was rebuilding after the fire of 1906—is almost unbelievable. Yet it was done. For that was the Golden Age of the unions, and their power in industry was matched by their power in politics. The Ruef-Schmitz régime, which for several years ruled (and almost ruined) San Francisco, was unionist clear through, from the mayor down to the lowliest job-holder. And even after Schmitz and his board of thieving supervisors had been kicked out, the unions were still strong enough to come back three years later, and again elect the mayor and a majority of the supervisors. Not until 1912 was their political power finally shattered.

II

But when their downfall came at last, it was a débâcle indeed. They made a single dizzy plunge from the loftiest heights to the lowest and darkest depths. Unable, at length, to stand their bullying and blackmailing any longer, the town rose against them and curbed them. Today, though they still exist on paper, and even claim to be gaining members, they are wholly impotent. At the last Labor Day celebration the unions of the whole San Francisco Bay region were unable to get more than 11,000 marchers into their parade. In the palmy days, they turned out vast hordes, but the palmy days were over. The local newspapers, cheerful optimists always, put the number in line at forty, fifty and even sixty thousand, but checkers employed by the Industrial Association of San Francisco (an organization which supplies industrial data to the United States Department of Labor) counted the marchers and found the total to be exactly 10,958. Preparations for the parade had begun in January—with prizes, essay and oratorical contests, threats of fines and every other conceivable device to insure a

big turnout. But they all failed. In the Bay region there are approximately 75,000 alleged union members. After nine months of preparation and propaganda, less than 15% of this number turned out.

What had happened? I answer that it was the old, old story of what happened to the calf when it got too much rope. The unions as they grew in size and strength seized more and more power, and once they had it they used it so unintelligently, so autocratically, so dishonestly, and to the so obvious injury of the community at large, that all persons outside their ranks were forced into combination, and rose against them, and destroyed them. For years they had been having their own way. During the war there was not even a show of opposition to them. What they asked for they got, and they asked for a plenty. Moreover, they kept on asking long after the war had ended. No doubt some of their demands for wage increases were justified by current conditions, but many others were plainly not. Finally in December, 1920, there came the show-down—naturally enough, in the building trades. By this time the moneyed public—to which the contractors had, of course, passed on the burden of the ever increasing cost of labor—was showing by an increasing reluctance to build at all that it was tired of being made the goat. The contractors consequently not only refused to acquiesce in the new wage demand, but countered with a proposal for decreases in certain crafts. Then followed several weeks of bickering, and then both the contractors and unions agreed in writing to submit the entire dispute to a wage arbitration board and to abide by its findings. The board was composed of the Catholic archbishop of San Francisco, a former justice of the State Supreme Court, and a prominent industrial expert, each of whom had been passed as satisfactory to both sides. It held public hearings through several months, calling as witnesses representatives of all the parties in interest. Finally, in March, 1921, it made its award, effective for six months. That award reduced wages in seventeen of the fifty-two building trades crafts by 7½%.

The contractors expressed disappointment that the cut was not greater, but announced at once that they had no alternative save to abide by the award. Not so the unions. They announced that they would not accept the award, but would strike when it became effective. This they did. Every union in the whole building trades group struck on May 9, completely tying up the whole city. New negotiations ensued. The industrial relations committee of the local Chamber of Commerce intervened, and day after day for several weeks held meetings with officials of the building trades unions, endeavoring to induce them to keep their agreement. But the effort failed, for the unions would not budge.

Up to this time the community at large had taken no more than a perfunctory interest in the matter. Why should it? Wasn't the dispute only another row between the contractors and the unions? But after a week or so of the strike, the general public began to take notice. It was not, after all, merely a private quarrel between private parties; it was a community catastrophe. Something had to be done. Something *was* done. A group of business and professional men met and decided to try the open shop—in other words, to tackle the unions head on, and try to dispose of them. This obviously meant a bitter fight, and money was necessary. The group called in the financial leaders of the city and in less than two hours had pledges of nearly two million dollars. Then they sent for the contractors, who were weeping and moaning and tearing their hair, and mindful of what had occurred so often in the past, got their promise that if the open shop scheme was adopted, they—the contractors—would abide by it and not switch back to the closed shop as soon as the immediate emergency was over or the unions came around and offered to call off the strike.

With these preparations made, the open shop was announced to take effect in the

building trades on July 1, 1921, and an organization known as the Industrial Association of San Francisco was formed to take charge of enforcing it. This organization immediately began recruiting workers throughout the country to replace those on strike. At the same time the head of the association made a public announcement declaring that there was no desire and would be no attempt to destroy the unions, promising that as soon as possible an impartial wage board would be created to determine wages in all the crafts, and inviting the strikers to return to work with the assurance that there would be no discrimination against them, but with the proviso that they must not refuse to work with non-union men. In response to this invitation many union men returned. To replace those who did not, men were brought in rapidly from outside, and by the middle of August the building industry was operating at 60% or 70% of its normal strength. Then the strikers, seeing their old jobs going to outsiders and getting into a sudden panic, voted in defiance of their leaders to return to work as individuals under the open shop. The abolition of all the old idiotic union rules and regulations had already done much to restore confidence and encourage building. Consequently, many new building plans were launched, and there was soon plenty of work for all the new men who had been brought in, as well as for all the former strikers. The latter were not compelled to forswear allegiance to their unions, but were required to work in open shops; *i.e.*, to permit non-union men to work too.

By the end of the year, the fight was over and the unions were in collapse. Virtually every union mechanic was back at work, and complete industrial peace reigned. In the meantime, an impartial wage board had, after extensive public hearings, fixed a wage scale in which there were no decreases, and which all but two or three of the fifty-two crafts accepted as fair. But peace reigned for only a few months. In March, 1922, the union plumbers, believing that the time had come to attempt to recover what they had lost, delivered an ultimatum to their employers that unless the fifteen or twenty non-union plumbers working in San Francisco were discharged immediately they would strike. These non-union plumbers were men who had been brought in while the strike was on, and to them work had been guaranteed as long as they wished to remain in San Francisco. Their employers, in consequence, refused to discharge them; whereupon the 500 union plumbers made good their threat and struck. The employers, through the Industrial Association, met the situation by sending out a number of master plumbers as scouts, and presently they had sufficient non-union plumbers to carry on the work of the community.

It was soon discovered, however, that some of the plumbing contractors were backsliding on their agreement to support the open shop. The emergency which had induced their agreement had passed, and they claimed that to organize and break in non-union crews would cause them to lose money. The Industrial Association, knowing that if the union plumbers won it would be only a few months until every other craft was back in the saddle, and all the old union rules and regulations restored, decided instantly on a plan to hold the wobbling contractors in line. There was established the permit system, under which no plumbing contractor who would not agree to conduct his job as an open shop could get a permit to buy plumbing materials. The dealers in these materials agreed to require such permits before making sales. The contractor was not compelled to employ all non-union men, or even a majority, or even 50%. A crew of ten union men and two non-union men was satisfactory. Moreover the permit system was not applied to materials involved in interstate commerce. Only materials of intrastate character, or which, coming from other States, had been divested of their interstate character through warehousing, were subject to the permit system.

III

The unions at once attacked it in the courts. They first caused arrests of building material dealers and officials of the Builders' Exchange, charging them with violating the State Anti-Trust Act. The defendants were promptly acquitted. Then the unions induced the federal government to file a bill in the local Federal Court charging the Industrial Association, the Builders' Exchange and about fifty other organizations or individuals with violation of the Sherman Act, and praying for an injunction against the permit system and a dissolution of the defendant organizations. Upon trial, the Federal Court refused to dissolve the defendant organizations, but, holding that materials did not lose their interstate character through warehousing, enjoined the permit system as an interference with interstate commerce under the terms of the Sherman and its amendatory acts. From this decision the various defendants took an appeal to the United States Supreme Court. That tribunal, in March, 1925, by unanimous decision reversed the District Court and dissolved the injunction against the permit system.

Long before this decision came down, however, the plumbers' strike had collapsed. It was actually over in the Fall of 1922, and had been officially called off in the Spring of 1923. While it was in progress there had also been a short strike of union plasterers. They struck against the open shop, but three weeks later voted to return to work. The vote brought their international vice-president to the scene, and he ordered them to strike again. This they decided to do by a vote of 175 to 165, with about 70 not voting. But many of the 165 remained at work, and when three weeks later a third vote was taken, the decision was almost unanimous to return to work under the open shop. This action cost them their international charter, but they kept their jobs. The union plumbers, on the other hand, kept their international charter but lost their jobs.

Since the termination of the plumbers' and plasterers' strikes (early in 1923) there has not been a job or jurisdictional strike in the building industry of San Francisco. (There were twenty-two the last year of the closed shop, and more than forty in the three years immediately prior to the adoption of the open shop). And although in certain trades, such as those of the carpenters and bricklayers, the union men outnumber the non-union men five or six to one, the open shop still prevails. Union and non-union men work side by side on the same job, none of the old oppressive union rules and regulations has been revived, and there have been no agreements entered into between the unions and the contractors. Wages have been fixed by wage boards created by the Industrial Association, and the three or four small controversies that have arisen over wages or hours have been peaceably and promptly adjusted through the instrumentality of that organization.

Among the regulations abolished with the adoption of the open shop were those forbidding or rigidly restricting apprentices. Every building trades craft is now open to apprentices, as is the foundry trade. The old shortage of apprentices has already been alluded to. It was once so serious that the Industrial Association felt that something had to be done about it. Accordingly, in May, 1922, the association opened its first apprentice trade school—a school for plasterers. The idea of teaching a trade like this in a school was derided quite generally, especially by the contractors, but it worked. Twenty-five young men, selected from a group of 100 by the Army intelligence test, attended the school eight hours a day six days a week for three months under the direction of a master plasterer who put them, as soon as they were familiar with the use of the tools, at work which simulated as closely as possible that which they would have to do on an actual job. At the end of three months they were able to do rough plastering—to put on what is called the brown coat—

as well and almost as rapidly as regular journeymen. They were then sent to actual jobs, as apprentices, for three months, and then returned to the school for advanced training and instruction. This plan was followed for a year, at the end of which time virtually all in the class were able to do journeymen's work and earn journeymen's pay. Those who desired to go still farther in the trade were accomodated by the opening of a night school for training in ornamental plastering.

During the last three years, under the general plan thus outlined, schools have been maintained for the training of plumbers, bricklayers, painters, paperhangers, tile-setters, housesmiths and moulders, and one has just been opened for electricians. Altogether, according to the published figures, 1,100 boys and young men have graduated from these schools. Most of them are now working in San Francisco and many have already advanced to the status and pay of journeymen. The training is free to the apprentice, and through agreements with employers he is guaranteed a job on its completion. In fact, under the present arrangement, an applicant is not admitted to a class until a job is assured for him at the completion of his preliminary training, and both he and his employer have to agree that he will return to night school three evenings a week until, through a series of examinations, he has shown himself entitled to be ranked as a journeyman. This plan guards against an over-supply of apprentices and insures the completion of an apprentice's training. The schools have all worked excellently, cutting down by at least a year and in many cases two years the old union period of training, and allowing each apprentice to advance as rapidly as he shows himself individually capable. Trade schools copied after these in San Francisco are now being operated in a dozen or more other large cities throughout the United States.

The unions, of course, continue to exist in San Francisco. Their more optimistic leaders even claim a greater union membership than ever before. Union men are not discriminated against in the town, nor are they forbidden to use peaceable means to attempt to persuade non-union men to take out cards. But the unions have been deprived of their old despotic control over industry. The open shop obtains in virtually all the principal industries of the community, including, beside the building industry, the shipping, lithographic, leather, glass, foundry, street railways, warehouse, garment manufacturing, candy, and hotel and restaurant industries. From 80% to 90% of the manual labor of San Francisco is now done under open shop conditions.

What has been the effect of all this? The statistics of trade and industry, particularly of building construction, show the community to be thriving. During the first year of the open shop, building construction jumped nearly 100% and it has been increasing constantly since. The value of building permits during each of the last two years exceeded the total for 1907, which was the greatest previous year in the city's history on account of the enforced building following the earthquake and fire of 1906. On the employer's side, through the abolition of all the old union restrictions on output and efficiency, costs have been cut appreciably—in some instances as much as 25%. As for the employés, union and non-union: work has never been more plentiful, wages are good (there have been no decreases and several increases in the various scales since the adoption of the open shop), and working conditions elicit no complaint. With a steady job and good pay the average union man is not disposed to complain. Academic discussions of the respective merits of the closed and the open shops interest him much less than the cost of gasoline and tires. He has ceased being a two-fisted battler, ready to strike at the drop of a hat, and has become a property-owning, tax-paying, respectable citizen—a Babbitt in embryo. The old gaudy days are gone. The walking delegate —now called a business agent—walks softly, and his old roar is heard no more.

EDITORIAL

Much of the murmuring that now goes on in the colleges of the United States, particularly among the more intelligent students thereof, is caused, it seems to me, by a misunderstanding of the aims and limitations of formal education. The boys complain, in substance, that their time is wasted listening to lectures by jackasses, and that they seldom encounter, among their professors, a man of genuinely sound and adventurous mind. All this, they argue, is not only fatiguing to them, but also damaging to them. Instead of being exposed to a free play of ideas, and so taught to think, they are belabored with formulæ, and so prepared for Rotary. In every college that I am aware of, even in the Bible Belt, the ensuing discontent grows formidable. The college papers are full of saucy flings at the reigning pedagogues, sometimes amounting to formal demands that the worst of them be thrown out, and men of livelier intelligence put in their places. In more than one college—for instance, the State University of Indiana—the thing has reached the stage of open war, with the rebels breathing brimstone, and the trustees and faculty bathed in cold sweat.

My sympathies go to the boys, as they go to all forthright foes of buncombe, but not infrequently, in the clammy watches of the night, I am haunted by a suspicion that they are guilty of something not very far from buncombe themselves. The word, perhaps, is too strong; error would be better. This error consists in assuming that the fundamental purpose of a college education is to prick and blister the young mind, and so set it to functioning freely, and even recklessly. Nothing could be more false. The fundamental purpose of education, in college as in the high-school and so on down to the kindergarten, is to set the young mind upon a track, and keep it running there in all decorum. The task of a pedagogue, in other words, is not to turn out anarchists, but to turn out correct and respectable citizens. Obviously, he must take his definition of what a correct and respectable citizen is from men who are themselves correct and respectable citizens. That is to say, he must take it from the fathers of the boys under his rattan.

Has anyone heard any complaint from these fathers about what is being taught in the seminaries of the Republic—that is, any complaint that it is too correct and respectable? I think not. When they complain at all it is against some innocent young professor who sympathizes with his pupils, and so proceeds to feed them heresy and stir up their minds. This invariably causes painful scenes at home, and quite naturally, for the home, as everyone knows, is the very altar of correctness and respectability. Young John comes back from college with Nietzsche's "The Antichrist" and the Life of Robert Marion LaFollette under his arm, and sniffs theatrically at the lime and cement business. For Kiwanis he has only an unseemly cackle; even the Y. M. C. A. gets a sneer. Is it any wonder that his father takes alarm, and writes forthwith to the board of trustees? For it is surely not in the nature of fathers to rejoice when their offspring flout them; it is in the nature of fathers to wish their offspring to admire and imitate them. The process of formal education, as they see it, is a process of discovering philosophical supports for that admiration. The fact is not lost upon MM. the college presidents of America. Does one hear of them lecturing on Aristotle, like their colleagues of

England, or upon Hegel, like their colleagues of Germany, or upon women, like their colleagues of France? One does not. One hears them lecturing upon scientific salesmanship and the Coolidge idealism. They know precisely what business they are in, and who their customers are.

II

What lies under all this, of course, and especially when the State universities come into question, is simply the fact that the average American college student is the son of a father innocent of the humanities, and with them of anything properly describable as a fondness for ideas. Ideas do not delight him; they alarm him. In his daily life he has no need of them; he can get along very well with formulæ. All the men he knows who play with them regard him condescendingly, and so he dislikes them. It is from this average American father that the whoops come whenever the whisper goes 'round that this or that college has taken to Bolshevism—that is, that its professors (more accurately, perhaps, its instructors) have begun to poke fun at Service, Vice-President Dawes, the war for democracy, and the New York *Times*. No such whoops ever come from fathers who have themselves been doused in the Pierian spring. But such fathers, in the present state of the nation, are in a small minority —far too small to make itself felt. Worse, the massive influence of the majority is so strong that the minority will be small again in the next generation: the play of ideas in this one is stopped as soon as it is heard of. Thus education among us will continue to be a process of converting boys into rubber-stamps, at least for a long while. Eventually the vicious circle may be broken, but if so, it will not be done by consent of the fathers of America, nor by aid of the college presidents.

Those who protest against the fact, whether discontented students or specialists in injustice outside, often fall into the error of assuming that an American college is the equivalent of a European university. It is called a university, and so they accept it as one in fact. It is nothing of the kind. There has been but one genuine university in the United States in our time—the Johns Hopkins under Gilman—and it turned itself into a college with frantic haste the moment he died. The college student differs from a university student in a most important way: his formal education, when he matriculates, is not completed, but simply entering upon its last stage. That is to say, he has not yet taken in the whole of that body of correct and respectable ideas which all of us must somehow absorb before we are competent to think for ourselves—at all events, to any rational purpose and effect.

Only too often the fact is overlooked that even the most bold and talented of philosophers must suffer this stuffing before he is ready to go it alone. Aristotle, you may be sure, had the Greek alphabet rammed into him like any other Greek of his time, and studied the multiplication table, and learned the elements of Greek civics, and all that was then accepted about the nature of the Persians, the functions of the liver, and the aorist. Kant was grounded in Prussian history, the humoral pathology, and the Leibnitzian law of pre-ëstablished harmony. Even Nietzsche had to master the grammar-book, the catechism and the Lutheran psalm-book, that he might be a good German and keep out of jail. Such training takes time, for children naturally resist it; it takes more time in America than elsewhere because our elementary-schools, in late years, devote themselves mainly to fol-de-rols borrowed from the Boy Scouts, Greenwich Village and Bernarr Macfadden. Thus the young American, when he enters college, is still only half-educated in the conventional sense. At least three of his four years are consumed in completing the lowly business of making him fit to vote, keep a check book accurately, and understand what is in his newspaper. Every now and then some humorist subjects a class of

freshman to what is called a general information test. Four-fifths of them invariably turn out to be as ignorant as so many European schoolboys of ten or eleven.

Obviously, it is as imprudent to parade political heresies before such infants as it would be to lecture on obstetrics before girls of thirteen. When they are graduated at last, they are perhaps ripe for it, but when they are graduated they commonly depart the halls of learning for the bond business. The relatively few who remain seem to suffer no damage from such ideas as they encounter in the graduate-schools. At all events, there is never any complaint that they are being ruined, nor do they themselves complain that the notions of the salient anarchists are being withheld from them. Most of them, having no desire save to get their Ph.D.'s and settle down as pedagogues, are probably anæsthetic to whatever play of ideas goes on about them. A few, taking fire, afterward lecture scandalously in the prairie "universities" to which they are doomed, stir up the students to revolt against their colleagues, and so get themselves cashiered. But not many.

III

Nor is the practical damage serious. There is always room enough for the minority of genuinely intelligent fellows in the graduate-schools whence they came. The spotlights of Babbitt do not bathe these schools, for his sons are not in them; thus they are quite free to monkey with ideas all they please, even with red-hot ones. What I have heard in my time from eminent ornaments of this higher faculty would make interesting news for both the Comstock Society and the Department of Justice. Antinomianism is rife among them, and seems to go unchallenged. So hands remain to carry on the torch.

I don't think the boy of lively mind is hurt much by going to college. If he encounters mainly jackasses, then he learns the useful lesson that this is a jackass world. The complaints come from fellows of small humor, which is to say, from fellows whose intelligence is like a glass of beer without foam. Nor am I greatly affected—certainly not to tears—by the grievance of the young professors. Do they complain bitterly that their superiors hobble the free play of their minds, and force them to teach doctrines that they don't believe in? Then examine, some day, the doctrines that they *do* believe in. You will find chiefly bilge—Liberalism and dish-water, the puerile heresies of the farm *bloc*, all the fly-blown fallacies of yesteryear. It is the dream of every such rambunctious Dr. Birch to crash the high gates of the *Atlantic Monthly* with a devilish essay entitled "A Plea for Necking." His goatishness passes with his youth. At forty he is lecturing docilely on the Lake School.

I am unable to discern any violent passion for the truth in such victims of the educational industrial system. What moves them more often, I suspect, is simply a desire to make a scandal and annoy their elders. The same martyr who argues that forbidding him to eulogize Lenin in class is an assault upon his sacred integrity—this same martyr is usually willing enough to teach that the late war was fought to save democracy, and that the United States played a chivalrous and honorable rôle in it. Is he heard against Fundamentalism today? Then why wasn't he heard against Prohibition six years ago—he or his predecessor? I don't cry him down; in his revolt, as in all revolts, there is something stimulating; he is at least not quite a clod. But his error, like that of his students, lies in mistaking the nature of the business he is engaged upon. It is a business that has very little, if anything, to do with the free play of ideas in this world. That goes on otherwhere, and on a different level. His business is to polish the rough casts turned out by an inept and humorous God, that they may be as smooth and uniform as possible, and rub one another as little as possible.

H. L. M.

THE METHODISTS

BY JAMES D. BERNARD

The Methodist Church in America is now facing a crisis which, though much less serious, nevertheless greatly resembles the one it faced in 1844, when it split over the issue of slavery. As a result of that split it divided into the Methodist Episcopal Church and the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, and it is the former branch that must bear the brunt of the new conflict. The cause of dissension, in brief, is the gradual encroachment of modern (and often highly worldly) ideas upon the old harsh Methodist discipline. The Northern Methodists have been growing rich, and as they have grown rich they have begun to chafe under the theological and ethical bonds laid upon them by their fathers. Seventy years ago, and even fifty years ago, the most austere variety of Puritanism still had the church in its grip. It not only frowned upon dancing, theatre-going and all other such diversions of the wicked; it was also extremely averse to ritualism. The Methodists, going to church, wanted simply to hear preaching and to roar their rollicking hymns. Many of their churches were without organs. They were so suspicious of the Roman Harlot and its idolatries that they even refused to celebrate Christmas.

Now all that is changing—that is, in the Northern Church. The General Conference, after a long and bitter battle, reluctantly decided, on May 27, 1924, to lift the old ban on dancing and the theatre: the alternative was the loss of hundreds of thousands of the younger members, who were crowding out of the Epworth League into the jazz palaces and the show houses. True enough, the Conference specifically excepted "those diversions which cannot be used in the name of the Lord Jesus," thus quoting John Wesley, but the words were obviously meaningless. Today a young Methodist, in the North, is free to shake his leg as he lists, and to spend all the time he wants to spend in the theatres and movie parlors. Worse, his pastor seems free to imitate Rome, even in the sanctuary. There are Methodist churches today which burn candles, and permit their choirs to sing parts of Roman masses. There are others which hold early morning services in imitation of the mass. And in practically all of them there are pipe-organs, and in most of them there are also cornets and fiddles.

Against this yielding to Satan the Southern Methodists hold out. They have let in organ music, but they still bar dancing, the theatre, and the symbols and ornaments of the mass. More, they are faithful in theology as well as in ritual. They are Fundamentalists, at least in large majority, and regard science with great suspicion. This difference, I believe, was largely responsible for the failure of the late attempt to unite the two Churches. The Northern Church voted for union almost unanimously, but the Southern Church, though it mustered a majority of ayes,—4528, to 4108 nays—, failed to show the necessary three-fourths vote. The Southerners feared to come into the combination for two reasons. First, they were afraid that coming in might complicate the Negro problem, and make it harder for them to keep the colored brother in his place. But secondly, they were in grave doubt about the orthodoxy of their Northern brethren.

The more ardent Fundamentalists among the Southern bishops were all against unification, and they managed to carry their conferences with them.

But Fundamentalism, of course, also exists in the North, and it is there that it seems likely to cause most trouble. The more enlightened Northern Methodists are obviously ashamed of its extravagances, and try to keep them within bounds. But the Fundamentalists are pugnacious and hard to reason with, and already they show signs of a revolt against the Church's increasing liberalism. If this revolt ever reaches the stage of open battle, it may be fatal to the Northern Church. The more extreme liberals, in large numbers, are already going over to the Protestant Episcopal Church, which has the additional charm of being fashionable, and the more extreme Fundamentalists are falling into the ranks of the Baptists, among whom liberalism is very rare. Thus the Church faces losses at both ends, and if the matter ever comes to a knock-'em-down-and-drag-'em-out struggle it will be very badly damaged. Even Prohibition no longer serves to unite the factions. The liberals, observing its colossal failure, tend to be increasingly sniffish of it. Some day a Northern Methodist pastor will begin to preach against it, and the fat will be in the fire.

II

The church of which the Hon. Hiram Wesley Evans, D.D.S., Imperial Wizard of the Ku Klux Klan, is an ornament, was set up in this country, curiously enough, by two Irish immigrants, Philip Embury and Robert Strawbridge by name. It had been founded in England, as everyone knows, by the brothers John and Charles Wesley. While at Oxford they formed a club for the purpose of acquiring regular habits of religious study and works. In Wesley's own words, "they resolved to live by rule and method." This earned for them the derisive designation of Methodists. In time the club became wholly religious in character and the term is now applied to the church that was the outcome of its meetings.

The first Methodist church in America was built in 1768 by Philip Embury in John street, New York City. Strawbridge was in the meantime spreading the Word in Maryland and the surrounding territory. In 1779 there arose a controversy as to the administration of the sacraments, and Wesley, to settle the matter, sent over Thomas Coke to act as superintendent of the Church in America. At the first conference of the American Church (December, 1784) Francis Asbury was ordained by Coke as bishop, and Wesley's prayer book, psalm-book and liturgy, and his abridged form of the Thirty-nine Articles were presented and adopted as standards. The first General Conference was held in 1792 and since then one has been held every four years. The Church now has about 8,000,000 members—5,000,000 in the North, and 3,000,000 (including 1,000,000 Negroes) in the South.

In 1828 a dispute arose over the question of lay representation to the General Conference, and it led to the formation of the Methodist Protestant Church (1830). This church differs radically in polity from the other Methodist bodies in that it has no bishops or presiding elders and no life officers of any kind. It has conferences like the Methodist Episcopal Church; at these meetings a president is elected who appoints the preachers to their charges. At the General Conference of 1844, Bishop Andrew, a Southerner and an owner of slaves, was asked to desist from exercising the functions of his office. The Southern delegates held a protest conference in 1845 and formed the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. In doctrine and in government it is precisely like the Northern Church, but it has its own conferences, publishing house, missionary boards, and so forth. The Wesleyan Methodist Connection of America was formed in 1843 at Utica by a number of uncompromising Abolitionists who also desired a non-episcopal church. The Free Methodist

Church was started in 1850 in Genesee by those desiring to return to earlier and more primitive standards of faith. In doctrine, it is like the Northern and Southern Churches, but it differs from them on two points: sanctification, it believes, is wrought instantaneously on believing souls, and in the matter of future rewards and punishments it deviates slightly from the orthodox view. It elects general superintendents in place of bishops, and it pays special attention to unworldliness of conduct.

The African Methodist Episcopal Church was founded in Philadelphia in 1816, when colored Methodists, who previously worshipped in white churches, withdrew and formed their own church under the leadership of Richard Allen. The African Methodist Episcopal Zion Church was founded by colored Methodists in New York City in the same year. The Methodist Episcopal Church Colored was organized in 1870 by the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, as a separate body. The Ku Klux spirit, apparently, had already begun to do its work.

These are the more important branches of the Methodist faith in America. Among the others are the following: the Primitive Methodist Church, which came over from England; the Independent Methodist Church, which has organizations in Maryland, Tennessee and the District of Columbia; the Evangelist Missionary Church, which was founded by a group of ministers and laymen in Ohio who left the African Methodist Episcopal Zion Church in 1866; the Congregational Methodist Church, which disagrees with the orthodox Methodists over the form of church government; the New Congregational Methodist Church, which was established by Georgia Methodists who withdrew from the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, in 1881; the African Union Methodist Protestant Church, which differs from the African Methodist Episcopal Church in opposing a paid clergy, the episcopacy and itineracy; and the Union American Methodist Episcopal Church, which is very like the one immediately preceding.

III

In theology, the orthodox Methodists are Arminians. Their doctrines are set forth in Wesley's Twenty-Five Articles of Religion, which are based upon the Thirty-Nine Articles of the Church of England. A summary of the more important of them, as officially stated, follows:

1. Jesus arose with His body from the grave and He lives forever.
2. The Holy Spirit is a divine person.
3. The Bible contains all we need to know to be saved and is our only sacred rule of faith and life.
4. We are saved by faith and faith only. No one can be saved merely by his good works.
5. The Roman Catholic view of purgatory, the pardon of sins, and the worship of imagery, relics and shrines is contrary to the word of God.
6. In public worship only a language the people understand should be used.
7. There are only two sacraments: baptism and the Lord's Supper.
8. Baptism is the symbol of the new birth, or the symbol of the beginning of the Christian life.
9. The Lord's Supper is a symbol of Christ's suffering for us. The bread and wine are not changed into Christ's body.
10. The Mass is unscriptural and utterly wrong.
11. Christians have a right to own private property if they use it in a Christian way.

Contrary to the Baptist doctrine, the Methodists believe that pouring, sprinkling and immersion are all equally scriptural and proper modes of baptism, and that the baptism of infants is in perfect accord with Christian doctrine. They also believe that Christ now exists in a glorified human body and that "we shall be like Him when he shall appear, for we shall see Him as He is. The righteous after death will have a spiritual body. Just what that body will be we do not know."

The Methodist form of Church government is episcopal. Its administrative work is done by conferences and boards. There are, in both the Northern and the Southern Churches, five conferences: 1. The General Conference. This is composed of ministers and lay delegates who are elected by the annual conferences. The number of clerical members and lay members is the same. The General Conference elects bish-

ops, revises laws of discipline and performs other such general administrative and legislative functions. It meets once every four years and is presided over by the bishops, each one in turn a day at a time, beginning with the senior bishop. 2. The Annual Conferences. These are composed of all the traveling preachers and of eight lay district representatives, who are elected by the District Conferences. These Annual Conferences examine into the life and administration of each preacher and admit new candidates. 3. The District Conferences. These are held annually in each district. They issue licenses to preachers. 4. The Quarterly Conferences. These are very much like the District Conferences, but they cover a smaller area. 5. The Church Conferences. These are held in each pastoral charge once a month or so. They deal only with a single church. The character of the boards is implied by their names: the General Board of Missions, the Board of Church Extension, the Board of Education, the Sunday-school Board, and so on.

Bishops are constituted by the election of the General Conference and the laying on of the hands of three bishops or of at least one bishop and two elders. Bishops are "elders as to ministerial order and episcopal as to the high office of general superintendency." They hold office for life, subject to good behavior. So far in the history of the Methodist Church they have all been behaving themselves very well, and it has not been found necessary to depose any of them. The Methodists take great pride in this unblemished record, and apparently see in it a confirmation of their belief that God is continually smiling on them. After the bishops come the presiding elders, who are appointed by them. They have full charge of their districts, which contain no more than forty pastoral charges, and they have full power to change, suspend or discipline the preachers. They are thus very important personages and occupy positions equivalent to those of political bosses in the political world. Every poor preacher is careful to be polite to them.

Licentiates are brethren who have been granted authority to preach by the District Conferences. They have the full power of preachers, but they cannot perform the baptismal or marriage ceremonies. Their licenses must be renewed yearly. Most of them, as I will show later, have not had so much as a high-school education, but most of them, after many years of renewing their licenses, graduate finally into the class of full pastors. Anyone who has preached for two years and can pass a very mild examination in reading, writing, geography, church organization and morals is made a deacon. He can then perform all the offices of the ministry with the exception of the Lord's Supper. Anyone can be an elder who has been a deacon for not less than two years and has won his way into the graces of those higher up.

The Methodists, like the Baptists and all the other evangelical sects, are hot for spreading the Kingdom into heathen lands. But of late it has dawned upon them that perhaps the most heathen country in the world is the United States. The foreign missionary movement of the Church was started in a very characteristic way in 1806. Five college students had taken refuge from a shower in a haystack at Williamstown, Mass. They spent their time praying, but before an hour had passed their minds began to wonder to distant countries and they began to discuss the heathen in China and the other parts of the Orient. They prayed again and it was not long before four of them were on their way to make Christians out of the coolies. What the fifth one did I don't know. The records do not say.

There are twenty-one Methodist publications in English in the United States. All of them are weeklies save the *Methodist Review*, which is a bi-monthly, and the *Methodist Herald*, of Tobaccoville, N. C., which is a monthly. Many of them are called the *Christian Advocate*. There is a headquarters *Christian Advocate* in New York, and others at strategical points in the hinterland; the latter have qualifying

adjectives before their titles, such as Western, Central, Southwestern, Michigan, Pacific, Washington, Pittsburgh and so on. Each has its own editor, but the Rev. Halford E. Luccock, A.B., D.D., is attached to most of them as contributing editor. Dr. Luccock is registrar of Drew Theological Seminary, and a facile writer. His editorials appear in nearly all the *Christian Advocates*. They also print much other matter in common, but each has its local news. They are well printed, and their usual size is that of the *New Republic*.

You will find in them, at times, silly pronunciamentoes on the Prohibition question by the Hon. Deets Pickett, press agent of the Methodist Board of Temperance, Prohibition and Public Morals at Washington, but you will also find excellent editorials on such subjects as the state of affairs in China, the Karolyi episode, the Locarno conference, the coal strike, and the French debt, enlightened and liberal in tone. What they say, in the main, is at least as intelligent as what the *New Republic* says. The Northern Methodist papers also discuss books—and they are not the books of William Jennings Bryan or Dr. Howard A. Kelly. Such defenders of the old voodooism are scarcely mentioned; the editors apparently regard their doctrines as too idiotic to be worth any space. I must mention the *Methodist Review*, of New York. It is without doubt one of the most intelligent religious periodicals in the country. Its theological and metaphysical discussions are on a very high level of scholarship. Its contributors are not Methodists of the circuit-rider type. I am a frequent reader of it and I can honestly say that I find it more interesting than nine-tenths of the reviews of genuine circulation. Two or three years ago it caused an uproar by printing a very heterodox article on the Virgin Birth.

It is a different story, however, with the papers of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. Most of them are on the low level of the Baptist papers. They are printed on cheap paper and show poor editing. What is more important, their reading matter is usually idiotic. They carry a good deal of shady advertising: Mrs. Winslow's Syrup, Stray-Moll Wonder Pile Ointment, Miller's Antiseptic Snake Oil For Chest Colds, Cardui, the Woman's Tonic, and so on. One of them, the *Alabama Christian Advocate*, also carries a comic strip, called "Pesky Peanut And His Playmates," the principle characters of which are peanuts, dogs, spools and rocks.

IV

The Methodists have a large number of theological schools, and they also control many institutions of secular learning. Some of the latter are on a relatively high level, as witness Ohio Wesleyan University, Boston University, and Southwestern Methodist University. But these schools seem to have little influence upon the clergy, who, save in the large cities, remain a very ignorant lot. As I have said before, many of them are no more than licentiates who keep on renewing their licenses until either a good God relieves them of their earthly labors or they are made full pastors by a kind-hearted examining board. The more intelligent of the Methodists realize that these spiritual leaders are incompetent—and they resent it. Here, for example, is a letter of protest, sent in by Sister Marion Brookfield to the *Northwestern Christian Advocate* of Chicago:

> It does not seem a very serious matter that a number of devoted men with inadequate preparation entered the Methodist ministry thirty-five or more years ago, but that the situation is unchanged in this day of widespread education is something to think about.
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> During the last three years the various Methodist conferences received on trial practically as high a percentage of men who never finished high-school as are to be found among the full conference members. In the one case it is 21.2 per cent and the other 21.9 per cent. An average of eight men out of every one hundred had never gone beyond the eighth grade. Thirty-five per cent of the men never spent a day in college, and most of them never will.
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> A high-school education is the minimum standard for reception on trial. How could twenty-one men out of every one hundred be received who were below this requirement? Because two-

thirds of the preachers in their conferences voted them in, as special cases. It would not be such a distressing matter if all these men were young and able to go ahead with their preparation, but they were received at the average age of thirty-four, approximately. Practically all are married and handicapped by obligations that will make further training difficult, if not impossible.

Some of the pastors themselves seem to realize that they are insufficiently prepared for their work: the denominational papers, especially in the South, are full of evidence of it. Here, for example, is a letter from Pastor W. McD. Howell, of Springfield, Ala., in the *Alabama Christian Advocate:*

What the thirty-nine years of my ministry would have been had I been thoroughly prepared God only knows. My conversion was genuine and clear and so was my call to the ministry; but being uneducated and not knowing the Scriptures as I should have known them, I have been woefully handicapped all these years.

This lack of equipment seems to be especially serious among the Negro Methodists. A special study of the Negro churches, made by W. A. Daniel, contains the following:

The number of Negro churches is usually estimated at between 40,000 and 45,000. The number of vacancies occurring annually through death, old age, change of occupation, and other causes, is estimated at from 1,500 to 2,000. If all the men graduating from Negro theological seminaries this year go directly into the ministry, as is usually the case, less than three per cent of these vacancies can be filled by men whose combined literary and theological training would be equivalent to three years above high-school. Of the 1,011 students for the ministry in 1923–24, there are only 219 high-school graduates, of whom thirty-eight are college graduates.

One of the reasons why the ministry attracts only low-grade men is to be found in the low salaries commonly paid to pastors. The Methodist Year Book for 1925 says that the average salary for the year 1924 was $1630.86. This is less than $32 a week. It is obvious that no educated man, however hot his passion for souls might be, would be strongly attracted by such a salary. Not all the pastors, of course, are lucky enough to get even $32 a week. Brother Thomas Whiteside reports in *Zion's Herald* that in Kingman, Maine, "there are two outpoints on the charge, Webster and Prentiss. The salary is $900 and parsonage." From Kingman, Maine, this same brother brings the happy news that "the pastor's salary has been increased from $300 to $400."

I turn from Maine to Kentucky. According to the *Central Methodist* the average salary of the 180 pastors of the Louisville Conference is $1,309 a year, and they have to serve 592 congregations and 64,731 members in order to get it. In other words, each pastor has an average of three and a third charges, each charge contributes an average of less than $400 a year to his salary, and each member contributes less than $4. No wonder the poor pastors, favored with a pounding or "storm party," gloat exceedingly, as does Pastor S. T. Miller in the *Southwestern Christian Advocate:*

I take this method to thank the members and friends of St. James Methodist Episcopal Church, Clifton, Tenn., for the storm party, Monday night, which resulted in 126 pounds of the choicest groceries to the amount of $26.80, and a nice cash purse; also a reception.

And Pastor and Mrs. M. L. Baldwin in the same paper:

We wish to thank the Kings' Daughters of St. Peter Methodist Episcopal Church, Donaldsonville, La., and all the members and friends for the surprise party given us on November 28. They came singing, "When the Saints Go Marching In," and laid on the table fifty pounds of select groceries, a chicken, and all that goes to make up a Thanksgiving dinner, and also a cash purse. Miss Anita Jackson made the presentation speech, and the pastor responded in well chosen words. The pastor and wife invited them to call again, and prayed God's blessings upon them.

The country Methodist preacher, then, like his Baptist brother, must cover three or four charges if he is to tarry long from the Methodist heaven. The solution to his difficulty, of course, lies in playing Conference politics and getting himself placed in a rich parish. But how many such gold mines are there? The following notice, which recently appeared in the Nashville *Christian Advocate*, speaks for itself:

Bishop W. N. Ainsworth requests that no further letters be written to him concerning transfers to the Florida Conference. He has received nearly

150 applications for such transfers and has already provided all the men that will be needed in that field.

Another happy hunting ground for Methodist pastors with pull enough to get into it is California, especially the Southern part. There is one pastor there, Dr. Merle N. Smith, who receives the stately sum of $8,750 a year, and what is more, he actually gets it. Pastor Frank Roach does even better: he gets $8,800. And Pastor E. E. Helms, probably the champion, gets $9,000. Very few pastors in the big cities can match these emoluments. As for the country shepherds, they must, like their Baptist rivals, struggle along in their poor parsonages and try to rake up a few dollars by inducing the good ladies of their charges to raffle off turkeys or tube sets. But their hearts are sore, as witness this lament from Pastor H. Kenneth Smith, in *Zion's Herald:*

> This detestable business of running sales, fairs, clambakes, and whatnots, in order to support the minister and the church, makes any sincere pastor feel as if he were about the most unnecessary and burdensome object of charity in the universe.

V

Whether it is due to the incompetence of this badly-paid clergy or to some other cause I do not know, but the fact is plain that the Methodist Church, both North and South, is losing its old hold upon the masses. In alliance with the Klan, it sometimes shows a renewal of its former evangelical vigor, and through the medium of the Board of Temperance, Prohibition and Public Morals it continues to get upon the first pages of the newspapers with dreadful blasts, but the number of incoming souls seems to be falling year by year. Turn to any issue of any Methodist paper, and you are pretty sure to find a note of pessimism. I extract the following, a fair example, from the *Wesleyan Christian Advocate*, of Atlanta, in the diocese of the ferocious Bishop Warren A. Candler, brother to the coca-cola magnate:

> It looks as if Georgia Methodism not only failed to make adequate advance among the many unevangelized beyond its borders in its own State, but that it also actually failed last year to hold those that were born into its own families. It is not only not an evangelizing agency, but it is actually increasing the number of the unevangelized. There were approximately—exact figures are not at hand—10,000 additions on profession of faith in the two Conferences last year. Since these figures are not certain we shall allow 11,000. In round numbers, it took fourteen Georgia Methodists twelve months to win just one soul to the Saviour. In the early days of missionary work in some fields that would not be a bad achievement. But these Methodists are set down in the midst of a civilization that is as nearly Christian as can be found anywhere on the planet. Back of us are the years of Christian living on the part of many who have toiled sacrificially for the coming of the kingdom; around us is the influence and training of Christian homes and of the instrumentalities which the Church supplies for the salvation of the young, which instrumentalities we are proud to believe are now functioning at the highest state of efficiency. Yet fourteen Methodists must work twelve months to win one soul!

As the Methodists increase in worldly goods and worldly wisdom they gradually lose their fire. Even Prohibition ceases to interest them, for Prohibition, as everyone knows, is unfashionable: it is difficult to advocate it and still remain in good standing in any sound country-club. Christian Science and the Protestant Episcopal Church hold out fascinating lures: the former is quiet and elegant, and the latter is romantic and swagger. The clergy tend to fall with the laity. According to the *Churchman*, no less than 30 of the 332 men admitted to holy orders in the Protestant Episcopal Church during the triennium, 1922–25, were former Methodists. This is nearly ten per cent. The Most Rev. John Gardner Murray, D.D., primate of the Episcopal Church in America, is another former Methodist, though he doesn't mention it in "Who's Who in America." He graduated from the Drew Theological Seminary, a Methodist stronghold, in 1881, and did not enter the Episcopal ministry until 1893. The loss of such men is obviously very damaging to Methodism. There is little if any movement in the other direction.

This fading of the old fire reveals itself in lessening collections. The pastors who go about the land heating up the faithful

for such things as foreign missions find their jobs increasingly difficult. Even the local clergy have grown indifferent, as this report from the *Western Christian Advocate* shows:

> I am duty-bound to say that I have been shocked and saddened by the frequent disclosures of what seemed a palpable neglect on the part of the pastors in preaching on the subject of missions, and an alarming indifference on the part of the people to the supreme duty of the Church to evangelize the whole world—the second, no doubt, is a natural sequence of the first. One of the presiding elders remarked that he had doubted if there were preached in the bounds of his district last year as many as half a dozen sermons on the subject.

The receipts for the last fiscal year of the Board of Foreign Missions and the Board of Home Missions and Church Extension of the Northern Church totaled $7,630,595.21, as compared with $8,701,027.01 for the year preceding. The Church has 1187 missionaries in the field, and the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society has 738 more. There are 1744 native pastors. The chief field of labor is India, with China following. In Latin America there are now 18,408 Methodists. The Church long ago sought a lodgment in Rome, and now has a mission under the very shadow of the Vatican. But with a diminishing income all these enterprises are headed for trouble. At home there is more trouble, as witness this account, by the secretary of the North Georgia Conference, of the effort to raise a Centenary Fund:

> We have pushed the work as diligently and as thoroughly as we know how; but I regret to report that only about $39,000 had been collected up to November 1. Since then over $4,500 has been received. This is less than half the amount we confidently expected to raise. . . . Only 230 churches have made remittances to the Conference treasurer this year, leaving over 500 that have made no remittance.

The denominational papers, though the number of them has been reduced by consolidations and they are well written and interesting, seem to be very badly supported. The *Christian Advocate* lately said that it had but 740 subscribers among the 22,000 Methodists in the New York District of the New York Conference. In the domain of the Louisville Conference, the *Advocate* has 309 subscribers, and the *Central Methodist* 4733 among 64,731 members. In the Detroit area, which the *Advocate* calls "the best reading area in American Methodism," 175,929 members show but 20,288 subscribers to church papers, "an average of one paper to eight and one-half members."

VI

The Southern Methodists, as I have said, are far more orthodox than their Northern brethren. Even in the Northern Church those leaders who come from the southern portion of its territory seem to be hotter for the true faith than their more northerly brethren. For example, consider Bishop Luther B. Wilson, a Baltimorean and formerly president of the Anti-Saloon League. Some time ago he was invited to preach in the new Cathedral of St. John the Divine in New York, and seized the chance to deliver an old-time Methodist harangue. Thus:

> Atheism is not only folly, but to the state a traitor. It does not deserve a place and should not be defended by any specious claim for immunity under the constitutional guaranties of the right of free speech.

One can find multitudes of such utterances in the papers of the Southern Church. The Virgin Birth and the Resurrection are, of course, believed in completely down there, and the sublime principles of the Klan are generally supported. Here is a typical utterance by the Rev. Dr. J. M. Glenn, in the *Alabama Christian Advocate*:

> The Methodist preacher who does not get the weekly Dearborn *Independent*, Dearborn, Mich., $1.50 a year, is certainly missing a great deal of valuable matter. While not a church paper, it contains four articles, on the Scopes case, the ten commandments as a means of healing, the desecration of Sunday and the rottenness of the New York stage, which might grace any religious periodical.

All the denominational schools in the South are now undergoing examination as to their orthodoxy on the matter of evolu-

tion. The elders and deacons are busy rummaging through all the textbooks and tearing out every page on which the slightest hint is given of the existence of an hypothesis of evolution or on which the names of such infidels as Darwin, Huxley or Haeckel are mentioned. A resolution was recently adopted by the West Texas Conference calling upon Bishop James E. Dickey to appoint a committee of five to investigate the doctrinal teachings at the Southwestern University at Georgetown and the Southern Methodist University at Dallas. At this same conference the Rev. S. J. Johnston declared that he "had rather a boy of his was killed than he should come back from college filled with doubts as to the fundamentals of the Christian faith."

The Southern Church has a Commission on Temperance and Social Service which performs the same work down there in the Hookworm Belt that the better known Board of Temperance, Prohibition and Public Morals does in the Northern States. It is aided by a so-called National Temperance and Prohibition League. The league believes in what might be called preventive Prohibition, as the following news item, widely printed in the Southern Methodist press, shows:

> The National Temperance and Prohibition League offers a prize of one thousand dollars to that person who will submit to it the best practical plan for shackling the Moonshiner, the Bootlegger, the Rum Runner, the Liquor Anarchist, the Booze Rooter, the Wet Propagandist, the Dope Fiend, the Drunkard and the Pistol Bully, in a contest governed by certain rules and conditions. For particulars write to the National Temperance and Prohibition League, care J. B. Albritton, Bellwood, Alabama.

The Southern Methodists are still hot against dancing and the theatre, and frown upon the cigarette, the lipstick, rolled stockings, necking, and all other such works of the devil. Recently a hot debate was held in the South Georgia Conference on the question, Is it legal immorality for a preacher five years in the Conference to use tobacco? During the discussion Bishop William N. Ainsworth, of Macon, a celebrated heretic-hunter, said that "the General Conference of 1914 required preachers who were admitted to the conference on trial and later into full connection to take a pledge that they would abstain from the use of tobacco. The pledge still holds. If the preacher doesn't abstain from the use of tobacco, he violates his pledge, his solemn pact with God. It is a serious matter." It appears, however, that there are many preachers who do not fear violating their solemn pact with God, for the very same news item which quoted Bishop Ainsworth adds: "Delegates at the conference expressed the belief that this was in the nature of a warning to those pastors who smoke on the sly."

The Southern Methodists, to Northerners, look very ignorant and bigoted, but in the South they are commonly regarded as somewhat liberal, and even loose. This is simply because the Baptists and Cumberland Presbyterians of the region are so very much worse. At Dayton, Tenn., during the Scopes trial, a local Methodist pastor invited a visiting Unitarian to preach from his pulpit. The local Baptists made such an uproar that the Methodists were also set off, and so the poor pastor was chased out of town. There are, however, two prominent liberals in the South, and both are bishops. I refer to Bishop John M. Moore, of Dallas, and Bishop Edwin D. Mouzon, of Nashville. The first has had the courage to say that "evolution is progress; fundamentalism is fixity." The latter, in "Fundamentals of Methodism," one of the sanest books on Methodism I have ever encountered, says:

> I express a grave fear that if the present unfortunate agitation concerning orthodoxy and heresy continues, in which laymen often try to settle theological questions that have troubled the scholars for centuries, and preachers think to silence the sciences while themselves knowing nothing about the matter they discuss, and scientists who know little about the Bible and nothing about philosophy join in and add confusion to disorder—I say I am greatly afraid that if something is not done to stop this agitation, multitudes will be driven into the camp of extreme liberals and some may be driven into actual infidelity. . . . Unfortunately, in recent years, a

> false note has been sounded in Methodism, a note which called attention to things to be believed rather than a life of Christ to be lived. . . . There is immense peril in this position. It may lead one to conclude that his own life is a Christian life, because, forsooth, his creed is in perfect harmony with orthodox standards. Then the farther step may be taken which leads the poor misguided man to believe that his brother is a bad man for the good and sufficient reason that his brother does not agree with him in all his theological tenets.

A sensible position this, but how many Methodists are there in the South like Bishop Mouzon? I know of about seven or eight, but, then, I have been digging into hundreds of Methodist papers, magazines and books.

VII

Things are somewhat different in the North. Fundamentalism, of course, exists there, but it is not very bellicose, and the great majority of city pastors seem to be suspicious of it. The Northern Methodists, when they retain the primitive fire at all, show it in moral endeavor. A formidable minority, as I have said, begins to be skeptical even here, but the majority of the faithful are still eager to put down sin, especially in the other fellow. Every witch-hunt in the North is run by Methodists, whether it be directed against race-track gamblers, bootleggers, college neckers, or street-walkers. The Comstock Society is an almost purely Methodist organization, and so are such societies as the Anti-Saloon League and the Lord's Day Alliance. But the chief moral organ of the Northern Methodists is the notorious Board of Temperance, Prohibition and Public Morals, which has a gaudy home in Washington, supports a large staff of professional devil-chasers, and is heavily subsidized by such opulent laymen as Sebastian S. Kresge, the ten-cent store magnate. It is an official body of the Church, has a monthly organ called the *Voice*, and issues stacks of pamphlets and a weekly clipsheet of propaganda for the secular press of the country. If you would see the uplift mixed with religious ferocity and raised to a science, I invite you to take a look at some of this literature. The editors of these publications employ all of Hearst's well-known devices of scientific journalism: short, snappy paragraphs, capitalization for emphasis, the apt marshaling of pertinent and impertinent statistics, and so on.

There is apparently no human activity into which the Board does not poke its nose. And wherever it goes it carries the blazing banner of a Puritanism as inhuman as the Puritanism of Jonathan Edwards. Prohibition, of course, is its chief pet. Says the Rev. Dr. Clarence True Wilson, general secretary of the Board: "Prohibition has been the greatest moral triumph that our generation has seen in the round world. . . . It has wrought some of the moral miracles of the Twentieth Century. Prosperity is greater, health is higher, education more accessible, homes more happy, wealth more abundant, poverty decreased, industry stimulated." The clipsheets are full of "scientific" data, buttressed with tons of figures and fancy charts, showing that Prohibition has been the main cause of the increased sale of radio sets and Dr. Frank Crane's books, the large attendance at night schools, the increase in the price of farm land in Wyoming and Utah, the rise in the value of real estate in New Jersey, and so on.

The Board, like Bishop Thomas Nicholson, of Chicago, president of the Anti-Saloon League, seems to favor butchering bootleggers. A year or so ago it issued a solemn bull to that effect. When the newspapers denounced its ferocity, it tried to wriggle out of the situation, but could not manage it. Scofflaws are also under its ban; they are, it appears, "blood guilty," whatever that may mean. Says the Hon. Deets Pickett, "research secretary" to the Board:

> If there is a good bootlegger who is not a dead bootlegger I have not met him.

The Board officially advocates the deportation of aliens found guilty of violating the Volstead Act. It also advocates heavier and more severe jail sentences for citizens similarly convicted. In addition to these

benign proposals it makes the following bow to Liberty, presumably the patron goddess of the Republic:

> Eventually, also, Congress should place under the provisions of the Prohibition Act all intoxicating liquors made and possessed before the passage of the Eighteenth Amendment. At present wealthy owners of cellars, provided they can establish the fact that their liquors were obtained before Prohibition, are undisturbed by the Prohibition law.

Still unsatisfied, the Board urges a mass attack on all the newspapers which dare to express any doubt about, or make fun of, the Prohibitionists:

> Newspapers which come into Christian homes should be called upon to cease sneering and jibing at the law, to cease giving moral aid and comfort to criminals, to cease printing revolting abuse of the Christian churches emanating from perverted minds.

The Methodist Episcopal Church, as I have said, took the ban off dancing in 1924, but the Board continues to denounce it. Among the leaflets that it circulates are "The Modern Dance Evil," by C. C. Rarick; "Dancing in Our Public Schools," by Dr. Wilson; and "Why the Methodist Episcopal Church Condemns Dancing," by the aforesaid Rarick. The last-named makes no mention of the fact that the ban has been taken off. The Board also carries on campaigns against the cigarette, Sunday amusements, gambling, horse racing, necking, the lip-stick, swearing and salacious books and magazines. In its drive against tobacco it has unearthed some curious facts. For example, it says officially, that "about half of the women in this country would just about as soon be in close company with a good healthy pole cat as a lighted cigarette or cigar." And here are some of its more scientific discoveries:

1. Tobacco deals the heart a deadly blow by clogging the passages, reducing the bodily eliminations and making normality impossible. This produces paralysis, insanity and other disorders.
2. The kidneys are damaged by the use of tobacco. . . . Tobacco contracts the passages of the kidneys, and in this manner impairs the general health.
3. That tobacco causes color blindness is well known. Dimness of vision and even blindness often result from excessive smoking. (From a leaflet by John Harvey Kellogg, M.D., published by the Board.)

The immense increase in smutty magazines on the news-stands has greatly exercised the Board, and it has launched a campaign to have them attacked in every town by the local clergy. In this benign work it has the aid of the Rev. J. Frank Chase, of the Boston Watch and Ward Society, a Methodist vice-hunter of long practice and great native talent. Chase contributes frequently to the clipsheet, reminding his pupils of the happy fact that "the Postmaster General has the right to issue stop orders denying the use of the mails to indecent magazines. He does not need to wait for a prosecution. He can issue a stop order as soon as he is convinced that the matter printed is illegal. If his order is not obeyed, he can proceed to prosecute 'for depositing obscene matter in the mail.'"

All the Methodist papers, like the Baptist papers, are discreetly quiet about the Klan. But it is the quiet of shame. For who does not know that the Imperial Wizard, the patriotic dentist, Dr. Evans, is a faithful and eminent Methodist? And who does not also know that the Klan counts the rural Methodist pastors among its best friends?

VIII

The Methodists, though they have bishops, profess to be vastly opposed to priestcraft, and their clergy strive to appear as much as possible like laymen. They do not wear gowns in the pulpit and few, if any of them, reverse their collars. The average Methodist bishop is a go-getter and has the outward aspect of a prosperous Rotarian. Sometimes he is smooth-shaven or wears a full beard, but much more often he affects the toothbrush moustache of Mr. Babbitt. So with the lesser clergy. They are frequent speakers before Kiwanis, take a hand in all so-called civic movements, and strive to appear as Regular Fellows.

Nevertheless, as I have said, a certain insidious ritualism has shown itself among the Methodists in late years. Many of their more fashionable churches begin to wor-

ship the harsh Methodist God in a manner which greatly resembles that of a somewhat High Church Episcopalian congregation. In the course of my inquiries I have encountered Methodist churches with vested choirs, and some of these choirs frequently sing such Romish things as Rossini's "Stabat Mater." I know of one Methodist church in which choir and pastor engage in a responsive service that very forcibly suggests the mass. Such evidences of a leaning toward Babylon are not often discussed in the Methodist press. Nevertheless the subject sometimes crops up, and the way in which it is handled, I believe, would greatly astonish old Francis Asbury, imagining him returned from the grave. I turn, for example, to an article by the Rev. James A. Beebe, D.D., dean of the school of theology at Boston University, a Methodist institution. It is in the *Western Christian Advocate*. Dr. Beebe says:

> My Catholic playmates had better instruction [in getting access to God] than I. They were thoroughly indoctrinated with the view that "the fruit of the Spirit" is not a sporadic growth, but is produced by very definite methods of spiritual culture as well understood as the methods of rose culture. *Particular things* must be done, at *particular times* and in *particular ways!* Their priests were trained to help them face frankly the unpleasant facts of life in the confessional at least once a year, giving counsel and prescribing penances that were designed to renovate their souls. (No such individual attention as this was given us. Our Protestant souls were cured in the mass, if cured at all!) Moreover, their church put into their hands certain mechanical aids to devotion which we generally despised, among them an old device called the "rosary," utilized in many religions.

Dr. Beebe then goes on:

> The devotion is equally well designed for social and private prayers. Any thoughtful Catholic admits readily the objection that formal prayers recited mechanically constitute a superstitious practice. But he will maintain that the significant features of this exercise are *the meditations*—the images and ideas that enter the mind while the prayers are recited. The vocal petitions are only a kind of musical accompaniment to the thoughts of the worshiper, as his imagination plays around certain great religious themes. Doubtless many Catholics use this form of prayer carelessly and ignorantly. That is beside the mark. Employed as originally intended, it is all but a perfect technique for worship.

Obviously, this is strange stuff for a Methodist divine to be writing, even in Boston. Dr. Beebe, it should be added, does not go to the length of advocating the adoption of the actual rosary by Methodists. All he proposes is that they make a "Protestant rosary" of their own, composed, it would appear, of a series of prayers and other pious passages, some taken from the Psalms but others from the Te Deum Laudamus, the Magnificat and other such Romish favorites. He also speaks with approval of contemplating the crucifix, and of the stations of the cross. I wonder what impression this curious article has made upon the Methodists of the South, nearly all of them Klansmen and in deadly terror that the Catholics plan to put a wop in the White House!

With the growth of ritualism marches a growth in liberalism. Wherever education is general the hedge pastors find it increasingly difficult to hold their sheep to the pure Methodist doctrine. Worse, they are opposed by many men of their own cloth, including some of great influence. I have mentioned Dr. H. E. Luccock, contributing editor to most of the *Christian Advocates*. He argues boldly that "belief in evolution as a method of creation does not impair the validity of Christianity in the slightest degree." In the same way, Bishop Francis J. McConnell, of Pittsburgh, and the Rev. L. O. Hartman, editor of *Zion's Herald*, one of the best of the church papers, argue constantly that scientific knowledge and Christianity are not antagonistic, and that the essence of Methodism lies in living like Christ rather than in believing in Him. These divines, I believe, are followed by a large number of Methodist laymen, at least in the North, and that number tends to increase steadily. Soon or late it will be so large that it will have to be heeded. When that time comes there will be civil war in the Methodist Church, and the chances are that hundreds of thousands of the faithful will walk out.

AMERICANA

ALABAMA

BULLETIN for Alabama boosters, extracted from the *Journal of the American Medical Association:*

> Hookworm infestation is one of the major public health problems of Alabama. Here the parasite has a wide distribution, for scarcely any county, town or village that has been studied has been found free of infestation. Among children of school age the incidence ranges from less than 5 per cent in some of the larger towns to 95 per cent in the heavily infested rural communities.

SPECIMEN epistle of a Southern university president, from the distinguished Montgomery *Journal:*

> *To the Editor:*
>
> I want to thank you for your generous policy in dealing with our game at Pasadena.
>
> Some one has asked me to point out the outstanding sentiment expressed in the many letters that have come to us from the Pacific coast since the great New Year's game. Perhaps the public would expect me to put in the foreground the letters congratulating us on the wonderful victory or the letters commending the fine sportsmanship of the team.
>
> But these, after all, are not the things that have most profoundly touched my heart. The sentiment that has gripped me most mightily is found in the many expressions of appreciation of the conduct of these Southern boys in far away California. For example, the Rev. Dr. John Marvin Dean, pastor of the leading Baptist church of Pasadena, before a great congregation, commended the refusal of these boys to violate the Sabbath day by engaging in practice, as the Western teams frequently do, or by doing any other unseemly thing. He pronounced a fine eulogy on the team's conduct as compared to that of other groups who have visited Pasadena. Our Southern people still "remember the Sabbath to keep it holy."
>
> Far more important than the winning of the game is the fine ideal of conduct and living that these Alabama boys carried to the coast and exemplified there in plain view of all men. After all, I believe that this great fact will give to the fathers and mothers of Alabama the largest measure of satisfaction.
>
> GEORGE H. DENNY,
> University, Ala. *President*

ARIZONA

CONTRIBUTION to polite American by the Wickenburg correspondent of the Prescott *Journal Miner:*

> Mrs. Rosa Ellis, *née* Wilson, *née* Miller, proprietor of the Ellis Café, was a Phoenix visitor.

ARKANSAS

FROM the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch:*

> Questioned in Police Court as to whether he had been born in this country, J. W. McCluskey, 4201A Manchester avenue, a defendant in a peace disturbance case, responded, "No, sir, I was born in Arkansas."

CALIFORNIA

SERMON-SUBJECT of the Rev. Dr. Walter John Sherman, pastor of the Central Methodist Church, of San Francisco, as reported by the *Chronicle:*

> When Do We Eat?

PROGRESS of religious toleration in Los Angeles, as brought to light by the *California Jewish Review:*

> Miss Sally O'Neill . . . will give a public exhibition of the Charleston at the Gimel Dahled Dance.

WANT AD in the *Christian Science Monitor:*

> SALESMAN WANTED
>
> FOR THE MAN who possesses ideals, and is striving to live them each day; for the man who knows the falsity of limitation, who wants to do good for others and is willing to work to accomplish this good; for the man who is exacting in his measurement of his real self, we offer a place in the sales department of the Peerless Laundry of Los Angeles, an institution reflecting these same high standards they will require of him; he must be married, between the ages of 25 and 40, must have $1,000 to $2,000 to invest in Reo Speedwagon equipment; to this man we offer a permanent opportunity whereby it will be possible to build up commissions from $75 to $100 per week, on a laundry route with the best of workmanship and service in back of him. See or write MR. L. E. SEYMOUR, Peerless Laundry, Slauson and Main Streets, Los Angeles, California.

News item in Henry Ford's 100% American Dearborn *Independent:*

> St. Joseph's, the church of the Franciscan Fathers in Los Angeles, advises against the use of wedding marches by Wagner or Mendelssohn. "We can well dispense with these compositions," says St. Joseph's Calendar, "so utterly out of place in the presence of the Sacramental Saviour, in Whom neither of these two men believed, one being an infidel and the other a Jew. Save the organist the embarrassment of refusing and yourself the humiliation of being refused."

COLORADO

Pastor T. J. Shelton, of Denver, in the *Scientific Christian* of that great city:

> I hold converse with myself and enjoy the conversation. I like to hear my voice and I want a good audience. I know that I will be the very best auditor and so I talk to myself. This is what we call sunphonic thought.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

How the country's best minds put themselves in shape for their arduous duties, as revealed by the Philadelphia *Public Ledger:*

> A congressional pie-eating contest was held on the Capitol steps.

Extract from the proceedings of the United States Senate:

> Mr. Neely. I should like to know how my friend from South Carolina feels when he sees a woman smoking a cigarette and blowing the smoke in a man's face, as I frequently see around these hotel lobbies?
>
> Mr. Blease. Mr. President, the Senator does not want an answer to that question—not in the Senate Chamber, at least. I will not say what I think about that here. I will tell the Senator privately what I think about it.

Another:

> Mr. Broussard. Does the Senator advocate penal servitude for a man who violates the Prohibition law?
>
> Mr. Fess. I will very quickly vote for imprisonment.
>
> Mr. Broussard. Would the Senator advocate capital punishment?
>
> Mr. Fess. Oh, not necessarily.
>
> Mr. Broussard. Not necessarily?
>
> Mr. Fess. I do in some cases.
>
> Mr. Broussard. In some cases the Senator would?
>
> Mr. Fess. Yes.

FLORIDA

New achievement of Florida men of vision:

> At the request of Florida real estate dealers the National Geographic Board has changed the name of Cock Roach Bay to Shell Mound Bay. It is on the east side of Tampa Bay.

Labors of the 100% Americans in West Palm Beach, as reported by the Associated Press:

> Klansmen hunted all night for Alice Rhinelander in St. Lucie county following a report that the mulatto bride of the wealthy young New Yorker, Leonard Kip Rhinelander, was seen on the streets here. Klansmen strode into hotels at the height of the dinner hour and demanded to see the registers. When search of hotels proved unavailing, the hunt was extended to cottages and tourist homes along the Indian river.

Inspirational advertisement in the Lakeland *Evening Ledger:*

> "REALTORS"
>
> NEVER IN THE HISTORY OF THE WORLD HAS A WORD BEEN MORE PURPOSEFUL
>
> *Realtor!*—the engineer of all human progress.
>
> Glorifying the present; shaping the destinies of the future; representing the biggest business in the world.
>
> Long since removed from the mere exchanger of property titles for money—now through education and regulation, building the new, rebuilding the old.
>
> Purposeful! Designing! Resolving! . . .
>
> The greatness of this nation will be what the realtors make it. . . .
>
> Keep on! The world is fast learning the true meaning of *Realtor.*
>
> *Realtor* is a foremost word in the world of graphic human incidents.
>
> There should be no better recommendation than the word of a realtor.
>
> There should be no business influence more significant than that of a realtor.
>
> Realtor!—the engineer of human progress! That's what Florida thinks of its Realtors.
>
> SUNILAND
>
> "The Magazine of Florida"

GEORGIA

Religio-pathological news from the great town of Moultrie:

> A diet of a dozen or so pages a day out of the family Bible, until the big book had literally been devoured, caused Mellzo McCoy, twelve-year-old Colquitt county boy, to sicken. In fact, he developed symptoms akin to acute appendicitis, so his father, Mack McCoy, drove him into Moultrie to consult a physician. . . . Mellzo had been feeding on the Bible and had consumed it with the exception of the heavy cover and one or two pages on which the family record was kept.

From the Atlanta *Journal:*

The dedication of an automobile to the service of God was one of the features of the services Sunday night in the Central Congregational Church. The automobile, a Ford sedan, was presented to Dr. Witherspoon Dodge, the pastor, as a present from his congregation. . . . Dr. Dodge dedicated the car with a prayer.

ILLINOIS

SCIENTIFIC notice printed on an envelope and passed through the United States mail:

GEO. E. WOLF
Cocktail Brand
Sauer Kraut Juice
164 E. PEARSON STREET CHICAGO

THE MASTER KEY to Health and Happiness

Purifies the Blood
Renovates the Intestinal Tract
Electrifies Humankind
Revivifies the Entire System
Energizes the Faculties
——*Join the SAUER KRAUT CLUB*

FROM a bull issued by the secretary of the Kiwanis Club of Rock Island:

Kiwanis, with its principles and ideals, will live forever. This is not a threat, but a fact and blessing to mankind.

IOWA

HISTORICAL pronouncement credited to Dr. Edward A. Steiner, of Grinnell College:

The only true history book in the schools is the Bible.

KANSAS

THE favorite authors of the Kansas literati, according to the *Haldeman-Julius Weekly*, published at Girard:

Zane Grey
James Oliver Curwood
Harold Bell Wright
Arthur B. Reeve
Margaret Hill McCarter
Gene Stratton Porter
Mary Roberts Rinehart
Nina Wilcox Putnam

REVOLT of an agronomist in the Total Immersion Belt:

Positively no more baptizing in my pasture. Twice in the last two months my gate has been left open by Christian people, and I can't afford to chase cattle all over the country just to save a few sinners.

KENTUCKY

STRANGE workings of the Holy Spirit in Louisville, as revealed by an Associated Press dispatch from that Christian town:

Harry J. Noe, of Washington township, was taken to the insane asylum Saturday after having shut two of his young children in an unheated stove Friday and waded into a nearby stream, praying for the second coming of Christ. The children were rescued by neighbors. Noe was declared to be of unsound mind as a result of excessive Bible reading.

NOTICE prominently displayed in all the rooms of a leading Louisville hotel:

BOTTLE OPENER WILL BE
FOUND ATTACHED TO
BATH ROOM WOODWORK

FROM a reader of the moral Louisville *Times:*

Reading the *Times* I noticed on the front page a horse winning by the name Rock of Ages. We have a song in our church song books named "Rock of Ages." Rock meaning Christ. Of course you can't help for a man naming his horse by that name, but you could refuse to print names of horses that insult our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ. I ask you as a Christian to refuse hereafter to print such things in your paper.

HENRY VOGLESONG

MICHIGAN

FROM a public bull by the Rev. Herbert A. Jump, pastor of the Congregational Church, of Ann Arbor, as set forth in the Detroit *Free Press:*

If you want to know whether you are an American of the old school, the sort that made this Republic great, test yourself out by the poetry of Eddie Guest. Eddie Guest furnishes the poetic mirror of the best and cleanest and deepest and most wholesome things in American life today.

PUBLIC notice in the Arcadia *Argus:*

Some one took my wife from my home on Saturday evening, and I don't know where she is, therefore, I will not be responsible for any debts contracted by her. Two dollars reward for information as to her whereabouts.

JOHN SMITH,
Pleasanton

RESULTS of Law Enforcement in Detroit, as reported, via the Associated Press, by Frank H. Croul, commissioner of police there:

There are 16,000 blind pigs in Detroit. . . . Before Prohibition there were 1,300 licensed saloons.

MINNESOTA

FROM the St. Paul *Dispatch:*

Commissioner John H. McDonald was host to a dozen men, including members of the City Council, engineers and city officials, at a dinner at noon today in the completed portion of the Belt Line sewer at a point just north of Stillwater avenue.

MISSOURI

From the *Weekly Unity*, an organ of the Higher Life, published at Kansas City:

Insects are the result of error ideas of life and wrong uses of the life forces by man. . . . When divine order is established in man's thoughts and in his life, order will manifest also in the outer, and insects that prey upon vegetables, animals, and man will disappear. As man grows in understanding and in Truth, he will be troubled less and less by flies, mosquitoes, and bugs. They will disappear from his life as his consciousness is cleansed by Spirit and lifted up more fully into the Christ mind.

How the students of Washington University are taught to think, as reported by *Student Life*, the university paper:

Chancellor Herbert S. Hadley will open discussion in an assembly of all students in Graham Memorial Chapel on the question of choosing a mascot for the university. All classes in the university will be dismissed to attend the discussion and debate which, as a result of student agitation on the question, will be dealt with as follows: Chancellor Hadley will first explain the underlying reasons for the holding of the meeting and will introduce several prominent alumni who will discuss possible mascots for the university. Then discussion from the floor will be in order in the form of five-minute discussions with two-minute rebuttals on behalf of the various animals proposed. A vote will then be taken, on the question, "What animal is most desirable as the mascot of Washington University?"

MONTANA

Sardonic want ad in the Bozeman *Daily Chronicle:*

For Sale—Milk Goat, Saanan Breed; soon to kid. Fond of children, bedroom slippers, linen napkins, and stove polish. Price sixty-five dollars to good home. Telephone 236-J, Box 666, Bozeman.

NEBRASKA

Circular distributed to the trembling burghers of the up-and-coming town of Ord:

NOTICE

Bootleggers, Gamblers, Home Breakers and all law violators: you are hereby warned that all violations must cease. our boys and girls must be protected.

Married Men, Watch Your Step!
Do your joy riding with your own family. Fathers, watch your sons. Mothers, know where your daughters are at night. City and county officials, Do Your Duty!

All law enforcement officials have our undivided support in the enforcement of law. We are for law enforcement through the proper constituted authorities and in that way alone, —but we do insist that the law be enforced. All officers of city, county and State who attempt to straddle the fence in an effort to please both sides and continue to hold office are hereby notified that our support and influence will go always to him who discharges his duty to the full in both the letter and spirit of the law, without fear or favor. The man who patronizes the bootlegger, be he klan member or klan maligner—*is as guilty as the bootlegger.*

No law abiding citizen need fear this *100 per ct.* all American peace loving organization. All others have cause to fear.

Those who condemn our free public schools are condemning those very principles on which our government was founded, on which depends the democracy of our great nation. We have no room in this county for the enemies of our free public schools.

Lastly—no political party claims us, no sect appropriates our good will, no set of men has a corner on our activities. We will uphold all just laws, speak one language, owe allegiance to America—and America only—salute one flag —the stars and stripes forever.

THE KNIGHTS OF THE KU KLUX KLAN

NEW HAMPSHIRE

Scholarly remarks of an eminent man of learning, as revealed in the *Dartmouth*, the college paper:

"There is something inspiring," said Dean Laycock, "in hearing one's own college yell, but sometimes I think that the students have forgotten how to give it. When the 'Wah-Hoo-Wah' is properly given, there is something in it which appeals to a man's loyalty and makes him feel a small part of something immensely large." . . .

With Dean Laycock as cheer leader, the students gave the "Wah-Hoo-Wah" twice as it should be given.

NEW YORK

Business notice:

SAMUEL MANN
Real Estate Broker
325 east 4th st.

Dear Friend:

I am interested in arranging meetings to unmarried people who wish to get married and made happy. If you or your friends are interested, please recommend them to us, very confidential.

P.S.: We teach Real Estate to those who are interested to learn and transact a regular Real Estate business, at our office.

Yours truly,
SAMUEL MANN,
325 East 4th St., New York

THE Rt. Rev. William T. Manning, S.T.D., D.D., as reported in the Manhattan press:

Football is one of the highest forms of spiritual exercise.

ROMANTIC literary note from the eminent *Bookman:*

A party I should have liked to attend was the one where Floyd Dell, Elinor Wylie, and William Rose Benét chanted Shelley's odes in unison. How many people in the world are there, I wonder, who would know enough of Shelley's odes (they also took a turn at Keats and Francis Thompson) to chant them in unison or any other way?

NORTH CAROLINA

LAW Enforcement note from the Christian town of Murphy, in the Cherokee *Scout:*

I chanced not long ago to be an invited guest to a house party which was being given by a man who lives in the lower end of our county. To my great surprise I found on my arrival that all the male members of this party were giving all glory to Bacchus, staggering and reeling, and endeavoring to dance. The liquor smelled so loud that the scent came near intoxicating me. On glancing around the room I saw sitting in one corner the deputy sheriff of the vicinity, himself under the influence of whiskey. I thought then and think now, What is Prohibition if we do not enforce it?

UN PETIT DIABLE AVEC BOOTLEGGERS

ANOTHER from Chapel Hill, seat of the University of North Carolina:

According to G. F. Featherstone, chief of police for Chapel Hill, two stills of about 100 gallons capacity each and about 400 gallons of raw beer were destroyed by raiding parties conducted by him the last week. This brings the total bootlegger's equipment captured within a three-mile radius of the University in five weeks to six stills of approximately fifty gallons each capacity, two operators, one Negro and one Caucasian, and about 2200 gallons of beer.

ADVICE to aspiring Methodist clergymen, given by Bishop Collins Denny, Methodist ordinary of the State:

If you would keep your sex before the public, grow hair upon your upper lip. Women now cut their hair and wear men's clothes, but they cannot grow a mustache. That is your badge of masculinity.

OHIO

LAW Enforcement in Cleveland, as reported by the eminent *Plain Dealer:*

"Many criminals could be forestalled in their overt acts if persons would report to the police the irregularities of the neighbors in apartment houses," Robert H. Jamison, president of the Association for Criminal Justice, declared yesterday at a luncheon of the Co-operative Club. "If a transient moves into your apartment building, and you notice he keeps irregular hours, a tip to the police will result in a tactful investigation which may prevent crime," he said.

OKLAHOMA

MIRACLE reported by the Rev. Ernest William Nagel, in the Cordell *Beacon:*

In the city of Wichita there lives a woman with her family who was taken ill with cancer, and reputable physicians declared there was no hope, and so far as man was concerned, these men were correct. They wired me to come at once. When I came I found this poor woman wasted away with her disease. The first question I asked was whether she believed that in faith in Christ she could be healed. She said she did. In a simple way I asked the Lord that this woman might be spared to live with her dear family, thinking of the little children. Thirty minutes after, she arose from her bed, walked into another room and exclaimed, "I am healed." Upon examination the physicians announced that the cancer had disappeared.

OREGON

FROM a fire-sale advertisement in the Portland *Oregonian:*

IF TEARS FROM THE HEART EVER TOOK A MAN TO HEAVEN THIS MAN WILL SURELY BE THERE WHEN HIS TIME COMES

An Unbelievable Surprise Awaited Him Wednesday Morning. Oceans of Tears Rolling Down His Cheeks, with a Broken Heart, the Owner of the American Clothiers Company, Watching His Thirty-Two Years' Honorable Career in Flames

OH, WHAT AN END!! OH, WHAT A FINISH!! THE OLD MAN CRIED

Nobody could imagine the internal pain that man suffered, fainting dead away in the meantime, while friends from all over the city rushed to help him and share his sorrow. *But the flames could not be stopped*—with tears and sorrow they went their way!

AMERICAN CLOTHIERS CO. STOCK

215 Morrison Street—Northeast Corner First and Morrison Streets

SPECIMEN of red-blooded dramatic criticism from the eminent Eugene *Daily Guard:*

Shakespeare is almost as bad as Ibsen, and it takes a morbid or primitive nature to enjoy a play of that kind.

PENNSYLVANIA

BRAVE words of the Rev. John McNeill, D.D., pastor of the Tenth Presbyterian Church of Philadelphia:

Prohibition in this country has attained an unbelievable amount of success.

CONFIRMATION from the Erie *Times:*

Scotch (good)	$ 55
Scotch (hazard)	48
Rye (good)	115
Rye (no good)	80
Champagne (good)	90
Gin (good)	42
Beer and Ale	unchanged
Cordials (mixed case)	75
Benedictine	90
Benedictine (bad)	72
Absinthe (Swiss)	90
Brandy (good)	84
Chartreuse	72
Crème de Cocoa (imp.)	60
Crème de Menthe	60

MORE from the Pittsburgh region, gathered from the Wheeling *Intelligencer:*

At West Homestead, saloons are operated as in the pre-Volstead era, subject, however, "to strict police supervision."

In scrapping all Prohibition statutes and forming what was termed an independent principality, M. J. Dean, chief of police, defended his defiance of the government by saying: "I have but acceded to the demands of the people. If I did not permit the saloons to run, my borough would be cluttered with blind tigers and stills would be as plentiful as cats. And it is likely also that it would mean the murder of some of my policemen. . . . The three saloons, while they sell beer and whisky, handle the stuff with discretion, and West Homestead has fewer drunks than any city or borough of its size in the United States."

Officials of West Homestead were indignant over the seizure of a carload of beer by Federal dry raiders. W. J. Martzold, assistant Prohibition administrator, was arrested and charged with violating a health ordinance because part of the beer was dumped in the street.

SOUTH DAKOTA

CONTRIBUTION to the science of international peace, credited to Coach Liem, of the Huron College football team:

If every high school and college in France, Germany, Russia and England had a football team, the world would never have another war.

TENNESSEE

NEWS of sorcery among the Fundamentalists, from the eminent *Illinois Central Magazine:*

Working in the Nonconnah shops of the Illinois Central System at Memphis, is a negro car repairer, Willis Watson, who claims to have divine power to ignite handkerchiefs by blowing his breath on them. The strange part of it is that he can do it. He folds a handkerchief on the bias once, gathers it into the palms of his hands held cup-shaped, makes a little pocket in the center of the cloth with his thumbs, brings his hands to his mouth, gently exhales just once and closes his hands over the handkerchief, thus forming a ball of cloth with his breath entrapped in the center. He then rolls the ball between the palms of his hands for not more than five seconds, and a thin line of smoke begins to rise. As soon as he sees the smoke he unfolds the handkerchief, and it bursts into flame.

When he was twelve years old he attended a revival meeting at Jackson, Tenn., conducted by the Rev. Sam Jones, the famous evangelist, and returned home determined to live the life of a Christian. That night he declares that a brilliant light about the size of a silver dollar appeared before him with the form of a beautiful child silhouetted in the background. Above and at the sides of this light appeared mysterious inscriptions in six different languages, only one of which, in English, was he able to read. "Read the twenty-sixth chapter of St. Matthew and the Spirit will call your attention to words that you will remember," he claims the inscription directed him. "These words, which will be in various parts of that book of the Bible, will form a complete sentence when put together. Repeat this sentence to any dry substance as you blow your breath on it, and it will catch fire and burn up."

RESULT of an examination of students at the Knoxville High School, as reported by the eminent *Sentinel:*

At least 50 per cent of the students were unable to tell the location of the District of Columbia. Among the answers to that question were: "A small portion of land between Delaware and West Virginia"—"Off coast of West Virginia"—"Northwest part of United States"—"Between Maryland and New Jersey"—"A part of Canada."

FROM a public bull by the Hon. Austin Peay, governor of this great State:

There is a movement on foot to repeal the anti-evolution law. Having approved the bill after full consideration, and my views being matured and positive in regard to it, I would promptly veto any repeal. Others may be ashamed of our stand. But as for myself, I am proud of it.

TEXAS

News item from the town of Holland:

> Because he spent his last sixty-five cents for a copy of Shakespeare, a charge of juvenile delinquency was filed in court against Johnny Meggs, of Holland, and he was yesterday sentenced to one to three years in the State Training School for Boys at Gatesville.

Contribution to moral science by the Rev. A. B. Reynolds, reported in the *Christian Courier*, published at Dallas:

> Nine out of every ten men I talked to confessed to me that a man can not get into the compromising positions that must be indulged in to dance the modern dance and go through the movements that must be gone through in the modern dance and at the same time be thinking about his next Sunday-school lesson. It can't be done. . . .

A San Antonio dispatch to the distinguished New York *Times:*

> Rum-running jackasses carry liquor from Mexico into the United States without paying duty, head tax, back tax or anything else. These burros are owned by Mexicans who take them across the river, tie kegs of tequila, a powerful Mexican liquor, on their backs, and then turn the animals loose to find their way home alone. Back on the bank of the Rio Grande stands the lone, rum-running jackass. His home is somewhere across the river. His homing instinct tells him what to do. The trips profit the master about $200 each, for the donkey can carry as much as sixty quarts.

Proud record of Professor E. R. Sims, of the University of Texas, as brought to light by the Austin *American:*

> E. R. Sims, professor of Spanish, has not missed a Longhorn football, baseball, basketball, track, cross-country, or tennis game played in Austin in seven years. Professor Sims became a member of the faculty nine years ago, was away from the university in 1921 and 1922, and during the time he was here he attended every athletic contest.

WASHINGTON

Governor Roland H. Hartley on child welfare activities, as reported by the celebrated Everett *Herald:*

> It is sinister. Russian communism, socialism and anarchy are the moving spirits back of all these movements intended to break down our civilization.

WEST VIRGINIA

Progress of Christian refinement among the high voltage he-men of Wheeling, as revealed by the esteemed *Register:*

> The Kiwanians were highly entertained at their luncheon at the McLure Hotel with a cock-fighting exhibition, staged by Earl Braunlich. Three rounds were fought by the birds with buffers on their rapier-like spurs.

WISCONSIN

News item from the *Daily Cardinal*, the journal of the State University:

> The co-eds of Bradley Polytechnic are holding a suppressed desire dance for co-eds only.

Encouraging report from Sheboygan by the Rev. Dr. Hutton, secretary of the Wisconsin Anti-Saloon League:

> In the trial I attended, the judge administered the oath to the jury in words nobody could understand, a police officer got up and with his head and thumb indicated that the jurymen were to follow him, the jury went out, and came right back. The saloonkeeper was acquitted. He had admitted that he sold wine, but he said it was a poor grade.

WYOMING

Two adjoining items lifted from a recent issue of the Casper *Herald:*

> The funeral of Mrs. Harry Seaman, who died at her home in the Thorndale addition, was held at the Shaffer-Gay chapel. Spiritualistic services were observed, with Madame J. Rea Keyes in charge.
>
> Card of Thanks
>
> In sincere appreciation this message is addressed to the First Spiritualist Church of Casper, the Standard Refinery, the city firemen, and the community at large.
>
> Mrs. Harry Seaman

THE HIGH SEAS

United Press dispatch from New York:

> One hundred and fifty-two Bacardi cocktails in two hours is the record hung up by four passengers on the S.S. *Resolute*, in from a fourteen-day cruise to the West Indies. The record might have been higher, only the bar ran out of orange juice. When the smoke of conflict blew away all four contestants were on their legs.

INDIANA

BY SAMUEL W. TAIT, JR.

Sic Transit Libertas!

What man is there so bold that he should say,
"Thus, and thus only, would I have the sea"?

So all in vain will timorous ones essay
To set the metes and bounds of Liberty,
For Freedom is its own eternal law,
It makes its own conditions, and in storm
Or calm alike fulfills the unerring Will. . . .
Forever in thine eyes, O Liberty,
Shines that high light whereby the world is saved,
And though thou slay us, we shall trust in thee!

THIS high-flown apostrophe is not that of an Eighteenth Century romanticist nor that of a lyrical Bolshevist out of Greenwich Village. The author, on the contrary, was none other than John Hay, LL.D., essayist, poet, diplomat; adjutant and aide-de-camp of President Lincoln; lieutenant colonel in the United States Army; secretary of the Paris and Madrid legations; chargé d'affairs at Vienna; ambassador to the Court of St. James; Secretary of State in the cabinets of McKinley and Roosevelt, and part author and negotiator of the Hay-Pauncefote and other treaties which made the Panama Canal a diplomatic possibility—in truth, one of the brightest jewels in the Hoosier diadem. He died in 1905, and hence he expressed these sentiments in the remote days when Prohibition was still only a hope in the minds of the earnest members of the W. C. T. U.

It is fortunate, indeed, that no master of the Doylian conjuration in his native State can call him back for a visitation to the scenes of his youth. For if he were visible to mortal eye, he could hardly saunter far along the shaded walks of any Indiana town without being challenged by some agent of the new order in the State, who, recognizing him as a superior and, hence, undesirable person, would at once proceed to search him without respect to either decency or the Fourth Amendment to a forgotten Federal Constitution. What is more, the minion of official righteousness would smell the breath of the returned spirit, and if it happened to bear an odor resembling any of those beverages which, in the days of the spirit's temporal existence, were the customary indulgences of gentlemen, its possessor would forthwith be dragged before the nearest magistrate upon a charge of drunkenness. There, perhaps a further search would discover a hitherto unnoticed bottle or flask which, though empty, exuded a sinful odor; and if so, the unfortunate one would immediately be thrown into the local bastile to await indictment by the next grand jury. He would be indicted under the new Wright bone-dry law for the possession of liquor, and after many months he might get a trial. Then a judge and jury would condemn him to six months in the county jail and fine him five hundred dollars.

If the liquor had been a gift, however, and if the accused were willing to tell the name of the donor,—if, that is, he were willing to become a bounder and a cad,—he would be granted immunity. The donor, on the other hand, would be fined and jailed for the crime of hospitality. In either event, any organization of fanatics who so wished could employ an attorney to act as assistant prosecutor, and the case could not be dismissed over his objection until it had been argued by counsel and fully considered by the court. If he

secured a conviction, the regularly elected prosecutor would receive, not the usual fee that attaches to convictions for such petty crimes as larceny and arson, but the handsome amount of twenty-five dollars. It is obvious, then, that few such prisoners ever escape a jail sentence.

Such is existence in Indiana under the enlightened suzerainty of the Ku Klux Klan! It was for this divine consummation, apparently, that Benjamin Harrison went to the White House, and Hay and numberless others labored and sang, and Tarkington and Phillips wrote, and Ade fabled, and Nicholson became an essayist, and Theodore Dreiser created Caroline Meeber, and his brother Paul wrote that sweet and soothing song! Alas, no longer could Theodore, helping Paul at a difficult point, pen the lines of that moving chorus:

> Oh, the moon is fair tonight along the Wabash,
> From the fields there comes the breath of new-mown hay;
> Through the sycamores the candle lights are gleaming. . . .

The once brilliant moon is now a pale and diabetic blur. The odor from the countryside is not of Alsace but of the smoking embers of some dance hall or other den of iniquity, touched off by the armies of triumphant righteousness, and the light that gleams through the stately sycamores is not from candles but from the blazing new emblem of the Imperial Commonwealth of Indiana—the Fiery Cross.

II

The Methodist Invasion

When I was a boy on the rolling plains of the Northeastern part of the State things were vastly different. In those unregenerate days another spirit suffused both communal life and practical statecraft. It was a tolerant, charitable spirit, and it left little room for religious bigotry and sadistic Puritanism. Perhaps I can best explain the attitude of the time by pointing to a figure who typified it admirably—the late Thomas R. Marshall. He was not, even when compared with his political contemporaries, a great man. There was very little intellectual finesse in him. Reading his memoirs, one finds him viewing the United States Senate as a body of supermen. But in this failing he was representative of the charitable spirit of his fellow Hoosiers, who are similarly lacking in hypercritical sensitiveness toward each other. His other characteristics were also representative of his State—his courage, his engaging frankness, his bucolic humor, and his practical idealism. He could fraternize with the anti-Prohibitionists in the afternoon and attend a prayer meeting in the evening, and no one would think of denouncing him as inconsistent. Thus was Indiana in the first decade of the present century, before the Uplift was put on a paying basis.

The first time I realized that a radical change had occurred was when, during a hurried trip to the State just prior to the Fall elections of 1922, I was beseeched by an acquaintance to register and vote for a candidate because his opponent was a Catholic. I had long before this become conscious of the absence of many of the elements of the old grace and charm—the fiery distillations of Terre Haute and the Ohio River country, the mellow brews of the free town of Fort Wayne, and all the haunts of camaraderie and conviviality, of good food and its essential accompaniment. But it was not until I appreciated the full import of my acquaintance's request that I sensed what a profound alteration had taken place in the mental attitude of the people. However, when I later found myself ruminating over my former years there, I recalled many happenings which, while seemingly insignificant at the time, I now realized to have been portentous.

The first heralds of the new order were settlers who followed the Catholics into the Territory. All of them—mostly unemployed linen workers from the North of Ireland, and adventurers from the seaboard States—were devotees of some brand of

evangelical Protestantism. First came the Baptists. They were followed shortly by the Methodists and the Presbyterians. The faith of the last named was much too cool to make considerable progress in the Indiana of that day, for the taste of the frontiersman for religion was similar to his taste for liquor. It was the evangelical hell-fire of Methodism that satisfied his want perfectly, so it was to Methodism that he turned instinctively and immediately. It gave him full opportunity to shout, and it thus relieved somewhat his dreadfully drab existence.

The first circuit was established about 1807, in the southeastern corner of the State. At the end of the first year the barnstormer who conducted it had a congregation of one hundred and sixty-five whites and one Negro. The circuits multiplied with the population, and twenty years later there were over twelve thousand communicants and one hundred and twenty-seven itinerant preachers. By 1874 Indiana had the largest number of Methodist churches of any State in the Union, with the exception of Massachusetts. In that year they had sixteen hundred bethels, little and big, and for the preceding twenty years had averaged more than fifty new ones a year. The Church's property was estimated at nearly four million, or more than three times that of any other denomination in the State.

But the advance in wealth and converts brought to the Church none of the refinement that is usually linked with a sense of economic security. The primitive evangelism persisted; if it altered at all, it became more inflammatory. Worse, the other Protestant sects, noting the astonishing success of Methodism, gave up their dignified methods of soul saving and began to ape its idiotic but highly efficient ways. The Baptists were the first to fall in, and they were followed quickly by all the other zealous and hungry denominations, including a part of the Presbyterians. United revival meetings in mammoth lath and tarpaper tabernacles became institutional in the villages of the Southern hill country and the tank towns of the Central and Northern plains, and even as early as 1910 it could have been said with accuracy that there was only one Protestant church in Indiana.

III

Hail, Hail Ku Kluxia!

Up to this time, however, evangelism had kept within certain limits and conducted its proselyting with comparative decency. To the intelligent and indifferent Indianan it was an amusing spectacle, but hardly a dangerous one. Such a person might go about his own affairs and live pretty much as he desired, and still be safe from molestation. What altered this completely was the increasing prosperity of the Indiana farmer. And when I say farmer I mean the typical citizen of the State, which remains, despite the gabble of the Rotarians, distinctively agricultural. The only district it has ever had which could properly be called industrial is the little territory in the Northwestern corner containing the steel towns of Hammond, Gary, Whiting and so on, and this has always been considered by most Hoosiers as a settlement of undesirable aliens belonging more to the sinful city of Chicago than to the pure Nordic Blond Commonwealth of Indiana.

The farmer of the State, for all the advantages of soil and climate, always had hard going up to about the time of the late great moral crusade in Europe. Then, almost over night, everything became rose-colored, and the dollars began to roll in at a rate for which he was quite unprepared. He spent some of it on flivvers, phonographs and player-pianos,—and his evangelism changed fundamentally with his new mode of living. It underwent, in fine, that evolution which Puritanism always undergoes with an increase in the wealth and security of its devotees. From an inward necessity it changed to an outward compulsion; it dropped all pretence of persuasion, and became undisguisedly

militant. It ceased to plead for converts. It began to devote all its resources to forcing its grotesque doctrines upon the indifferent public.

This new spirit was exhibited, first, in the pathological ferocity that got into the new vice-crusading and clean-up campaigns, and, secondly, in the enlarged activity and power of the Anti-Saloon League, an organization till then useful chiefly in securing a good living for clever shysters from the pennies and nickels of Sunday-school children. Thirdly, it showed itself in the new status of the National Horse Thief Protective Association, a voluntary body, with constabulary powers, authorized by the Legislature in 1865, in an effort to end the horse stealing of post-war days. This organization, up to the time of the Great War, had confined itself pretty closely to its original purpose, and had consequently dwindled greatly in membership with the decrease in stock and grain stealing. With the increased prosperity of the farmer, however, it got a new lease on life, and branched out into new and fairer fields. The emancipated peasants, instead of hiding behind fences and in ditches awaiting chances to pot some one suspected of filching a bag of corn or a few sheep hides, climbed into their Fords and Dodges and started spying upon the primitive necking parties of the country lanes. It finally became dangerous, in many parts of Indiana, for an unprotected person to travel the highways after sundown, and membership in the organization became equivalent to a ticket to a peep show.

But something was needed to combine these moral forces into an integrated and indomitable union, and it was the Klan that met this need to perfection. Here at last was a political weapon calculated to satisfy all the fears and hatreds that the evangelical hell-hounds had been instilling in the faithful for so long: fear of the power of Rome; hatred of the wickedness of the cities; fear of the Darwinian heresy; and hatred of the evil individualist who persisted in having a private stock. Starting at Evansville, in the extreme southwestern part of Indiana, in 1921, and securing legal status by reason of the constabulary provision of the Horse Thief Act, the Klan spread North and East like a prairie fire. It became a company, it became a regiment, it became a division, it became an army. And in the vanguard of every company, of every regiment, and of every division strode the hell-hounds, scheming tactics, shouting commands, and bawling for blood.

The first election the new order entered in the State was that of the Fall of 1922, and the chief objective then was control of the country courts. The type of judges and prosecutors with which it succeeded in blessing the counties may be easily imagined. When these new apostles of justice were not using their official positions to aid their private law practices or to injure the practices of competitors, they were aiding the cause of social purification by providing the peepers and snouters of the night-robed horse thief detective associations with stacks of search warrants made out in the name of John Doe, at blank address.

Besides putting such paladins of the law in charge of the local administration of justice, the Indiana Klan, at the same time, made a venture into national politics. Albert J. Beveridge, the boy orator of the Senate of twenty-five years earlier and the only statesman Indiana has had in this century, was contending for the Senatorship against Samuel M. Ralston, ex-governor and the choice of Thomas Taggart, the boss of the State Democratic machine. Beveridge appeared to have the best prospect of success, when suddenly Ralston took advantage of an address at a Catholic school for young ladies to make certain remarks regarding the need of strict separation of church and state. The Klan leaped into the fray at once and began sending out hundreds of thousands of dodgers commending the speech, under the title "Where Courage Counts." Whether the remarks

had been calculated or not, their effect was notably fortunate for the man who made them. But it was a success that was accompanied by a failure. The wily Ralston went to the Senate, where he was the respectable vacuum that all who understood his public career expected him to be, but the Democratic Party in Indiana went into the garbage can.

IV

Public Servants All

The original organizer of the Klan in the State, a former coal dealer, commonly designated by the faithful as "the man who took gold out of the Ku Klux Klan and put God in," early found a competitor in one reputed to be an uncommonly bright ex-bartender. It was this latter impresario who conducted one of the most amusing acts in the Klan drama. He was delegated to complete the feat of making a laughing-stock of the Hon. James E. Watson, who had begun it himself by first becoming interested in the charges against Mayfield, and then deciding to vote for the Texan's confirmation as Senator, in order to truckle to Indiana Klansmen. The Senator, not suspecting an ulterior motive in the attentions of the Klan missionary, and having his eye on the vice-presidential nomination, let the ex-bartender trail him around like a lap dog. But when he got to the Cleveland Convention, he was thunderstruck to find that the actual strength of the Klan there was approximately the strength of the Christian Scientists in a convention of the American Medical Association. In alarm, he tried to shake off the lap dog. He succeeded at last, but not until the pursuer had given to the press the report that the Senator was the Klan's choice for the vice-presidency. Thus the Klan impresario performed his delegated task, and the senatorial back-slapper came home a ridiculous and ignominious figure. He had violated a sacred tenet of both his own and the Indiana code. An incomparable jiner, and a representative of a commonwealth of jiners, he had for once jined the wrong club. The National Convention had not been a Klavern of the Knights of the Knightie, nor even a Conclave of the Knights of Pythias. It had been a Convention of Rotary International.

The elevated white-jacket still meets with the Klergy around the council table, but the man who put God into the Klan is no longer present. Seeking recreation from the ardors of holy work, he was indicted and convicted for murder in connection with the death of a young woman whom, it was maintained by the prosecution, he drugged, took aboard a night train from Indianapolis to Hammond, and repeatedly assaulted in such a heinous manner that she took poison. But while he basked in a country jail, his soul went marching on. Was the imperial city of Indianapolis to select a mayor? Then a candidate's name would be whispered through the bars, and he would forthwith be nominated and elected. And was a new United States Senator to be selected to fill a vacancy caused by the death of an incumbent? Then a henchman of the imprisoned one would go to the throne and say who was to occupy the ancient seat of Beveridge.

Before the sacred one had to relinquish his godly services, he aided in winning control of the State Government for the Klan in the elections of 1924. The governor of the moment being too busy borrowing money on shady paper (a procedure which eventually landed him in a Federal penitentiary) to take much heed of the Klan's orders, the rival leaders determined to have an executive who would listen and obey. So they forgot for the while the tremendous question of who deserved the greater portion of each ten dollar membership fee, and picked an ambitious and obliging Republican politician of the Sunday-school variety. The best representatives of the old order—Marshall, Nicholson, former Governor Durbin, Democrats and Republicans alike, who had some regard for the former good name of their

State—did their utmost to stem the advance of the all righteous legions. But the Taggart machine, in which the old-timers placed so much dependence, had gone down the Ralston sewer in 1922, and it could not be recovered. A Knightie became governor.

Once in control of the State, the Klan performed exactly as had been predicted by everyone who had realized that it was essentially the political arm of the Methodist Church—and not of the actual Methodists alone, of course, but of all the evangelical sects. These crusaders wanted to outlaw parochial schools, it is true, but they desired more urgently to do something else—to persecute those die-hards who persisted in practicing the gentility and hospitality of a past era. That want was met when both houses of the Legislature passed, almost unanimously, the Wright Bone Dry Bill, some of the beautiful features of which I have already described. It is an admirable means for the expression of fanaticism. It is full of possibilities of blackmail. It is a perfect weapon for the venting of the perverted emotions of mean and depraved men. It is, in fine, the *summum bonum* of contemporary evangelical Protestantism and a complete synthesis of present-day Indianan ideas of the good, the true and the beautiful.

So much for the bill itself. What of the pious legislators who made it a law? With what sort of oblations did they commemorate their righteous action? Soon after their victory most of them joined in holding a party for Kin Hubbard, the creator of Abe Martin. And as Hubbard later informed Will Rogers, the liquor was varied and various but plentiful, and some of it was so bad that they "*almost* let it alone."

All this is, of course, not essentially a tragedy, but a comedy. And where else in These States is there a comedy at once so gaudy and obscene! A Commonwealth of Methodists solemnly choosing as leaders a bartender turned enforcement officer and a debauchee! Lifelong members of the Anti-Saloon League and the W. C. T. U. riding to the polls in the high-priced limousines of Klan-licensed bootleggers! A legislative system devoted to framing laws that encourage fanatical persecution, sadistic revenge and blackmail, and a judicial system enthusiastically devoted to Law Enforcement!

V

The Civilized Minority

I will doubtless be accused of defaming the Commonwealth in which I was born and reared and where, though no longer a resident, I still spend the greater part of my time. In exculpation, I can only offer the excuse of the prodigal who returns to find the ancient name dishonored and the estate turned into a swine lot. If I feel at home anywhere in this world, it is on the gently undulating prairies of Northeastern Indiana. Times unnumbered, while wandering along foreign strands, my eyes have filled with tears at the thought of gorgeous sunsets and sweet smelling fields of Alsace, and my stomach emitted a bombardment of homesick growls at the mention of corn-on-the-cob and briny hog-meat. Further, I have absolutely no personal bias in the present matter. Most of the great men I have discussed I do not know, and do not want to know. If the people of Indiana like to be bossed by such fellows, I surely have no right to object. I have paid real money to see much worse shows, and nothing an Indiana politician can do will lessen my regard for the scenes of my childhood. My heart, if not my head, remains as faithful as it ever was in the far-off days of my nativity.

What is more to the point, the picture I am drawing must not be entirely devoid of light points, for there are gentle and cultured persons in the State, and in the last decade those persons have not only increased greatly in number, but have pulled themselves out of the mud of provincialism. Consider, for example, the improved literary taste of the intelligent Hoosier. In my

youth, his idea of being well read was to have fought his way through a shelf of the Edward Eggleston type of moral chronicles of Indiana frontier life. There was then, indeed, a cult of such local hero-worship, with Meredith Nicholson as high priest. Today that superstition is no more, and even Nicholson himself has recanted. The intelligent Indianan has finally realized that the Hoosiers who have ever contributed anything of genuine merit to the national letters are nearly all alive and kicking, and can be counted on the fingers of one hand.

But while the civilized minority has been growing-of-age, the mob has been getting out of hand. The minority is at last aware of the fact, but it is completely at a loss to know what to do. What it lacks chiefly is, I believe, what the intelligent minority lacks in every State in the great open spaces of the South and Middle-west, namely, courage. It is too prone to rely upon the soft words of politicians, and not eager enough to give battle fearlessly and without quarter. It should have taken account of an incident that happened some two years ago at Indianapolis. The Rainbow Division Veterans' Association of twenty-six States was holding a convention, and it was announced that the Rev. Fr. Patrick Duffy, of the Sixty-ninth Regiment of Infantry and senior chaplain of the division, would address the convention and hold a memorial service to those who lost their lives in the battle of Champagne. Immediately the Klan, which had just naturalized its five hundred thousandth convert, sent a committee to the assembled veterans to protest against Father Duffy's presence as highly unpatriotic, un-American, and so forth. If the civilized and harassed Hoosiers would ponder the answer given to the noble Knights, they might discover in what sort of tactics lies their only way of liberation:

> You go to hell! Father Duffy was in the Rainbow and this division knew no question of creed! He is one of our buddies and he is going to speak, and if you people don't like it you can get off the stage!

VI

Rag Papers

Once the minority is organized for battle, its first attack will undoubtedly be directed against the degraded journalism of the State. As everywhere else, the newspapers of the larger towns have obliterated most of the meritorious country journals and forced those remaining to become insipid imitations of the urban standard. That standard is nowhere more apparent than in the cases of the two chief dailies of Indianapolis: the morning *Star* and the evening *News*. The *Star*, a member of the Shaffer string of Midwestern dailies, is a fatuous party sheet which devotes most of its editorial page to anointing the Republican party with goose grease and the rest to banal moralizing. Its intellectual calibre was demonstrated recently when it attempted to justify the violation of personal liberty inherent in Prohibition by pointing to the municipal custom of establishing building restrictions! The *News*, though paraded for many years under the ostensible ownership of one of its editors, was actually the property of the late Charles W. Fairbanks, and is now owned by some of his heirs. It is almost as cheaply partisan as the *Star*, and divides its time between advocating the Dawes senatorial gag and hymning the Wilsonian idealism.

There are possibly men on the editorial pages of both these papers who are capable of creditable work. But under the policy of concurring in the present Ku Klux Kultur their talents are practically impotent. For the complete domination of that Kultur the two papers are partly to blame, for they have either aided or acquiesced in it, and even now they both persist in avoiding any forthright discussion of political realities in the State. For that one must go to occasional editorials and news items in the Indianapolis *Times*, a Scripps-Howard paper, edited by the intelligent and daring Felix F. Bruner, and to the excellent weekly letters of Robert G.

Tucker, in the Sunday Cincinnati *Enquirer* and the Sunday Fort Wayne *Journal-Gazette*. The latter paper, though quite as partisan as the Indianapolis journals, has one of the few comparatively free editorial pages in the State.

The first difficulty that must be overcome by the intelligent minority of Hoosiers before they can organize a revolt of any promise is the lack of leadership. Marshall is in the Presbyterian heaven. Taggart, though supposedly a wet and opposed to the whole present scheme of things in Indiana, is much too ready to compromise ever to obtain a great following. Secluded in the cathartic resort in the Southern hills, he entertains Al Smith one day and the uplifters the next. Beveridge? Perhaps he might be useful, and, again, perhaps not. Unfortunately, he has done what he always does when he knows he is licked. Beaten to a frazzle by the Klan in 1922, two years later he campaigned the State from end to end for the Klan ticket. His action was doubtless only one of the political conventionalities to which American politicians of all sorts are subject, but to most of the electorate it must have appeared an ignominious *volte face*—the simon pure statesman donning a nightshirt and climbing into bed with those who had knifed him.

What the civilized Indianan should do before he plans any strategic offensive is to arrive at a clear realization of exactly what he is facing. What is the Klan's authentic *raison d'être?* And what is the explanation of its unusual triumph in Indiana? All who ponder these questions honestly must, I believe, arrive at the same answers. The Klan in Indiana, as everywhere else in this great land of Christian brotherhood, is merely one device for expressing the envy and hatred of the rustic toward the sinful and happy inhabitant of the city. It is in the city that all the objects of the Klan's hatred are centered—Catholicism, Judaism, anti-Prohibition sentiment, all learning and culture. The Klan has been tremendously successful in Indiana simply because, as already stated, that State is—far more than any of its neighbors, and even more than any of the so-called farming States of the West and Northwest—the perfect bucolic commonwealth.

But if the noble husbandman has been more adept in organizing in Indiana than elsewhere, that fact is only a harbinger of what is likely to happen eventually in every imperial commonwealth west of the Alleghanies. The present Klan will, no doubt, die from the ineradicable hoggishness of its leaders, but there will always be new leaders ready to capitalize the emotions it has fanned to white heat. The embattled peasant has at last leaped the barricades and is charging the citadels of civilization. Poised majestically upon the dunghills, his divinely inspired commanders shout orders and vent their barbarous will-to-power. Already the bastions have toppled from the bombardment. They have written their perverted moral code into the fundamental law of the land, and there it stands—a victorious assault upon the immemorial customs of gentlemen.

Now the general staff turns its forces upon the parapets, and attempts to destroy the accumulated learning of the ages. The death of Bryan, the Fundamentalist Pope who was destined to lead on to such a sacred end, has caused a temporary lull in the fighting. But a new occupant for the Evangelical Vatican will be found, and the battle will be resumed. How, finally, will it end? Who, after observing the saddling of Prohibition upon an unwilling public, is so naïve as to imagine any limit to the triumphal march of the liberated yokel? In Indiana he has already caused the scrapping of every common law precedent for the protection of the individual that has been established since the Conference of Runnymede.

LITERARY LADIES OF THE SOUTH

BY ISAAC GOLDBERG

The tradition of the Iberian bluestocking is centuries old. In Spain and Portugal those daughters of the pen who now labor in Latin America may find precedent for their activities. That precedent goes back to the Sixteenth Century and Saint Teresa, "a miracle of genius," in the words of Fitzmaurice-Kelly: "perhaps the greatest woman who ever handled pen, the single one of all her sex who stands besides the world's most perfect masters." As the line grew longer, perfection was dimmed, and when we reach our contemporaries of the South the accompanying sanctity has all but evaporated. Yet the ardent spirit, the brave rebelliousness, the power and perfume remain.

Always, it seems, these literary ladies have been greeted with that masculine critical indulgence which passes for chivalry. Sometimes they have returned the compliment by becoming men,—that is, outwardly. The Seventeenth Century produced two such travesties, one on each shore of the Atlantic. There was the Sevillian lady, Doña Feliciana Enrique de Guzman, who succeeded in deceiving the university authorities of Salamanca, and passed herself off as a man, varying her studies with adventures more in harmony with her gender. She even got herself into more than one play of the time, and is enshrined in an episode of Le Sage's "Gil Blas." The other, who afterwards wrote in Mexico was Sor Juana Inés de la Cruz. She was so eager for learning that, as a girl of eight she begged her parents to dress her up as a boy and send her to the university. There have been more since. Did not Concepción Arenal, in our own day, adopt the same means to gain the same end? In Spanish women, for all the restrictions by which they have been hedged, there has always been a latent mannishness. If some have broken into the convents, others have broken out, and for no less a reason than to become captains of bandit crews. One ex-sister, Doña Maria de Gaucin, became a bull-fighter, pursued this strenuous vocation for a number of years, and then returned to the convent to bask in the admiration of the tamer sorority. The most distinguished Spanish poetess of the Nineteenth Century,—Gertrudis Gómez de Avellaneda, Cuban by birth, Spanish by reputation,—had it remarked of her that "This woman is a great deal of a man!" She was, in all but her striking beauty; nor was she the last of her type.

The tradition of chivalry in criticism is as old as that of the bluestockings themselves. But it has not always blinded the critics to the literary ladies' shortcomings. I quote, for example, from the late José Verissimo, a Brazilian of uncommon, if unostentatious, gifts:

> It is not easy to speak freely of women as authors, since, however much as writers they detach themselves from their sex, the most elementary gallantry requires us to treat them solely as women. I, who am very far from being a feminist . . . do not deny absolutely the intellectual capacities of womankind, but, with the same impartiality . . . I cannot discover in them any exceptional qualities of heart or mind. . . . Happily, Brazilian poetesses are few in number; unhappily, they are not good poets. Almost all, past and present, are mediocre. There has been none up to this time who might dispute a place with the half dozen of our best poets of the other sex. I could never understand it. . . . Since woman, according to current opinion, is far richer in matters of feeling than man, how is it that she has never

given anything really notable or extraordinary in art, which is chiefly feeling? . . . One of the forces in art is sincerity, and woman, either because her own psychological organization forbids it, or because the social organization that limits her expansion has never consented to it, has never been able to be sincere without endangering her privileges or even declassifying herself.

But usually your southern reviewer, when he speaks of women poets, discusses their poetry in terms of regional patriotism and the "Psychopathia Sexualis." He cracks his spine with reverences and his knees with genuflexions. Meanwhile, the social fetters of which Verissimo spoke have become less binding; the ladies have begun to break through their reticences. And the Brazilian Academy of Letters has listened solemnly to arguments in favor of admitting them to its illusory and inconspicuous immortality!

In Brazil, in Chile, in Argentina, in Uruguay, in Mexico, in Cuba, in Porto Rico, in Central America the predominant interest of the bluestockings is poetry. In Peru, by exception, there has been a succession of lady novelists. Each of these fair poets is an individual voice; together, they show a wide range of personality and utterance. There is self-denial imbued with an almost mystical, social dedication; there is melodious domesticity; there is Parnassian aloofness, assuming over an inner ardor the mask of formal frigidity; there is patriotic fervor; there is passionate paganism, and, finally, an erotic abandon. By these tokens, the Southern señoritas and the lady members—Freudian or anti-Freudian—of our own poetry societies are sisters under the rouge.

II

None of the contemporary poets of whom I shall speak has been a prophetess without honor in her own country. More than one of them, indeed, had acquired a reputation long before the appearance of her first book. This is due, in great measure, to the peculiar conditions surrounding periodical literature in South America. The finer reviews go to a limited number of readers; they originate in literary groups and find their readiest welcome in similar groups the continent over. They depend largely upon voluntary contributions, so that there is a constant interchange of news and views between what we may call the intellectual aristocracies of the various republics. A striking poem by a woman in Chile may thus be reprinted, within a relatively short time, in a dozen places and in as many countries; in a few months it may be known by heart by every lovelorn señorita south of the Rio Grande. The newspapers, too, print poetry without apologies and thus multiply the audience.

It was in this manner that the Chilean, Gabriela Mistral, whose real name is Lucila Godoy, was elevated to fame. The early death of her beloved sent her into retirement from the world. Seeking solace as a teacher among rural children, she seems to have practised the motherhood that was denied her; her poems, in their frank simplicity, are her thwarted passion transformed into song. There is nothing Sapphic, however, about Gabriela Mistral. Her very smile may be likened to that of the rustic teacher of whom she sings; it is "a manner of kindly weeping." Fundamentally, hers is a mystical nature, in the Russian rather than in the Saxon sense. She has a certain Tolstoyan predilection for the illiterate peasantry of her country; she has refused, in fact, to teach the elegant daughters of the upper classes. There is in her a distinct tendency to make of her art an altar, and to issue decalogues to the poets from the Sinai of her exaltation. Her "Daily Hymn" betrays the moralist that is in half her verses:

> Happy I, if at the close of day
> I have erased one hatred from my score;
> If a new light attend me on my way,
> If I have put to flight one error more.

The weakness of her verse is that she so patently regards the artist as a responsible guide of the rest of humanity. Its strength is revealed whenever, in her genuine fervor, she forgets her self-imposed mission. Thus, in her sonnets to death, which stand

among the minor masterpieces of Spanish elegy, she is no longer the preceptress; a great bereavement has wrung from her accents that must affect any sensitive reader. Her verses are not of startling originality. When they rise to beauty, it is through a simplicity that burns with a white flame.

She made a tour of triumph across two continents two years ago. Her journey to the capital of Mexico, where she witnessed the dedication of a school named after her, was the occasion of many celebrations. Her first book, "Desolación," was published in New York, as the crowning event of her visit to the Latin-American colonies of the United States. The name but half describes the contents; there is not so much desolation as hope in a minor key. Her conflict as a poet, and its resolution, are fairly stated in her "Palabras Serenas":

> Now I understand not only one who prays,
> Now I understand, too, one who bursts into song.

She carries on, she secularizes, the tradition of Sister Teresa and Sister Juana of the Cross. For the rest, I find one of her best poems in the "Canciones" of the young Mexican, J. Torres Bodet, where it appears as a prologue. It is an "Elogio de la Canción" and seems to prefigure a new, more melodious and less apostolic attitude than that which may be deduced from "Desolación."

Maria Enriqueta, of Mexico, wife of the historian, Dr. Carlos Pereyra, is the poet of domesticity. She is as simple, as direct, as tender as Gabriela Mistral, but she lacks that mystical exaltation which in the Chilean produces preachment as often as beauty. The short, unassuming poem is her happiest medium; when she tries the short story or the novel, the result is a certain sweet mediocrity. More than death she fears to be forgotten. When she appeared above the poetic horizon she was discovered to be an unassuming miss—one who had never been "misunderstood," who took a most prosaic pride in homely attainments, who played excellently upon the piano, read widely and wrote out of her own heart. Today she is fifty and has dropped somewhat out of the public attention; yet in the history of contemporary Mexican poetry she will occupy a safe, if modest, place. Perhaps this rough translation of her "Sad Song" (so named in the original) will convey dimly something of her quality:

> O, dark it is and drear
> Along Santero street,
> Where only birds of evil leer
> And wings ill-omened beat.
> The road, each sad retreat,
> The hovels—the place complete
> Shatter my heart with fear.
> Traveler, let not your feet
> Stray through Santero street.
> 'Tis a sad street and a drear.
> For there the carpenter you'll meet
> Who made my lover's bier.

III

The importance of Francisca Julia da Silva to the poetic history of Brazil may be gauged from the speech delivered before the Brazilian Academy on November 4, 1920, several days after her burial, by Umberto de Campos. "If the Brazilian Academy of Letters, upon its establishment, had permitted the entrance of women into its body," declared this youngest of its members, "it would in this hour be mourning a vacant chair." In this instance, at least, something more than gallantry spoke. Francisca Julia da Silva was one of the few exceptions to the dictum of Verissimo. When, in 1895, she appeared as a girl of twenty with her first collection, "Marmores," she was, in the language of the schools, more of a Parnassian than most of the men who preached and sought to exemplify that cult.

It may be that her early impassivity was the defense reaction of a highly sensitive and passionate nature; in her stanzas she surely made poetry out of an all-but-indifferentism. "Marmores" and "Esphinges" she called her two collections, thus symbolizing in her titles the marble of the statue and the silence of the sphynx. Francisca was a vestal tending the eternal flame, but that flame was carved out of stone.

Her mastery of form, was really a mastery of her emotions.

The keynote to the woman's aloofness is to be found in what I consider one of the finest poems that has come out of latter-day South America. The "Dança de Centauras" (Dance of the Centaurs,—feminine centaurs, you will observe) opens the collection entitled "Esphinges." Rather than turn the Portuguese marble into the clay of an English version in rhyme, I give it in literal prose:

> With their forefeet raised in the air, their mouths free of bits, naked, interlacing their lances as they shout in their play, here they come in all their beauty, tripping the mazes of their dance, rudely displaying to the light the whiteness of their breasts. The night hearkens, the moonlight shines, the tree-tops moan; a thousand she-centaurs, laughing, playing, struggling, gallop freely on, go and come, their bosoms filled with air, their tresses free to the blowing of the zephyrs. The moonlight pales, night falls, and now dawn comes. . . . The hyppic dance is stopped, and soon all space thunders with the mad dash of the centaurs in flight; for, from afar, in the light of the moon grown pale, huge, with his eyes aflame, brave, with Argive club hanging from his heroic arm, Hercules has appeared.

Francisca herself is in the dance of these centaurs and leads them in their flight from Hercules. Technically, the sonnet is remarkable for something that few sonnets can show: a climax unguessed until the very last words of the very last line. What first appears as one of those all-too-frequent evocations of a problematic Greece turns out upon inspection to be an intimately personal confession. Francisca was less successful in her few attempts at religious poetry than she was in her modernized paganism. To the end she remained true to the impassivity of her programme; she foresaw her death and lulled herself to the last sleep with an unwavering sonnet.

Perhaps it may smack of presumption for a mere outsider to venture the prediction that Senhorita da Silva will loom larger with the years. At her best—for she had a most pedestrian worst—she challenged the "prince of poets," Olavo Bilac, who so generously received her. There are not, among his own exquisite verses, many to rival her "Dance of the Centaurs," her "Argonauts," or her "Impassive Muse." Little known as yet in Brazil, she is not even a name in the Spanish-speaking countires of the South. Yet for pure poetry she ranks higher, in my estimation, than all the Mistrals and the Maria Enriquetas; she is, in her own so personal manner, one of the neo-pagans who stand with Juana de Ibarbourou and Alfonsina Storni as chief representatives of a new poetic womanhood in South America.

IV

In the Uruguayan, Juana de Ibarbourou (a Basque name) and in the Argentine, Alfonsina Storni, there is little or nothing of the glacial Francisca da Silva. Neo-paganism may blow hot as well as cold. When, some six years ago, the poet and philosopher, Miguel de Unamuno, extended his hand across the sea to her of the Basque patronymic, he but confirmed a reputation that was already in the ascendant. This professor of Greek knew his Sappho; he knew that the chaste unveiling of her soul was a braver thing than the mere unveiling of her body. In Juana de Ibarbourou he was surprised to find the chaste spiritual nudity which, he had thought, had gone out of letters.

Since that day the poetess has grown in spiritual depth and in poetic directness. She has essayed also, as in "El Cántaro Fresco," a poetic prose that does not, even at its best, wholly escape the evils of bastardy. Yet even here she displays, amidst much that lacks depth and originality, a rare nature that is stirred by stimuli to which most persons are altogether anæsthetic. Of a quiet life she has made an exciting succession of important trivialities. She has a pretty fancifulness and plays with pantheism. Yet one has but to compare her lines to water with the symphonic strophes, "La Hermana Agua," of Amado Nervo, to realize how little she has made of an infinite theme.

It was a professor of Greek who gave her the imprimatur of the mother country,

and it is a professor in Syracuse University (the Costa Rican, Roberto Brenes Mesén, like Unamuno a poet and philosopher) who is the latest to confirm her importance. Writing of her in *Nosotros* (Buenos Aires), he salutes her in an article of eleven pages. In her latest book, "Raiz Salvaje," he fails to discover a sign of Christian influence. Even of Jesus she makes a Pan:

Oh, Jesús, es el bosque quien oyó tu doctrina.
Oh, Jesus, 'tis the woods that heard Thy teaching.

This is a paganism that is as young and as old as Nature. She does not imitate the classical poets; in herself flows the blood that wrote those ancient lines. In a word, the paganism of Juana de Ibarbourou is autochthonic, American. She speaks, not in terms of Francisca Julia da Silva's centaurs, but in terms of her own Uruguay and of her own days and nights. Señor Breñes Mesén thinks her a precursor in no fewer than three ways. In the first place, she has thrown aside the masculine convention; her vision of the world is freely feminine. In the second, she proceeds without a conscious thought of the schools; her sight, in a sense, is thus virginal, and little conditioned by the work of other writers. Finally, "she is the precursor of that paganism which during this century will extend across the American continent."

V

If the paganism of Juana de Ibarbourou is, to use one of her own lines, that of "Eve's serenity before she was accursed," the unstemmed sensuousness of Alfonsina Storni has known the serpent. To her, maintaining proper proportions, might be applied those lines of Swinburne which he indited to Sappho and which one may re-indite to Swinburne himself:

Love's priestess, mad with pain and joy of song,
Song's priestess, mad with joy and pain of love.

"I composed this book thus,—" begins one of her collections,—"moaning, weeping, dreaming, poor me!" A marked oversensitivity and a certain fine facility of expression make her verses limpid yet deep. Her themes are as old as nature, but they are vitalized by her evident thirst for personal variations upon them. There was something unconsciously humorous in her early surrender; she bowed, as she phrases it, beneath the burden of an infinite kiss. She sought the burden; she enslaved herself to its agonies; she merged herself with the beloved until her self was lost completely. That such as she should feel the inequalities between men and women was almost inevitable; like her Uruguayan sister, she is not so much the pagan that she has not her moments of social preoccupation. It is interesting, then, to find her, in one of her poems, inveighing against the complimentary and complementary sex in almost the same spirit that moved the Seventeenth Century Juana Inés de la Cruz to pen her famous "Arraignment of the Men."

These ladies are not all that latter-day South America can show; they are, however, sufficiently representative, and it would add little to lengthen the roster with names from Cuba (Emilia Bernal), Porto Rico, Colombia and elsewhere. How do the ladies of the South compare with such poets of our own as Sara Teasdale, Edna St. Vincent Millay, Elinor Wylie, Amy Lowell, Louise Bogan, Nathalia Crane? I should say that one of the most notable deficiencies of the Southerners is a lack of humor. I should add that, in comparison with our own girls, they lack, too, sophistication. But this last, in a poet, is not necessarily a defect. An ardent sincerity achieves sound art despite its ingenuousness; this ingenuousness our Northern poets, as a group, either have not or conceal. Their simplicity, unlike that of the Americanas of the South, is willed; it is too much wiser than its words. In the South it is genuineness as well. There are no Amy Lowells—yet; nor are there any Nathalia Cranes. But these women have voices of their own, and they have things to tell that their menfolk cannot say. That they have begun to sing so copiously is in itself a double triumph: over society and over themselves.

THE ARTS AND SCIENCES

Criticism

SENTIMENTALITY

By John McClure

Scamander—I have just seen a criticism in which a critic with red whiskers scorched a poet for sentimentality.

Polycrates—Did you learn, by any chance, what he meant by the word?

Scamander—He neglected to mention it.

Polycrates—Sentimentality, as used by the critics, when it designates anything at all, designates an emotion they do not share or an emotion they disapprove. Usually, it means nothing at all.

Scamander—I have heard another explain that the word means false emotion.

Polycrates—False emotion is a contradiction in terms. If there is any emotion at all, it is emotion. Simulated emotion, in histrionics, is, of course, possible, but histrionics, you must remember, is a respectable art. We are discussing a term of opprobrium.

Scamander—The critics draw a gulf of distinction between emotion and sentimentality.

Polycrates—That is absurd. It is possible to distinguish between two types of emotion—the mental agitation caused by a reaction to sensation and direct experience, and the mental agitation caused by a reaction to symbols. But this is not the distinction drawn by your critic, who has no idea what he means. To sentimentalize is to emotionalize one's thinking. Sentimentality is the emotionalizing of thought. The sentimentalist is simply a person of emotional opinions, a person whose conduct is guided by emotional rather than by rational ideals. We are all, including the red-whiskered critic, sentimentalists. When he uses sentimentality as a term of opprobrium in the arts, he is attempting to hide an intellectual deficiency.

Scamander—He was, it seemed to me, merely using an oath with which to swear at a form of art he dislikes.

Polycrates—Precisely. He was using a catch-word which saved him the trouble of explanation. Such critics denounce genuine emotion as sentimentality, when the idea they actually intend to convey is simply that they do not share it or do not approve of it. Loose thinking of that sort is all about us. Those who weep over baby shoes are said by the sterile and the sophisticated to be guilty of sentimentality. The indictment signifies nothing except that the sophisticated personally experience no emotion when viewing baby shoes. The same confusion is present in the case of home and mother, the tradition of the service, and *noblesse oblige*. Those who do not share an emotion or who disapprove of the ideals which engender it shout "Sentimentality!" at the top of their voices. And your red-whiskered critic who thrills sentimentally at the name of Picasso is unmoved by the name of Robert E. Lee, for whom the Army of Northern Virginia went sentimentally to its doom. The patriot's deep reverence for the flag is termed sentimentality by cosmopolitans, cowards and traitors, yet we can hardly say that his emotion is not genuine.

Scamander—That sort of thing, I think occurs in a multitude of instances. But I believe the critics who denounce the tears shed over baby shoes often do so because they believe the tears are not genuine.

POLYCRATES—Not sharing the emotion, it is but human that they should challenge its authenticity. But let us grant that the tears are not genuine, that they are simulated. If the person who weeps does so from an ulterior motive, he is a hypocrite and should be denounced, not as a sentimentalist, which is absurd, but as a hypocrite. On the other hand, if he weeps or attempts to weep because he believes it is the proper thing to do, he is simply indulging in ceremony, and his procedure is as honorable as eating with a fork. Is there anything opprobrious in manners?

SCAMANDER—Not that I know of. But the critics seem to believe that one should feel a powerful emotional urge to eat with a fork, else one should not eat with it.

POLYCRATES—Let us grant again that the tears shed over baby shoes are not genuine. In this instance, let us say they are simulated for the sake of simulation. The person weeping is indulging now, not in ceremony but in histrionics. It is a respectable art. We praise it in dramatists and actors. Why should we condemn it in conduct or lyrical poetry? If it is morally reprehensible or inappropriate, we should say so. It is absurd to take refuge in a catch-word like sentimentality.

SCAMANDER—The critics often use sentimentality and insincerity in the same breath as if they meant something similar.

POLYCRATES—Ideals, ceremonies, and emotions that are foreign to them, and histrionics, when they disapprove of it, are all bundled together under the term. I have spoken of the genuine emotion of patriotism, which is often sneered at under the name of sentimentality. The average citizen, who seldom feels the emotion of patriotism, is also denounced for revering and saluting the flag. But we must remember that he salutes the flag because he believes that that is the proper thing to do. He salutes the flag for the same reason that he eats with his fork. It is a form of ceremony. To denounce the conduct of the patriot or the citizen as sentimentality is to invoke a form of cant to express contempt for the emotion of patriotism and for the institution of ceremony. The denunciation can be expressed in precise terminology and should be. To use jargon or cant in such cases is beneath the dignity of a thinking animal.

SCAMANDER—Usually, the critics tear their shirts over sentimental poetry, oratory and romances.

POLYCRATES—In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, what they loosely denounce as sentimentality is simply bad art. The Rotarian orator at whom so much fun is poked is usually guilty, not of sentimentality but simply of abominable rhetoric. His emotion is nearly always genuine and his ideals are often as practicable as ours. But he gets his metaphors mixed or is seduced into absurdity by hyperbole. The critics accordingly excoriate him as a sentimentalist. They have the habit of saying that good art expresses emotion, and bad art sentimentality. That is ridiculous. The difference between "My love is like a red, red rose" and a barber-shop lyric is merely the difference between good and bad verse. It is not a mark of intelligence to say that an artist clever enough to make us share his emotion is not sentimental, but that a bad artist, whose technique is faulty, is maudlin. Your red-whiskered critic despises ineffectual lyrics, because of their sentimentality, yet he will read "The Pot of Basil" over and over. And he will thumb Shakespeare's sonnets for hours—which, if he actually abhorred sentimentality, would burn his fingers. Nine-tenths of the world's lyrical poetry is sentimental, much of it maudlin. Critics who call good art emotional, and bad art sentimental, do not as a rule know what they are talking about. Art, in so far as it is an expression of our experience, must be sentimental, for man is a sentimental

animal. To denounce expressionistic art because it is sentimental is the sheerest nonsense.

Sentimentality is, of course, a term of opprobrium, when applied to criticism or philosophy. The purpose of criticism and philosophy is to evaluate emotional experience and emotional opinion, not to revel in them. Criticism should be as free from emotionalism as possible. It should be completely objective and rational. Emotional opinion is nothing more than lyricism, and a sentimental critic is not a critic at all.

Medicine

THE CANCER PROBLEM

By E. S. Pickering

If mere diligence in research were everything, the cancer problem would have been solved long ago. It has been attacked with great vigor and ingenuity in all civilized countries, and especially in England, Germany and the United States. Nevertheless, it remains unsolved, and the fact that it is still not near solution is shown by the difference of opinion among salient investigators as to what cancer basically is. Gye, the Englishman, whose work lately got a great deal of attention in the newspapers, believes that it is a parasitic disease due to an ultra-microscopic organism, operating in combination with a somewhat mysterious "specific factor." Bell, another Englishman and equally distinguished, holds on the contrary that infection has nothing to do with it, and that it is simply "a reversion on the part of the starving cell to the nutriment-seeking proclivities of its ancestral type"—in other words, that it is a matter of cells running amok. What causes this running amok Bell does not say, but he proposes to halt it by using colloidal lead, which has a lethal action upon lawless cells.

But if the primary causes of cancer thus remain undisclosed, a great deal has been learned about its method of progress in the body. Cancer cells may now be differentiated very clearly from normal cells, and at a relatively early stage. It is known that they pass through a stage in which their malignancy is scarcely more than potential —in other words, that a cancer always starts out as something that is not a cancer. It is known how they proliferate, once they are in being, and it is known how they are conveyed from one part of the body to the other. And if a direct and positive cure of the resulting disease is yet lacking, it is known that, if taken in time, it may be headed off. No one, so far, has ever cured cancer, in the sense that syphilis and malaria may be cured, but many thousands of patients have been saved from death by surgeons who have cut their cancers out of them.

This must be done, of course, at any early stage—before the cancer has reached its maximum malignancy, and above all, before it has begun to set up secondary cancers in remote and vital parts of the body, beyond the reach of the knife. The struggle against the disease thus resolves itself into an effort to get into action against it at the earliest possible moment. Nearly all cancers, in their earliest stages, may be removed, either with the knife or with radium or the x-rays. The problem is to detect them in those earliest stages. It is complicated enormously by the fact that most cancers, when they first appear, are relatively harmless in appearance, and may be readily mistaken for lesions that are quite harmless—lesions so common that everyone is familiar with them.

Nevertheless, there are certain signs that serve to distinguish these harmless lesions from lesions that are beginning cancers, or may conceivably develop into cancers, and it is chiefly to educating the public in the recognition of such signs that the American Society for the Control of Cancer ad-

dresses itself. Many of them are simple and plain enough, and may be detected by the layman. There are, for example, moles. Nearly every human being has a mole or two, and most of them are harmless, but when a mole is dark in color and begins to show irritation it is a potential cancer, and should be cut out at once. So with lumps in the breast, especially in women. The majority of such lumps do no damage, but there is a minority that is extremely dangerous. Now that the women of America have been taught that any such lump deserves a careful examination they are seeking advice earlier than they used to, and so a great many beginning cancers are being detected, and their prompt and complete removal is undoubtedly saving many lives.

The statistics published by Bloodgood and his associates at the Johns Hopkins show plainly, indeed, that the practical business of dealing with cancer today is largely a matter of getting it early. Given enlightened patients and family doctors of reasonable skill and alertness, this is ordinarily not difficult, for it has been found that ninety-seven per cent of all cancers show themselves in time to be removed—that is, that only three per cent are hopeless from the moment of their first appearance. The percentage of definite cures among the former runs exactly parallel with the time of operative interference. In the very earliest stages of most forms of cancer, provided the site is not in a vital organ which makes operation impossible, a cure is almost certain. But in the later stages, even of relatively mild cancers, it is reduced to nothing.

Thus it is of the utmost importance that patients get to the table early, and to that end the Society for the Control of Cancer and its subsidiaries devote their main efforts. Their work already shows excellent results. American surgeons are finding that the proportion of inoperable and hopeless cases reaching them tends to diminish, and that the number of very early cases, in which the chances of working a cure are very good, are increasing steadily. Thus the relative death-rate from cancer is probably decreasing, though the gross death-rate seems to be growing. This gross death-rate is growing, no doubt, largely because the disease is more often recognized than it used to be, and more patients are seeking competent advice. Here the gradual increase in the average span of life also has some influence, for cancer is mainly a disease of the later years. But the number of people who have had cancer and still live is unquestionably much greater today than it ever was before.

No cure for cancer, in the usual sense, is known today. Bell's experiments with colloidal lead are watched with great interest by American pathologists, but his case is still to be proved, if, indeed, he can ever prove it. Hundreds of drugs have been used against the disease, but always without success. Every few weeks a new one is announced in the newspapers, but it never lasts long. One may be discovered, of course, at any minute, for medical history shows that a disease may be cured, given luck enough, before its cause is definitely known. But the discovery, if it is ever to come, has not yet been made. The only measure against cancer that works is that of destroying it physically.

This is commonly accompanied by surgery. The surgeon simply cuts all around the cancer, and removes it bodily. If the job is cleanly done, and early enough, the cure is apt to be permanent: the patient, perhaps, is no more likely to have cancer again than a healthy person is to have it in the first place. Unfortunately, some cancers are in situations which make surgery extremely hazardous and even impossible, and some have gone to such lengths that they have spread to remote parts of the body. In such cases surgery would be forbiddingly mutilating at best, and sheer murder at worst.

In consequence, aid has been sought from radium emanations and the x-rays. Both seem to have the property of destroying cancer cells—at least of certain varie-

ties. Moreover, they do it without also destroying the normal cells adjacent. Yet more, they can go through such normal cells and reach cancers cells beyond—a thing of great importance in some situations. In the early days of their use they were employed ignorantly and recklessly, and so they probably did more harm than good, for exposure to them causes burns and even cancers. But now their effects have been studied scientifically, and they are used with more discretion and less risk. Certain mild forms of cancer appear to yield to them readily. In other forms, though they do not cure, they at least produce an appreciable amelioration, and thus increase the comfort of the patient. They are frequently used after operation as a sort of extra precaution, and to good effect. Here they destroy any stray cancer cells that may have escaped the surgeon, and prevent a recurrence.

But surgery remains the chief weapon against cancer. When the tumor is in an accessible place and there has been no implantation of other tumors in vital places, the obvious thing to do is to cut it out. If that is done early enough the percentage of permanent cures is very high —in some situations as much as 95%. Very elaborate and accurate techniques have been worked out by the surgeons. They know, by long experience, just what to cut out, and what not to cut out. They can determine precisely what type of cancer they are dealing with—there are great differences in malignancy between the different types—and plan their procedures accordingly. But when they confront a patient in the late stages they can do little, and sometimes they can do absolutely nothing. Once a cancer has begun to run wild it is beyond the reach of anything known to medical men today. Surgery, in many cases, can still make the patient more comfortable, but it cannot cure him.

The one feasible way to diminish the cancer death-rate is thus to get patients earlier and earlier. Getting them earlier resolves itself into teaching the public how to recognize the first signs of the disease. If every woman with a lump in her breast went to a good surgeon immediately after its first appearance, very few women would die of breast cancers. A majority, perhaps, would find that what they feared was harmless—a benign tumor, needing no operation. The rest would go to the table in plenty of time, with the odds greatly in their favor. But today only too many temporize. They wait to see what will happen. What happens is disaster.

It need not be risked. The Johns Hopkins figures show that, before 1900, with the public still ignorant, the percentage of 5-year cures after operation, for all forms of cancer, was less than 10%. But since 1918, with the public beginning to be enlightened, the percentage of 5-year cures has run beyond 70%.

HORSES

BY JAMES STEVENS

As a boy in a prairie town I early learned to revere the work horse. To me, as to all boys, a dog was a slave, but a horse was a hero. And the men who handled him were heroes, too. On Summer Saturday mornings I would lie in the grass under a maple tree, drowse in the heavy prairie heat, and watch the town-going farmers pass. The surrey and buggy teams never touched my fancy; I could see such light, lively horses any day in the town streets and in the livery barn. And the rough-haired, scrawny, hungry-eyed teams of the shiftless Soap Crickers were beneath notice, of course. But let me catch sight of a team of work horses such as Mister Barrick drove; and then how I would lift my head, prop my chin on my fists, look with wide eyes, and feel the glow of a waking dream!

The road, with a cloddy ridge in the center and a wheel-marked path on each side, ran straight down a small hill and twisted sharply into the green trees of Elm Hollow. From these trees sounded the lusty rumble of a lumber-wagon and the jingle of harness. Suddenly the massive heads of two gray horses emerged from the greenery. There was a flash of polished brass from the studded ornamental tabs of leather that flapped over their wide foreheads, and a shine from the small colored rings which were strapped in their headstalls. Their big hoofs struck the wagon tracks forcefully as they tramped soberly on. A red neck-yoke hung from heavy breast-straps, and it swung now to the right, now to the left, as the front wheels rolled into chuck holes and jerked the tongue. At each swing there was a sharp tug at the stout oak hames of the horses, but they tramped on unwaveringly.

Their bodies came into full view. Short, thick necks, and waving curly manes. Immensely wide shoulders and deep chests, the dappled gray hair rippling over moving bands and rolls of muscle, the thick leather traces tight over the wide shoulders and fat sides. What broad, inviting backs under the brass-studded leather of the back-bands! It looked as if you could spread out a bed on one of their backs and go to sleep there. The breeching slipped from broad hip to broad hip and tightened and loosened over round, thick buttocks. The gray tails, brushed glossy and clean by Mister Barrick, swung out in sweeping waves at the pestiferous Summer flies.

The wheels of the rumbling wagon were yellow; the wagon box was green, with strips and curlicues of red for decoration. The spring seat slanted to the right under the weight of Mister Barrick. He himself was a regular work-horse of a man. A straw hat shaded his eyes, a brown beard curled over his cheeks and chin, and between suspenders and sleeve-holders muscles bulged the cloth of his hickory shirt. He rode with a straight back, and he drove with tight lines. Mister Barrick was as proud of himself as he was of his clean wagon and fat, glossy work-horses.

How great and strong Bob and Jake appeared as they plodded into the shade of my maple tree! They were the strongest and most dangerous horses in the whole country, but Mister Barrick could do anything with them. I knew, for he often let me ride with him on the days when he hauled milk to the cheese factory.

"Whoa-ah!" he would say, and the big gray horses would stop dead still as soon as he said it. And they certainly didn't dare to make a move while I was climbing up and up, just about twenty-five feet, to the spring seat. And then, when Mister Barrick clucked and said, "Giddap!" those horses stepped ahead before the word was out of his mouth.

There couldn't be anything more exciting than to ride with Mister Barrick to the cheese factory. You were so high in the air that if you were to fall off it would certainly break every bone in your body. And Bob and Jake were so dangerous and strong that if they were to run away—and they were ready to break and go at the least excuse, Mister Barrick said—they would simply smash everything behind them to smithereens.

"I have to be on the watch every second," Mister Barrick would say. "They ain't ay-nother man around who could hold 'em."

And I'd feel his muscle and notice how big his hands looked around the lines; and I'd stare at the broad backs and broader hips of the horses as they tramped soberly on; and I'd get to feeling that I was no bigger than a fly, and that Bob and Jake were the greatest horses in the world, and that Mister Barrick was the greatest of heroes to handle them as he did. I played horse a lot; and whenever I did I was always Mister Barrick driving Bob and Jake to the cheese factory.

On Saturday Mister Barrick hauled nothing but produce to sell at the stores. He never asked me to ride with him then. But he spoke to me as he drove into the shade of my maple tree. He looked down soberly from the great height of the wagon seat, and his voice boomed through his brown curly beard:

"Mornin', bub. How air yuh? Still a Democrat, I s'pose."

Mister Barrick and I agreed on almost everything but politics.

"Good mornin', Mister Barrick," I said. "I'm fine as silk and I'm still a Democrat. And how are you and Bob and Jake?"

"Perty well, thanky. And Bob and Jake is wild and dangerous as ever they was. Ef I didn't watch 'em like a hawk they'd leave nothin' of me but a grease spot!"

The last words were spoken loudly over his shoulder. I only watched and dreamed then, while Mister Barrick and his big, fat horses turned a corner and moved out of sight. It made my heart pound whenever Jake threw his big head down, snorted against his knees and chomped the bit. Wasn't he a savage, though! And Bob was about as bad. What a brave, strong man Mister Barrick was! I'd dream I was away up there in his place, watching Bob and Jake with the eye of a hawk; and didn't I hold them down, though, when they tried to break and run . . . !

"Just to think of you driving that terrible big team!" exclaimed Inez Hartley, the banker's beautiful daughter. "I'd never imagined you could do anything so wonderful!"

"Fear not. It is nothing," I replied calmly. "Robert and Jacob know their master."

"But I fear to go riding with you through the wood," said the banker's beautiful daughter. "Are there not redskins lurking in the wood?"

"Fear not," I replied sternly. "Robert and Jacob will bear us safely through all perils. I will have you fly with me, Inez—"

"Preacher's stuck on Inez! Haw! Haw! Haw! Preacher's stuck on Inez!"

Robert and Jacob and the banker's beautiful daughter vanished at the sound of Stub Crumley's voice. With a vile grin on his wretched freckled face, he leered down at me as I rolled over in the grass.

"Talkin' to hisself about Inez Hartley! Haw! Haw! Haw!"

He stepped closer; and I grabbed his bare leg; and after we had wrasseled around in the grass for ten minutes we were having so much fun that we both forgot about Robert and Jacob and the banker's beautiful daughter. At dinner time we made it up to go to the town square together to spend the long lazy afternoon.

II

In the center of the town square was a small park. It was fenced by chains bolted to stout posts. Every Summer Saturday afternoon the park was circled by farmers' teams, which were hitched to the chains. Many of us town boys would gather in the park after Saturday dinner; and our first activity, as a rule, was to look over the teams and argue about the horses. Some of the boys were familiar with horses and were brave enough to pet the most sleepy-eyed ones. Sometimes we would climb into wagons and pretend that we were stage-coaching it through the Far West. But we never got to play in Mister Barrick's wagon on Saturday afternoons. He always put Bob and Jake in the livery barn.

All of the farmers who took good care of their horses did the same; and the poorer farmers who left their teams at the park always gathered at the livery barn to chew the rag for a spell before they started for home. The town boys always came around when the crowd began to gather. There were always interesting stories, gossip and political arguments to be heard; and usually there was a lot of instructive horse talk. I seldom missed a Saturday afternoon at the livery barn, for Mister Barrick was a friend of mine, and he was always the leader in the arguments about horses. But he was never too interested or excited to stop his talk for a second, grin down through his brown curly beard at me, and say, "How air yuh, bub?"

Stub Crumley didn't have anything to say about Inez Hartley then. He would only look at me with humble envy for being so familiar with Mister Barrick, who was listened to by everybody in the livery barn as he proved to a man who drove Morgans how superior Percherons were to Morgans, and to Clydes, Belgians and French Coaches as well.

His argument was particularly warm this afternoon, because Humbert, the famous thousand-dollar Percheron stallion, was due at the livery barn. Humbert had been advertised like an opera-house show; big cards showing a fine picture of him had been tacked up at the livery barn and the feed store two weeks before. The description was high-sounding poetry, but the town boys made out from it that Humbert was a foreigner, a genuine French horse. We talked a great deal about Humbert; he had been brought clear across the ocean, and he was worth such a pile of money! And he looked so tremendously big and so awfully wild and dangerous in his picture that I asked Mister Barrick if, taking it all around and by and large, he wasn't more of a horse than Bob and Jake.

"Shucks, no," said Mister Barrick solemnly. "Shucks, no. Bob and Jake are work-horses. And Humbert never done a tap of work in his life. How can you ask if he is a better horse?"

"What's Humbert good for then, Mister Barrick, if he ain't strong and dangerous like Bob and Jake are?" I asked. "Why do they brag him up so much then?"

"He's the best Perch'on stallion in the county, that's why," said Mister Barrick.

Being just an eight-year-old town boy, Perch'on stallion meant nothing to me; but the words sounded fine, and I thought Humbert must be something wonderful.

And now Humbert was being driven into the livery barn. He was wonderful; anybody could see that. Humbert was every bit as big as Bob or Jake, and he *looked* a lot more dangerous and strong. How the muscles rolled under his glossy dappled gray hair! What a thick neck he had, and how he did curve it as he tossed his head, snorted and cavorted around! Humbert wouldn't stand still, but kept up a kind of heavy dance. There was the wickedest flash in his eye, as he rolled his gaze towards the crowd, snorting all the time.

"I hear he killed a man in Des Moines," said the Morgan man to Mister Barrick. "That's why they brought him down here."

"I don't believe it," declared Mister Barrick. "Perch'ons is the gentlest horses alive, even the studs."

I laughed to myself, for I knew that Mister Barrick was only codding the Morgan man. Mister Barrick had told me too many times how dangerous Bob and Jake were for me to swallow any talk about Percherons being so gentle as all that.

Still, I was considerably puzzled; for if Humbert was so strong, why was he hitched to a cart that I could have pulled myself? Mister Barrick's wagon was a thousand times heavier. And that fat, red-faced man who was driving Humbert looked like he didn't have any muscle at all and had never done a lick of work in his life. Humbert couldn't be so dangerous if this man handled him. I'd never thought actually that I could handle Bob and Jake; but if this little fat man could handle Humbert, I expected I could to. He couldn't be so much—

Just then Humbert commenced to faunch around, snorting and shaking his head, and stamping so hard on the floor that he shook the whole barn; and then he let out a neigh that was a regular ripper; and even Mister Barrick backed away with the other farmers. But the little fat man just took hold of Humbert's bit and talked low to him. In no time at all the stallion was quieted down.

"He's a whisperer," said the Morgan man. "Best horse-handler in the county."

Then Humbert was unhitched and the little fat man led him down between the rows of dark stalls. Humbert neighed again in his wild way as he was led along. The livery man chased us boys from the barn.

"You young uns skedaddle!" he said sharply.

"I guess they're goin' to have a horse fight, maybe," I said, as we walked reluctantly away.

Bill Huff, a ten-year-old boy who had lived on a farm, began to laugh like a fool, and he waggled his finger under my nose.

"Preacher thinks they's goin' to be a horse fight!" he jeered. "Jest lis'en! Preacher thinks they's goin' to be a horse fight!"

Some of the older boys began to laugh and jeer too, or I'd have shown Bill Huff how smart he was right then and there. But I wasn't fool enough to try to show a whole gang how smart they were; so I got Stub Crumley, and we went home and played catch in an alley until supper time. But every once in a while I'd wonder about Humbert. He was a mystery to me, and he stayed so for a long time.

III

It wasn't so long, however, until I got on more familiar terms with Bob and Jake. My folks planned a three-day visit to the county seat. I was to stay with a neighbor until they returned. I didn't like the idea, and I told Mister Barrick so one morning when I rode with him to the cheese factory.

"Why don't you come out and stay with me and maw?" said Mister Barrick. "We'd take keer of you, and I 'low you'd be a lot of help, too."

That idea certainly excited me; and when I got home I bawled until it was agreed that I should have my way. Two days later I was riding behind Bob and Jake as they tramped over a road that twisted and turned and led up and down through fields of timothy, clover and corn, past orchards, pastures and ponds. Mister Barrick didn't say much, except to answer my questions; and after about an hour I got tired of asking questions, and just looked around at the country and dreamed.

The sky was a hazy blue, the sun seemed to just pour its light down, and the air was still, thick and hot. It was easy to drowse. The green blades of the young corn were quiet, and the heads of timothy on long slender stems were quiet, too. When we passed an orchard I could hear all kinds of buzzy sounds in the deep grass among the trees. I could hear every plomp of the horses' feet in the dusty road. Each wheel had a rumble of its own as it bumped along. Sweat stains spread over the backs of Bob and Jake, where the backbands and breeching pressed. A sharp and rather strong smell came up from them.

I got to looking as far out and away as I could. Over yonder some red cattle were lying in the shade of elm trees on the bank of a pond. The water of the pond looked cool and the green grass of the pasture was like a smooth carpet—I'd like to wade through that grass barefooted, I thought, and then go swimming in the pond with Stub Crumley: it was so blamed hot and drowsy. Beyond the pond was the biggest cornfield I had ever seen. It ran away and away, out into the hazy sky. A man was cultivating the young corn. His team plodded and plodded on until there was only one small speck and two larger ones where the green of the field and the blue of the sky melted together in a haze.

I looked out at the specks and tried to fancy some fine things about them; and then it did seem as though I was in a cornfield myself. But I wasn't on a cultivator; I was on a cart, and I was driving Humbert, who seemed to have become the best-natured horse alive, for he would turn his head, wink his bright eye, and smile in the friendliest way every once in a while as I drove him on toward the far haze. The cart rolled on very smoothly, and Humbert looked friendlier every time he smiled back at me; and I knew that we were going on and on through the corn until we reached the Chariton River; and there I'd find Inez Hartley, the banker's beautiful daughter; and wouldn't she be proud and surprised to see me driving Humbert, and wouldn't we have the happiest time. . . . !

"Wake up, young un. We're 'most home."

I blinked at the sound of Mister Barrick's voice. I felt that my head was resting on something hard and yet alive—and then I discovered that I'd been asleep and was lying against Mister Barrick's strong left arm. He looked down very kindly as I straightened myself and yawned.

"I pert' nigh went to sleep myself," said Mister Barrick. "It's that hot. And ef I had I bet Bob and Jake wouldn't of left more'n two grease spots of us!"

He stopped the team then, for he had reached his gate. Mister Barrick stepped down to the wheel and jumped to the ground. I was scared half to death right then, for he had left the lines in my hands. Never had Bob and Jake looked so big. Never, it seemed, had I been so high in the air. But somehow I held my breath and clutched the big lines tightly as Mister Barrick opened the gate. He clucked and Bob and Jake moved ahead. The lines tugged at my hands. The spring seat swayed under me. The wheels jolted over a culvert. Far below I saw Mister Barrick as the wagon passed the gate. Ahead was a barn lot as big as a hay field, and a monster barn. Bob and Jake were sticking up their ears. Oh, lordy, what would happen now? I shut my eyes.

"Stop 'em, bub," called Mister Barrick.

Somehow I got out a weak whoa-ah; and I had never felt so good in my life as I did when Bob and Jake stopped dead still. Then Mister Barrick walked on toward the barn. The horses tramped soberly behind him. Nobody was holding their lines but me! And suddenly I felt a thrill of reckless joy. Let 'em run and leave only a grease spot of me, if they wanted to—maybe they wouldn't run, either—and if they didn't, and I came through alive, what I would have to tell to the town boys! I was driving the biggest, strongest and most dangerous team in the whole county! Shucks, they were not going to run; they saw Mister Barrick ahead of them, and they knew they hadn't better. And for a good minute I had the most fun I ever had had. And I certainly hated it when Bob and Jake got to the place where Mister Barrick always unhitched. I wanted to help him unhitch, but he sent me on to the house.

"You tell maw I said fer you to have some cookies and milk," said Mister Barrick.

Mrs. Barrick seemed very glad to see me, though she had a sharp, cranky way of talking. She had to get around the house in a wheel-chair, as she had been crippled in a runaway a little while after she and Mister Barrick were married. Mister Barrick had shot the runaway horses and had

hated fast ones ever since, people said. She managed to do her own kitchen work, wheeling her chair around, and Mister Barrick did all the house-cleaning.

Mrs. Barrick was in her wheel-chair on the back porch when I came up to the farm-house. There were morning glory vines all over the back porch, and her chair was in the shade. When I told her what Mister Barrick had said she snapped: "Law! That man!" Then she looked me over from head to foot. "Law! You've ripped a button from your shirt, young un. Come here till I pin it up." And after I'd let her fuss with my shirt all she wanted to, she got a kind of smile in her black eyes, and told me to go to the pantry and help myself. After I did so I came back to the porch, and Mrs. Barrick sat and smoked her pipe and asked questions, and I sat and ate cookies and drank cool milk and answered them.

The poor soul, as my folks called her, didn't get around very much, and she appreciated even a boy like me to visit with. I was polite to Mrs. Barrick and answered her questions as well as I could, but all the time I wanted to be out at the barn with Mister Barrick and Bob and Jake.

He came in after a while and built a fire in the kitchen stove. I helped Mrs. Barrick get supper, just as Mister Barrick told me to do, while he went out to get the cows in and begin the chores. Mrs. Barrick got nicer to me all the time; she asked me what I liked best to eat; and when I said, "Fried chicken and jelly layer cake and roas'in' ears, I guess," she said she'd have some tomorrow or know the reason why. I got to feeling very much at home with Mrs. Barrick, but I did want to be out at the barn. Mister Barrick might let me give Bob and Jake their corn.

But I didn't get out to the barn until the next morning. Mrs. Barrick kept thinking of new questions; and after supper it was the same thing over again as we washed the dishes; and after Mister Barrick came in we all sat in the front room, with the windows open, while Mrs. Barrick smiled at me, and asked questions.

Mister Barrick just sat in his sock feet, leaned back in his rocker, with his hands clasped behind his head most of the time, smoked his pipe, smiled at his wife and me, and said hardly a word the whole evening. I wasn't used to having so much attention paid to me, and I was proud of it, though it wasn't very exciting.

At bedtime Mister Barrick took me up to a room that had a big feather bed in it. He set the lamp on a bureau and turned the sheets down as if he was used to it. He stood in the door for a minute before he went back downstairs.

"Ain't homesick, air yuh, bub?"

"No, I ain't. Not a particle, Mister Barrick."

"That's the ticket. I 'low I have yuh help cultivate some tomorrer."

"With Bob and Jake, Mister Barrick?"

"I 'spect."

"Golly! I'm mighty glad I come out to your place, Mister Barrick!"

"Wal—good night, bub. Hope yuh sleep good. Be keerful of the light."

He stood in the door for another second, staring at me, and pulling at his beard with a big, hairy hand. Then he turned around and tramped down the stairs. I could hear him and his wife talking, and they were still talking after I was in bed.

It was so hot I didn't sleep good in the early part of the night. Once I woke up and looked out into the moonlight. I thought I saw Mister Barrick tramping up and down in the barn lot. But I was drowsy and I dozed off again before I could think about it very much.

IV

It was fine and cool the next morning when I went out to the barn with Mister Barrick. We had eaten a good breakfast, and now we were going to feed the young stock. The cows had already been milked and fed. Bob and Jake had finished their corn and were nibbling at the timothy in their manger. They looked up and nickered when we came into the barn. Mister Barrick

fetched Jake a slap on the hips as we walked behind them. I jumped a foot, for I expected Jake to kick us into pieces. But he only switched his tail. We went on through the barn and came to a pen with a shed in one side of it. There was a bed of straw in the shed; and on the straw were eight of the funniest and cutest pigs I had ever seen. They were just finishing their breakfast, and their fat mother was grunting for them to get away and leave her alone. Mister Barrick helped me into the pen; then he picked up one of the pigs and let it chew his fingers. And he told me to do the same with another. The little rascal chewed away for all he was worth, but he didn't hurt my hand the least bit. Mister Barrick and I had a lot of fun with the pigs, their mother grunting in a suspicious way all the time; and then we fed the calves skimmed milk and played with them for a while. One of the calves was a regular baby; and it was so wobbly-legged and owl-eyed, and it looked so funny and cute when it would hoist its tail and try to run, and then stop and look at me and baa, that I'd have stayed and played with it all day if Mister Barrick hadn't needed me to help him with the cultivating.

We left the calves and fed corn to the chickens and the shoats; and then we leaned on the pasture fence for a while, and Mister Barrick showed me Bob's and Jake's mother. She was a big gray Percheron, too, and there was a frolicsome little colt with her. Her name was Grace, and the colt hadn't been given a name yet. Grace tramped up to the fence as Mister Barrick and I were talking and stood there while he scratched her neck. I tried to get the colt to come to me; but he would only stick out his nose, smell my fingers, shake his head and snort a couple of times, then back away and look at me suspiciously. He wasn't nearly so friendly as the calf was, but I liked him about as well anyhow. I certainly was enjoying myself. The air smelled sweet as it blew from the dewy pasture grass. The red and white cows were moving towards the elms that marked the pond. All over the barn lot the hens were singing their clucking songs. But the old prairie sun was beginning to warm things up.

"Time fer us to git to work," said Mister Barrick.

When he had harnessed Bob and Jake and led them out of the barn, he took me by the arm.

"Pile on, bub," he said, "and we'll ride out to the field."

"Ain't—ain't they pretty dangerous to ride, Mister Barrick?"

"Not to ride—no. Jest out on the road. You pile on old Jake now and hang to the hames."

I was scared, but I wouldn't back down; so up I went; and there I was, astraddle one of the biggest, strongest and most dangerous horses in the county, riding out to cultivate corn!

That was the most wonderful and exciting day I had ever known. I didn't only ride the big Percheron out to the cornfield; but after Mister Barrick had made a couple of rounds with the cultivator, he put me up in the seat and gave me the lines, and there I was again, driving this great team down the corn rows, their big hips looming high above me, their heads swinging gee when I pulled gee and swinging haw when I pulled haw. And they stopped when I yelled whoa and went ahead when I yelled giddap. And Mister Barrick walked so quietly behind me that I could imagine he was Inez Hartley or Stub Crumley or anybody I wanted to.

That evening I went to the field again, drove some more rounds with Mister Barrick, and helped him unhitch at six o'clock. He had brought the wagon out at noon and I got permission to drive it back. I felt that I was the boss of Bob and Jake now. They might be strong and dangerous, but I could handle them. As they neared the barn they broke into a heavy trot and I let them go. The wagon bumped and rumbled, dust rolled up from the thumping hoofs, and I declared to myself that no stage-driver of the Far West ever drove faster

than I was driving then. And at supper Mister Barrick said to Mrs. Barrick:

"You ought to seen that boy handle Bob and Jake! Ain't 'nuther boy nigh his age could handle sech a dangerous team, I bet."

"Law! How you *do* go on about Bob and Jake!" said Mrs. Barrick in her sharp way. But she smiled over at me. I was very proud; and after I'd filled up on fried chicken and jelly layer cake and roasting ears and milk I felt so good that it seemed like I had never lived at all before. I wanted to stay with Mister and Mrs. Barrick and Bob and Jake forever.

But the next two days went by so fast that I could hardly count them. Then I was in town again, with about seven hundred fine stories to tell to Stub Crumley and Inez Hartley. And I could put Bill Huff in his place, too. He might have lived on a farm once, but he had never cultivated corn with a team like Bob and Jake. He might know all about Humbert, but Mister Barrick didn't let *him* ever drive Bob and Jake through town to the cheese factory.

Mister Barrick and I were always good friends while I lived in that town. He and Mrs. Barrick always liked me to come out and stay at their place. I liked him so much that it bothered me because it seemed that he slept poorly. Several times when I was out at his place I heard him tramp to the barn in the middle of the night. Finally I asked him about it. As I might have known, it was on account of his horses.

"I worry about Bob and Jake fightin' at night," he said.

Mrs. Barrick usually spoke sharply to him for being foolish about his horses, but she didn't say a word now. And I said:

"You certainly do take fine care of your stock, Mister Barrick."

And he did. Mister Barrick seemed to love even the little pigs. But he thought the most of Bob and Jake and their mother, Grace. It was because I appreciated them so much, I guess, that he liked to have me come out to his place and always let me ride with him to the cheese factory.

IOWA TAKES TO LITERATURE

BY JOSEPHINE HERBST

Up to a few years ago Iowa was usually thought of, even by its own people, as only a corn and hog State. In the bulletins issued by its chambers of commerce the hog receipts of Sioux City for one year made a parade, with each hog touching the next one, reaching from that city to San Francisco. The meat handled annually by Iowa packers, it appeared, would make a meal for every person on earth. That was the old Iowa.

It was an easy step from corn and hogs to overstuffed furniture and the radio. Pioneer people, suddenly achieving prosperity, invariably imitate more urbane folk. Back in the 70's the Iowans were already doing that with their corn palaces, inspired by the ice palaces of the Russian Czars. About the same time an elevated railroad was built in Sioux City, then a town of less than thirty thousand. Chicago had an elevated, and so the local visionaries concluded that Sioux City needed one too. That it ended as a disused eyesore was accidental. The only elevated west of Chicago had achieved its hour of fame.

The next step, induced by still further prosperity, was uncommercial. The break was now toward literature, that refuge of all well-fed people on the verge of ennui. In this department the boom is still on. Iowa Rotarians now listen to lectures on "Bobby Burns, the Man," and Iowa professional men's clubs no longer tolerate harangues on Service. Instead, they learn from visiting illuminati that the sources of literature are four: history, geography, family affairs and immortality. "The most beautiful poem from the World War was 'In Flanders Field,'" the speaker tells them, adding that it will live throughout history. Take up any Iowa newspaper of today and you will be astounded at the number and variety of the literary goings-on. The Des Moines *Register and Leader* is not the only paper in the State to support a literary page, an unheard of venture five years ago; on the contrary, many small-town papers have been quick to imitate it. The material for these pages comes mainly from voluntary contributors, all eager to break into print. The society notes in the Iowa papers are no longer devoted to accounts of bridge bouts and ladylike afternoons of "visiting and fancywork, after which the hostess served a dainty repast." Literary clubs and study clubs, not a few with high-sounding French names, now take the lead.

What has happened in Iowa? Many Easterners, impressed perhaps by the number of young writers coming out of the State, are inclined to take the literary boom quite seriously. But the fact is that Ruth Suckow, Carl Van Vechten and the others of that tribe have little if anything to do with the present ferment. In Iowa itself it is observed chiefly among people who do not actually write; at bottom, it is largely a women's activity. The Kiwanians and Lions who now sit solemnly under literary lectures are merely on the fringe of things; the moving spirits are their wives.

Iowa has fine roads, good schools and homes in uniformly unoffending good taste. Housekeeping, with all the modern aids to housewives in general use, has been reduced to a petty routine. As elsewhere in

America, civilization in the State is in the hands of freed housewives. Turned loose from domestic labor, the liberated descendants of the pioneers—that is, those who have not succeeded in getting to California—unite to drive out the purposelessness of prosperity. The Iowa woman who does not belong to at least one club is now a rarity. This in itself, of course, is no novelty. But within the last five years these women have ceased to content themselves with pretty pastimes; they must shine and dazzle with a snobbery of the mind. They are, remember, the daughters and wives of men who make money or are making money in connection with corn or hogs, or with lands or materials that cater to corn and hogs. So when they attain means and leisure, they try to get as far away from these earthy things as possible. The usual leap is to literature. The men folk, when not actually engaged in business, have their lodges. But women are more snobbish than men; in Iowa they would perhaps say more spiritual. Whatever it is called, the women of the State want a more elegant display for their leisure than the Maccabees and the Eastern Star can offer. The lodge for women still lacks tone. Moreover, lodge activity is an evening affair, and there are afternoons to fill. Again, lodge activity is secret, and they must have something that can dazzle.

II

In a State where returned travelers from Europe are still looked upon with respect and invited to lecture before the Rotarians on the economic situation of Austria after two days in Vienna, it is easy to understand the lure of the intellectual life. In a State, strict as are all Middle Western States in its moral notions, the intense though quarrelsome interest shown by Iowa women for modern writing, particularly that bordering on the unconventional, becomes a natural phenomenon. Browning and Shakespere are shelved for "Tendencies of the Modern Novel" and Edna St. Vincent Millay. What appears on the surface to be a preoccupation with affairs of the mind, turns out on examination to be at its best a pathetic groping toward some sort of light, and at its worst only a silly attempt to escape from boredom.

With plenty of leisure on her hands and money in her pocket, the Iowa woman is all dressed up but has no place to go. There are no theatres in the State worthy of the name, and social activity is reduced to gossip and tea-drinking with other women. The situation of a European woman of leisure presents no such problem; men have leisure in Europe, and there is always the excitement of a flirtation. But when a woman marries in Iowa her future is cut and dried. Let her so much as meet a man not her husband and she is talked about. There is nothing left but the bearing and raising of children, now increasingly unpopular, or club life.

The current literary activity in Iowa is clearly derived from the ambition of such women to outshine one another. Perhaps a few really seek the light, but led by these few the rest surge after they know not what. Libraries and Y. W. C. A.'s become hives consecrated to the motliest jumble of activities and yearnings ever hurled together. Nothing is too tough or too dry or too pretentious; the club that can announce a long and involved programme gains prestige overnight. Forestry, sculpture, the causes of Russia's exit from the World War, economic conditions in Porto Rico, and a reading from Booth Tarkington are crowded into a single afternoon. No one knows the rules that guide the makers of the programmes. One knows still less after sitting through an afternoon listening to the papers on the assigned subjects. Somehow the duty to civilization seems to have been discharged by the mere mention of names. Names, without relation or importance to one another, are enough.

Simple subjects are reported weightily. The Alliance Française announces pompously that the members will meet on

Friday afternoon and that "Villes des États Unis and Canada" will be the subject of the roll-call. Mrs. Authier will discuss "Les Canadiens chez eux et aux United States." This bilingual jargon is well calculated to impress. "The Bryant Reading Club will convene with Mrs. Taylor. Interesting people of note will be discussed in answer to the roll-call. Mrs. Harvey will converse on the subject of heliotheraphy. Mrs. DeWait will give the history of the motion picture, and Mrs. Adair will read a special article."

It is difficult for an outsider, unused to Iowa, to understand the flagellation implied in this incongruous assortment of subjects. Something of the pioneer sturdiness adheres to these women, hewing their way through any and all matters, large and small, in order to escape their own commonplaceness. It is business such as this that clouds their lives with the illusion of purpose. Underneath a sober crust seethes a curiosity that is not to be curbed. Lecture to them on the modern novel, and they will surround one after the talk with queries that have little to do with novels but much with the makers of them. Is the gossip about Rebecca West true? Is Joseph Hergesheimer really so cynical? What does Ruth Suckow look like?

Their immense interest in trivial personalities bursts forth undisguised on occasions like this. They wake up; a real eagerness makes them forget their usual caution. They betray a morbid interest in "bohemianism." Condemning it, they glut themselves with it. In the same manner they read novels which they condemn. Their interest circles around the daring. The younger the club woman, the more nearly is this true. Here we have Greenwich Village stuff: the same impulse that sends many a small towner to the hand-painted salons of New York. They are interested in gossip, not in literature. But they resolutely hide their interest under elaborate pretenses. Even when they pay Gertrude Atherton $400 for a lecture they deceive themselves. They are unwilling to admit that it is sex rejuvenation they want to hear about; when the lecture fails to disclose the secret they are discontented, but attribute their discontent to anything but the truth. The lecturer has failed, it appears to give a Message. Message and Inspiration are frequently on their lips. In truth, they are seeking a message that no one seems able to give them. Without a leader they flounder in the dark, getting further and further away from all true learning or true understanding.

III

One has to keep firmly in mind what Iowa is really like. Cigarette smoking by women, if done in public, is still a serious misdemeanor there. It was not so long ago that Lord Birkenhead's daughter was censored for smoking on the campus of Morningside College. And a few months ago Mrs. Aline Kilmer received attention from newspapers all over the State because she smoked a cigarette in her hotel room before her lecture to the innocent co-eds of Coe. "Enjoyed a Fag Before Her Talk to College Co-Eds" read a typical headline. The account went on:

> Mothers of some of the girls heard of the incident, and they suggested that Mrs. Smith, president of the Iowa W. C. T. U., be notified, fearing that Mrs. Kilmer's indulgence in cigarettes would have a harmful effect on the morale of the students. Miss Nicholson, dean of women, took the opposite view. She said all the girls were shocked by the incident, but she didn't believe they would be harmed.

De Wolf Hopper's latest marriage is the subject of stern editorial reproval. "No matter for joke, but a national scandal. There ought to be a law against it." Even the Lucy Stoners are given a drubbing in a long editorial that stubbornly refers to Ruth Hale as Mrs. Broun. The argument sums up: "There are places where it would not look good nor sound any better to have a wife referred to as a spinster. The hotel register has been much abused in the past because it could not help itself. Something should be done to make it

appear as respectable as possible." Such things as these show which way the wind blows. The women of Iowa, freed by their leisure, no longer need the narrow provincial *mores* of the State, but they do not know how to shake themselves free, either for living or for thinking.

They are in the position of a person suddenly heir to wealth and seeking a way to spend it. They are supersensitive to the unconventional in literature because they themselves are so bound by convention in their daily lives. What is taboo in action can be read of in secret. The "modern" novel, presented only in its more scandalous aspects, plays an illuminating part in their discussions of "literature."

> Nasty fiction, even though it be but faintly nasty, too freely indulged in tends to warp the reader's sense of right and wrong. So much so, that the heroine's misconduct is taken lightly because she is pictured in such a way as to win the reader's admiration and sympathy. Sometimes I wonder if the novelist's object is to make the reading public so lenient that such misconduct in real life will be accepted without question.

So reads the dictum of one Iowa reviewer. Another pounces on "The Constant Nymph":

> Even the delightful surroundings of a châlet in the Austrian Tyrol and the allowable eccentricities of genius do not palliate the grossness, slime and tawdriness of the lawless lives of Sanger, the musical genius, and his children. One wonders at anyone's admiration and devotion to these beauties with apparently always dirty faces.

The bathtub, a sterling adjunct of all Middle West life, wins again. Not truth to life or to the writer's conception of life, but fidelity to the local *mores* determines the value of a book. When a good book is commended, it is by a sort of accident. Ruth Suckow receives praise in Iowa because she does not offend the indigenous notions of propriety, not because she is a good writer. Theodore Dreiser, who does so offend, can hardly be found in the public libraries. His circulation is underground; his audience, that increasing group of young women who privately interrogate the bookseller, "Is it wild?" Wildness is the determining factor in a book's underground popularity, just as it is in its public downfall.

Thus publicly condemning what they secretly seek or fear, the word the Iowa illuminati most often use is "realism." With it is almost invariably coupled "sordid." Johan Bojer writes sordid realism. So, apparently, does Willa Cather. "A Lost Lady" was the subject of letters of protest to at least three libraries on the ground that it was immoral and had a bad influence on the young. Carl Van Vechten is sordid realism in the western part of the State; in the eastern end he is merely scandal. In Cedar Rapids, his home town, "The Tattooed Countess" was barred from the library after much soul-searching.

The old Iowa of the church sociable and oyster supper has passed away. Even the pastors, weather vanes that they are, now lecture to the women's clubs on "The Technique of Poetry" and "The Influence of Novel Reading on the Young." But embroidery and hearty eating have not been cast aside altogether. The bitter pill is not inevitably swallowed straight. The agony is often dulled with a luncheon. In Iowa, luncheons are no small affairs; the fat of the land is none too good. The women stagger up from these heavy repasts with minds dulled for the intellectual feast to follow, but their names will be in the club notes just the same. The young woman, through with her paper on "Early Christian Art," pauses to pat her yawn with a complaint, "Oh dear, I ate too much!"

To get one's name in the paper: that is the important thing. An annual exhibition of paintings is held in most Iowa towns—one of the traveling displays of the works of mediocre American painters. A brief inch of space is devoted to the paintings, and fully twelve inches to the names of the patronesses, following the information that "society women of the city will preside as hostesses each afternoon, and informal meetings of various clubs will be held on different afternoons, at which the club members will call, view the pictures and visit with their friends."

IV

It is not my intention, of course, to imply that no one exists in Iowa who has a genuine love of literature. Such persons are to be found—but they seldom belong to clubs. Some grain of genuine interest may linger also in a few of the club women themselves. But the spectacular quality of the literary quest in Iowa is not due to honest enthusiasm. The foundation may be real enough, but the pinnacle is decidedly shaky. The actual writers of the State, are almost without exception absentees from its soil. The only local literary manifestation worthy of attention, the *Midland* magazine, is known chiefly outside of the State. But the *Iowa Legionaire*, published in Des Moines and dedicated to Americanism even in the spelling of its name, is quoted the length and breadth of Iowa.

The literary tournament is an indiscriminate scrimmage of the good and the bad. Few know which is which. Robert Frost is a poet, but—so is Eddie Guest. They share places on club programmes; if anything, Guest receives the larger homage. He gets an afternoon to himself, whereas Frost finds himself huddled with Carl Sandburg and Vachel Lindsay. Anyone from parts East is listened to with respect and gullibility. They brighten when John Drinkwater comes to town and begins a discussion of the fire-place in Abe Lincoln's home. Was there really one, or only a stove, as some have contended? All are relieved when Mr. Drinkwater assures them that research has confirmed the fireplace; Abe always liked a bright light.

Half-baked knowledge has dulled rather than sharpened the Iowa female brain. The old pioneer types are gone. The shrill squeak of radios is in the land; automobiles race over perfect roads; new fangled lamps sprout from the floor. Everywhere the home is up-to-date, and everywhere the inhabitants are making the fight of the modern pioneers—a burlesqued, impoverished fight against nothing more exciting than futility, meaninglessness, ennui. With the bigger share of freedom in their hands, the women lead. But where they are going, none know.

JOURNALISM IN TEXAS

BY CHESTER T. CROWELL

The small number of young men who choose their work instead of finding themselves thrust into jobs are guided, I believe, by their imaginations rather than by facts or common sense. I chose newspaper work, not because I knew anything about it, but because imagination pictured it as a glorious career. Publishers, I assumed, were idealists with sufficient practical ability to train their guns on their targets. Primarily, they were fighting for something. Otherwise they would be ginning cotton or distributing hay and feed. They had put such temptations behind them in order to achieve glorious victories on more important and romantic fields. So great was their devotion to worthy causes that some of them—at least in my native Texas—had suffered imprisonment, while others had been assassinated. Instead of being repelled by such a prospect I was attracted.

So I enlisted, or, as it later turned out, went to work, as a cub reporter for the San Antonio *Express;* salary, $7 a week. In the city room I found men of mature years whose ideas on the subject of journalism were not greatly different from mine. There were three or four graduates of excellent law schools, one brilliant young man who had been educated for the ministry, one former priest, and an ex-professor of English. Not only intelligence and character but unmistakable brilliance were rampant throughout that editorial department, especially among graduates of the Western Union Messenger Service who had come into journalism without education but determined to achieve it. About eleven o'clock every night the rush of work ended and good-natured controversy or high-spirited, gorgeous tomfoolery began. We would take novels or dramas and turn them into half-column news stories. We would write imaginary interviews with the great figures of history or literature, making them comment on current events. Some of the men were good cartoonists and nearly all could write passable verse. Sometimes there would be a tramp reporter among us, akin in spirit to the rapidly disappearing tramp printer, and he would tell delightfully of adventures in far-away cities. There were romantic tales recounting how this or that obscure reporter dug up the damning facts, printed his story, and startled a community. Then the grand jury would meet and justice would triumph. One man who told such a story was himself the hero of it. He had killed one (or was it more?) of a gang of assassins sent to murder him and stop his articles. The details had been reported by the Associated Press, and his story was not entirely new to us. I gazed upon him worshipfully.

Often it occurred to me that the best products of that editorial office were not printed. Our daily issues compared favorably with any others in the Southwest, but still they were insufferably dull. So I began writing humorous accounts of events in police headquarters. But when they began to be reprinted in other papers they had to be suppressed on the ground that they knocked the town. Almost everything else with a smile in it had to be barred lest it offend the same tender witlessness. Scarcely a week passed without one of the reporters coming in bug-eyed with some-

thing sensational, but none of these sensations was ever printed. As the months rolled on I learned that the world was full of such suppressed news. Meanwhile, I toiled sweatily, producing among other things uncounted columns of drivel for the Real Estate Section. Real estate was a subject about which I knew almost nothing, but I was not required to say anything. Nobody wanted anything said. A certain amount of type was needed to set off the display advertisements. Length was all that counted. And a frothy enthusiasm. Only God and I know how hard it was to turn out those pages. Here was my first experience in the treadmill. Everyone else on the staff was doing similarly uninteresting work. There would be tiresome columns of bilge about every convention that gathered in the town, not because anyone was expected to read it, but because length counted. Society editors bothered less about their English than about their foot rules. If the Smith wedding was three inches longer than the Jones wedding, one might hear from it later. All about us were living and lively issues, or the possibilities of making such issues, but we rarely noticed any of them. Brave men went forth under a blistering sun to copy names from the marriage register, the hotel registers, the court dockets, and the sales slips in the cattle market. This, of course, was also news, but I wondered whether it was ninety percent of the news, as our daily issues seemed to indicate.

II

We didn't have to make news; it flowed in as through a funnel. The Associated Press wire opened at a certain hour and you could depend absolutely upon a certain number of words. The State wire opened, delivered its quota, and closed. Men wrote headlines on these various items, impaled them on hooks tended by copy boys, and in due time they became type. "Fifty-six columns," the foreman would shout down the speaking-tube, and each editor knew just how many of them he could have. Space was dictated by advertising; press time was dictated by train schedules. I noted the fact that the foreman of the composing room received news about space ahead of the managing editor. This establishment was a manufacturing plant, and the editorial department was its least important cog. Advertising brought in the revenue, printing produced the goods, writing filled the unsold space. However, I consoled myself with the thought that it couldn't very well be otherwise; if a machine is to function there must be order and system. Unfortunately, this machine produced scarcely anything else. For a long time I thought that it was the fault of the management, and of course, in part, it was, but the blame may be justly scattered over many, many shoulders. Indeed, responsibility is a fairer word than blame. The American newspaper had been going through an evolutionary process. The public was aware of a great many of the issues that I yearned to tackle, but it didn't wish to have them dragged into the arena. What it wanted was the weather forecast; an advance notice of a norther enabled it to place orders for wood before cold weather came, while rain affected cotton prospects. Thousands of women purchased the Sunday paper to find out what the department-stores were offering.

Here was a new phase of journalism, at least to me, and one day I barked my shins on it by writing a facetious story about the first slit skirt that appeared on our streets. A department-store owner promptly demanded my discharge. Since he didn't know who wrote the story it was fairly easy to say "Yes, sir" and let the matter drop. I didn't hear of the incident until long afterward. His protest was not without justice; he was not trying to influence our politics, for we didn't have enough to be damaged; all he asked was that a business house accepting his money please desist from making fun of his goods. If our firm didn't approve of slit skirts it

should first decline his copy. Personally, I think his position was worthy of consideration. We were not crusaders; we were obviously in business.

Evidence of this fact appeared frequently For instance, one Sunday the city editor published on the society page a picture of a young woman after her father had requested that it be not published. From the point of view of the management pictures had nothing to do with news; the purpose of them was to create good-will for the business. The city editor was discharged.

When reporters were sent out of the city on assignments they were not allowed on their return to draw their wages until their expense accounts had been approved. In other words, their wages were held as security for whatever sums had been advanced to them. These sums were seldom more than fifty dollars. Going through this red tape always suggested to me Bob Ingersoll's remark that a husband who would trust his wife with his honor but not with fifty cents had thereby indicated which was the more valuable.

But the dreams of youth die hard, if ever. I was willing to admit that the San Antonio *Express* had not come up to my expectations,—but there were other newspapers. I began making guarded inquiries. The Houston *Post* was very much like the *Express*, though less dull because of the pleasantries of columnists. The Houston *Chronicle* was sprightly and aggressive in politics but still essentially a business institution. The Fort Worth *Record* was generally regarded as a masterpiece of dullness and a failure as a business. The Fort Worth *Star-Telegram* was at least brave enough to print the local news without quaking at every request for suppression. Eventually it achieved the largest circulation in the State. Competent journeymen made up its staff, got married, and remained. The Dallas *News* was spoken of with great respect but seldom had a vacancy. There were lesser cities, such as Beaumont, Austin, and Waco, where the newspapers wobbled aimlessly from one bankruptcy to another until one marvelled that new victims could be ensnared, especially in view of the fact that their only ambition was to make a living. This was also the history of scores of weekly newspapers in the State. I used to pick them up from the exchange table and try to fathom the mystery of their existence. Why were they published at all? Their editorial columns were filled with double-leaded paragraphs as follows: "Come to Boll Weevil. Boll Weevil is a live town. Watch us grow. Twenty-one cars of freight were shipped from Boll Weevil last year."

I got a mental picture of the editor, wearing blue goggles, standing cap in hand on Main Street, grinning hopefully and begging. That was just about what he was doing and is still doing. Out in the far corner of the State was El Paso, but one seldom heard it mentioned by newspaper men save as a stopping place on the way to or from Mexico. Beyond lay Arizona and New Mexico. Experienced men dismissed them briefly by saying "Don't go." To the north was Colorado and that meant Denver. One could look at the Denver newspapers and learn all one needed to know. The front page was an omelette of box-car headlines, and one could seldom find the stories that were supposed to accompany them. Men who had worked there brought back lurid tales of sensationalism and faking, of committing burglary to get photographs. To the East was Arkansas. No one ever considered going there except for a hot bath. As for Oklahoma, it lacked even the hot bath.

But journalism was, to me, still a profession. I had chosen it in preference to the law. I wanted to do something in it that was worth doing. One day I inadvertently reversed the names in a two-line report of a suit for damages, making the plaintiff appear as the defendant. I knew neither of the parties, nor did anyone suspect me of malice. Having copied thousands of such items, I was about due, under the law of probabilities, to make a stupid error, and I made it. A national

bank was the aggrieved party, not that it cost the bank anything, but it was annoying. The bank was then insolvent and failed a few weeks later. The business manager of the paper received a request that the guilty party be discharged forthwith. And I was discharged. No argument. What was there to argue about? A cheap flunkey, easily replaced, had spilled some beans down the shirt front of a nice customer. If kicking said flunkey out the back door would make the nice customer feel any better, why not do it?

III

My discharge and a telegram offering another position arrived simultaneously. I went to the capital of Mexico and served as news editor of the *Mexican Herald*. Again I enjoyed association with scholars, gentlemen, wits, tramp reporters, geniuses, poets, and first-rate newspaper men. But night after night I sent to press a stodgy, useful sheet containing chiefly accurate news of the silver market. In the performance of this task I spent twelve to fourteen hours daily, just as I had done on the San Antonio *Express*. And as usual I worked seven nights a week. This would result in a day's illness about once every five weeks, but the *Herald* was more generous than the *Express* and never docked my pay.

A revolution put Mexico on the rocks and I went back to San Antonio, where I was now welcomed by the *Express* as an experienced, capable newspaper man, broke, and probably available at cheap wages. The powers guessed right. For $27.50 a week I produced learned editorials. The *Express*, as a business property, was then valued at more than a million dollars. But the managing editor's salary —so he himself told me—was but $55 a week. In a short time the paper was sold and the staff scattered.

I landed as editor of the Austin *Statesman* at $37.50 a week. How to live on that stipend, as a prominent citizen *ex-officio*, was an obstinate problem. Before I solved it the management was unable to pay any salaries at all, and thus everything was simplified. I had never before lived in a town of 30,000 population, so I discovered new journalistic traditions. In Austin no one argued that a newspaper should be partisan on local issues. Quite the contrary. Common courtesy demanded complete neutrality on virtually everything. During political campaigns both sides paid a high advertising rate for anything they wanted printed.

Texans, I was learning, are peculiarly sensitive about the printed word. Criticism of an act or a condition is not accepted as applying solely to the subject matter. They take it as a personal affront, a clear indication of contempt, as if the editor had said: "John Doe doesn't amount to a whoop in hell; I can discuss him with impunity." This obviously presents an extremely difficult problem to an editor who desires to say nothing more than that he disagrees with Commissioner John Doe on the subject of the new fire station. The problem grows even more complex if during the following week he commends John Doe's brave stand against weeds and learns that his words are regarded as an apology for the previous affront.

Among my friends in Austin was the manager of the theater. For some months I lived in his home. It did not occur to me that this fact prohibited honest criticism of his shows. Personally, he didn't think so either, but the general impression among his friends was that I treated him with contempt. Even dramatic criticism was personal. Any ordinary news item would be suppressed as a friendly courtesy. One inevitable result was that, so far as the press disclosed, only Negroes and po' white trash ever committed assault and battery in the town. Not to be able to suppress such news indicated that a man's social standing was under par. So far as the arrest and fine were concerned, the man himself would tell the story with gusto and amusement before a crowd. In print, however, it was an insult.

A somewhat similar point of view was held with regard to municipal affairs. If the bridge over Catfish Creek sagged eight feet in the middle and a warning of danger appeared in print the editor was knocking the town. His proper course would have been to say: "Our great and glorious and thriving metropolis is about to build a bridge over Catfish Creek that will make puny Brooklyn and measly Manhattan green with envy." Local people would understand by this that the old bridge must have finally tumbled in. Having plenty of time, they'd go out and see for themselves. Editing in Austin was thus intricate, and I never did really master it, partly because I spent too much time hoping that I'd get an offer from the Dallas *News* before I starved to death. Finally the offer came.

The Dallas *News* was, and is, an institution. Editorial policies not only existed, but were adopted in editorial conferences. Only competent men were employed. Promotion was mainly by seniority. Scarcely anyone was ever discharged. George B. Dealey, the general manager, summoned me to his office shortly after I arrived and informed me that if at any time I needed to borrow money I should borrow it from the cashier, as he preferred that employés have no debts elsewhere. This was because he regarded them as professional men whose independence was of vital importance to the paper. The terms on which money was advanced were very simple: you paid it back whenever you could and without interest; an I. O. U. was the only security. Staff men went from one extremely interesting assignment to another. For instance, I was at once directed to find out why so many school teachers all over the State were resigning. That struck me as something worth doing—real news.

When the oil boom roared over Central West Texas the *News* sent staff men to report developments, but advertisements were barred. A thousand varieties of scoundrels were operating and Mr. Dealey reported to an editorial conference that he found it impossible to sift the advertisements offered by frauds from those offered by honest promoters. Under the circumstances he could see no safe course other than to turn down all of them. The decision cost him not less than $500,000, possibly much more. That seemed to me a very brave and fine thing to do. In publishing the news we leaned over backward to avoid sensationalism, but we neither suppressed nor dodged nor fawned.

I respected the *News* and liked every person connected with it, but my private affairs were not prospering. The cost of living was rising at a dizzy rate and presently I had no margin at all between bread and butter and my wages, which were $50 a week. In Texas that sum was regarded as a very good salary for a staff man and not many received it. I was in line for promotion on the best newspaper in the State, the most prosperous, and the most generous with employés. To ask for more money seemed difficult because of the seniority system. Nevertheless, I confronted a crisis. I had to have more money in order to live, though I was already near the top of my profession in the State in which I had grown to manhood. There was no chance of doing better with another newspaper. So, after due consideration, I decided that I had adequately experimented with journalism. When I resigned from the *News* I also resigned from the profession.

Scores of other men had been through just about the same experience and reached the same conclusion. Many of my associates of previous years were already engaged in other activities; but I had been more stubborn than they. I had waited until there was a rumble of discontent all over the country; scores of strikes were in progress. The printers had demanded and received higher wages; likewise the engravers, pressmen, stenographers, apprentices, office boys, truck drivers, elevator operators, machinists, telegraphers, and the experts who mixed paste for the paste pots. But the men of the editorial force still served an ideal. Very few ever asked for an increase. It simply wasn't done. The

facts had moved on, but the old tradition survived. It said that a true journalist would wait to be rewarded as the fortunes of the institution permitted. He was of its soul, not a hired hand. Of the gallant crews with which I have served not one per cent ever asked for more pay. When they couldn't live on their salaries, they quit. In the course of a few years dozens of old friends had thus disappeared.

It happens that I know today where most of them are. Not one is earning less than twice his newspaper salary, and several of them have multiplied it by ten. We number among us bank directors, practicing attorneys, railroad executives, publicity men, lobbyists, foreign sales representatives, manufacturers, one manager of an oil company and several authors of books and contributors to the magazines. During my cubhood it was the boast of newspaper men that a good one ought to be able to do anything, and most of those I knew have made good the boast. One old friend of mine, an editorial writer, became in three months an expert credit man for a wholesale house doing a large interstate business. Another achieved an immediate and outstanding success as an assistant postmaster-general. Unless memory plays me false, there were very few dumbbells practicing journalism in the offices where I served. We thought a newspaper man ought to know a great deal about almost anything you might mention.

IV

Nevertheless, we turned out, for the most part, very dull papers. In Texas, indeed, to this day, the press has never been able to achieve the position of a public forum. Print seems to frighten the people of the State—especially the men and women in public life. Their place of discussion is the political meeting. On the stump they will debate every imaginable issue, including the rectitude of their own private lives. I mean this literally. Subjects that have not the remotest relation to government can be made paramount issues in Texas if engaging speakers tackle them. Next to the stump the courtroom is their forum. Lawyers have not only achieved fame but won their cases by delivering orations on all sorts of extraneous subjects, while presumably addressing juries on behalf of their clients. Men will sometimes sue each other simply to make opportunity to present their opinions. But this is true throughout the South, a case in point being the evolution trial in Tennessee. That case presented no issue suitable for a courtroom; nevertheless, it was brought there because the truth or falsity of anything, the Southerners assume, can be established by a district court. Texans under similar circumstances, would have done the same thing. But to debate in a column of type strikes them as impossible.

During my editorship in Austin I tried to introduce the idea in a series of discussions, Mrs. Charles Stephenson, now of the University of Texas, taking one side and I the other. People whose positions should have been a guarantee of intelligence took it for granted that the lady, who was a member of my staff, would be discharged for disagreeing with me. In other words, the experiment was a complete failure. The few letters we managed to draw from readers were written in atrocious English, usually with lead pencil on both sides of cheap paper. As a rule they were impossibly long and no small percentage of them showed downright insanity in the writers. Throughout my experience as an editor in the State not one letter out of five that I received could be printed at all and not one in twenty-five was worth printing. That is still true. One type of letter from the Texas reader leads all the others in numbers: it settles the issue by appeal to the Bible. The subject may be the tariff or meteorology: in either case, the answer will be found in the Book, usually in Revelation. This should not be taken as an indictment of the intelligence of the whole State; it simply proves that the newspaper is not its forum. That, I think, is most un-

fortunate, for opinion and discussion are no less news than fires and crime.

The fact that Texans decline to use the best forum mankind has ever devised, and content themselves with two wretched makeshifts for the airing of their opinions, explains why the masses of the people fall such easy victims to leather-lunged ignoramuses in the pulpit and in politics. Newspapers that catalogue only a bewildering array of disjointed happenings are surely not important factors in promoting public enlightenment. Only the stimulation of actual thought can accomplish that. And in Texas the principal thought-stimulators are selfish, ignorant demagogues and preachers of low intelligence. That they have such vast influence ought not to mystify anyone; they have achieved their dominance because they are about the only people in the State who step out boldly and declare their views. They could be driven to cover in one year; indeed, they have been driven to cover more than once in a single political campaign when intelligence rallied against them. But the blather-bund has the persistence and valor of its ignorance, while the more intelligent Texans, save on rare occasions, refuse either to accept the forums open to them or to erect new ones. Among the States of the late Confederacy Texas ranks high in intelligence; indeed, I entertain twice as much hope of it as I entertain of any other, and I know all of them except Florida. Nevertheless, its press does not indicate that its people are any better than those of Georgia. As a matter of fact, they are a generation or two ahead.

I have been intimately familiar with Texas newspapers for twenty years. During that time they have performed only two really notable public services—that is, undertaken on their own initiative and at their own expense. One was the investigation of the State penitentiary system, which led to sensational disclosures, legislative action, and wholesome reforms. This investigation was initiated by George McQuaid, who was, at the time, managing editor of the San Antonio *Express*. A very large part of the work was done by George Waverley Briggs, a staff writer. Mr. McQuaid had given up the practice of law because he harbored many of the same romantic notions about journalism that tortured me. The appalling drabness of his job on the *Express* was probably no less irksome to him than the laborious routine of mine was to me. Situated as he was, to discover this opportunity was nothing less than a stroke of genius, for no advertisers would protest, the preachers would probably applaud, and all the danger would be personal rather than financial. Neither he nor Briggs was afraid of the danger if only they could kick up a little dust in a fight that had some sensible purpose. So they risked their skins and waded in. The campaign was handled with marked ability and startling bravery. Within a short time the Dallas *News* generously coöperated in placing the facts before the public, thereby contributing very largely to the ensuing legislative action, for the circulation of the *News* was much larger than that of the *Express*. Today George Waverley Briggs is vice-president of a bank in Dallas and George McQuaid is employed by the public service corporations of the State. Their reasons for abandoning journalism were about the same as my own.

The second conspicuous public service was performed by the Dallas *Dispatch* and more particularly by Glenn Pricer, one of its editors. Like McQuaid, he is a man of sound scholarship as well as of outstanding ability as a news-gatherer. He had the good sense to realize, when Dallas was captured lock, stock and barrel by the Ku Klux Klan, that every man who joined wasn't an idiot or a fanatic simply because he had wandered into a silly organization. Pricer conducted a campaign that addressed itself to the horse-sense of the ordinary man. He probably struck the most telling blows delivered against the Ku Klux Klan anywhere in this country. At the time, however, his campaign involved risking personal attack, financial loss for his paper,

and social ostracism. He could very easily have followed the Texas journalistic tradition of neutrality. Probably ninety per cent of the newspapers of Texas were represented in the Klan, usually through their advertising departments. But Pricer chose the braver course, and added to its dangers by doing nearly all of the work himself. He won his fight.

V

There is another factor which sharply limits the usefulness of the Texas press. The libel laws of the State are outrageously unjust. Indeed, they are almost sufficient to prove to any intelligent man that the State doesn't desire newspapers at all. I do not recall any situation in which malice must be proved in order that a plaintiff may collect damages. Almost incredible suits win large verdicts. For instance, you report that "John Smith, colored" did so and so, and on the following day an attorney for John Smith, white, an entirely different person, appears to ask damages on the ground that you called him a Negro and ruined his life. Nowhere, I believe, does the damage suit industry flourish so luxuriantly as in Texas. There are almost enough lawyers earning less than $2,500 a year in the State to pick the cotton crop, and no small percentage of them have the ethics of pickpockets. This crew of pirates may be depended upon to miss nothing, from typographical errors up. Even in quotation marks, reporting a public address of the governor, a newspaper can commit libel. The courts, true enough, have accorded the press the right to report the proceedings of public gatherings if "full and fair" reports are given, but the phrase "full and fair" raises a question of fact for the jury to determine. I do not believe it is possible to issue in Texas a twenty-page newspaper containing the usual run of news without furnishing opportunity for at least five plaintiffs to get into court.

This muzzling of the press bestows an appalling freedom upon loud-mouthed ignoramuses and charlatans, and even upon thieves. Not to be able to attack them directly is bad enough, but it frequently happens that one dare not even expose them in the fairest of all ways: by printing verbatim the idiocy they spout. The persons they denounce may sue for damages! In this connection I recall a most amusing as well as amazing incident. A certain governor of the State had encountered a wave of unpopularity toward the close of his first term. According to tradition, he was entitled to his second term anyway, but a man unknown to politicians and living in a remote part of the State announced himself as a candidate. About two weeks later it became apparent to everyone who had any knowledge of political feeling that this unknown man would probably be elected. Not only politicians but quite a number of other men anxious for the welfare of the State went to visit the unknown. As they trekked homeward his boom collapsed. The elder statesmen had looked him over and decided that he wouldn't do, so they quietly spread the tidings by word of mouth. The press had no part at all in the business. It was muzzled. There was nothing the matter with his character, patriotism or purposes; the only thing he lacked was intelligence—and it was too dangerous to mention that!

The press of Texas is thus not free. And not being free, it cannot make use of the highest type of journalistic ability. By the time a newspaper man in the State has become worth fifty dollars a week, consideration for his own welfare leads him to abandon the profession or go to some other State. A very large majority of all of the newspaper men with whom I worked there have done one or the other. And as the youngsters grow up they continue to face the same old alternatives. Journalism, in Texas, isn't a profession at all. It's simply a job, and at low wages. There was a day when the printshop was journalism's very best recruiting ground. But not now. The printers look upon the hirelings in the editorial department with scorn.

HATRACK

BY HERBERT ASBURY

When I was a boy in Farmington, Missouri, it was the custom of our pastors and pious brethren, and of the professional devil-chasers who were imported as reinforcements from time to time, to proclaim loudly and incessantly that our collective morals were compounded of a slice of Sodom and a cut of Gomorrah, with an extract of Babylon to flavor the stew. They worried constantly and fretfully over our amorous activities; they regarded every man except the very aged and decrepit as a potential seducer, and every young girl as a prospective daughter of sin, whose salvation depended almost entirely upon the volume of noise they themselves could make.

In their more feverish discourses appeared significant references to the great difficulty of remaining pure, and in effect they advised our young women to go armed to the teeth, prepared to do battle in defense of their virginity. These gloomy predictions of the inevitability of seduction naturally had a tremendous effect upon young minds; very likely it was after she had heard the ravings of such an evangelist that the little girl of the fable, requested by her teacher to define a virgin, replied, "A female person under five years of age."

In all the small towns of the Middle West this sort of thing was the principal stock in trade of those who would lead their brethren to the worship of the current God. I do not recall ever having heard an evangelist, whether professional or amateur, who did not assure his hearers that their town was over-run by harlots, and that brothels abounded in which leading citizens abandoned themselves to shameful orgies while church attendance dwindled, and collections became smaller and smaller, and chicken appeared less and less frequently upon the ministerial table. Their tirades were generally in this fashion:

> Shall we permit these painted daughters of Jezebel, these bedizened hussies, to stalk the streets of this fair city and flaunt their sin in the face of the Lord? Shall we permit them to lure our sons and brothers into their vile haunts and ply their nefarious trade in the very shadow of the House of God? No! I say NO! Jesus Christ must live in this town!

Immediately everyone shouted, "Amen, Brother!" and "Praise the Lord!" But it was sometimes difficult to determine whether the congregation praised the Lord for inspiring the evangelist to so courageously defy the harlots, or for permitting him to discover them. If the Man of God could find them, why not the damned too? Certainly there were always many who wondered if the brother had acquired any good addresses or telephone numbers since coming to town. Not infrequently, indeed, he was stealthily shadowed home by young men eager to settle that question.

These charges and denunciations were repeated by the evangelist at the meetings for men only which were always a most interesting feature of the revivals. At similar gatherings for women, or ladies, as we called them in small town journalism, his wife or a devout sister discussed the question from the feminine viewpoint. What went on at these latter conclaves I do not know, though I can guess, for I have often seen young girls coming out of them giggling and blushing. The meetings for men only were juicy indeed. The evan-

gelist discussed all angles of the subject, and in a very free manner. His own amorous exploits before he became converted were recited in considerable detail, and he painted vivid word pictures of the brothels he had visited, both as a paying client and in the course of his holy work. Almost invariably they were subterranean palaces hung with silks and satins, with soft rugs upon the floor, and filled with a vast multitude of handsome young women, all as loose as ashes. Having thus intimated, with some smirking, that for many years he was almost the sole support of harlotry, he became confidential. He leaned forward and said:

"There are such Dens of the Devil right here in your town!"

This was first-class information, and immediately there was a stir in the audience, many of his hearers betraying an eagerness to be gone. But before they could get away the evangelist thundered:

"Shall we permit them to continue their wicked practices?"

I always hoped to be present some day when the audience forgot itself and answered that question with the reply that was so plainly in its mind, namely, "Yes!" But alas, I never heard it, although there was much shouting of "Amen!" and "Glory to God!" These meetings for men only were generally held in the afternoon, and their net result was that the business of the drug-store increased immediately, and when night fell bands of young good-for-nothings scurried hither and yon about the town, searching feverishly for the Dens of the Devil. They searched without fear, confident that modern science would save them from any untoward consequences, and knowing that no matter what they did they would go to heaven if they permitted a minister to intercede for them in the end, or a priest to oil them with holy unguents.

But the Dens of the Devil were not found, neither in Farmington nor in any other small town in that region, for the very good reason that they did not exist. The evangelist did not know what he was talking about; he was simply using stock blather that he had found by experience would excite the weak-minded to both sexual and religious emotions, which are very similar. He knew that when they were thus upset they would be less likely to question his ravings—that they would be more pliable in his hands and easier to convert. It is, in fact, well-nigh impossible to convert anyone who can keep his head and retain control of his emotions. Such a person is likely to giggle during the most solemn moments, and nothing is more destructive of evangelical fervor than a hearty giggle.

II

Our small towns were not over-run by harlots for the plain reason that harlotry could not flourish in a small town. It was economically impossible; there were not enough cash customers to make the scarlet career profitable. Also, the poor girls had to meet too much competition from emotional ladies who had the professional spirit but retained their amateur standing by various technicalities. And harlots, like the rest of us, had to live; they required the same sort of raiment and food that sufficed their virtuous sisters; it was not until they died that they wore nothing but the smoke of hell and were able to subsist on a diet of brimstone and sulphur.

Many men who in larger communities would have patronized the professionals could not do so in a small town. They could not afford to; it was too dangerous. The moment a woman was suspected of being a harlot she was watched eagerly by everyone from the mayor down to the preachers, and the name of every man seen talking to her, or even looking at her, went winging swiftly from mouth to mouth, and was finally posted on the heavenly bulletin board as that of an immoral wretch. A house in which harlotry was practiced was picketed day and night by small boys eager to learn the forbidden mysteries, and by brethren and sisters hopefully sniffing.

It was not possible for a harlot to keep her cliéntèle secret, for the sexual life of a small town is an open book, and news of amorous doings could not travel faster if each had a tabloid newspaper.

Exact statistics, of course, are not available, but it is probably true that no small American town has ever harbored a harlot whose professional income was sufficient to feed and clothe her. Few if any such towns have ever been the abode of more than one harlot at a time. When I was a boy every one had its own harlot, just as it had its town sot (this, of course, was before drunkards became extinct), and its town idiot. But she was generally a poor creature who was employed by day as a domestic servant and practised her ancient art only in her hours of leisure. She turned to it partly for economic reasons, and partly because of a great yearning for human companionship, which she could obtain in no other way. She remained in it because she was almost instantly branded a Daughter of Satan, and shunned by good and bad alike. She seldom, if ever, realized that she was doing wrong; her moral standards were those of a bed-bug. She thought of harlotry in terms of new ribbons and an occasional pair of shoes, and in terms of social intercourse; she was unmoral rather than immoral, and the proceeds of her profession, to her, were just so much extra spending money.

Small town men who occasionally visited the larger cities, and there thought nothing of spending from ten to fifty dollars in metropolitan brothels, were very stingy in dealing with the town harlot. They considered a dollar an enormous price for her, and frequently they refused to give her anything. Many small communities were not able to support even a part-time harlot; consequently some members of the craft went from town to town, taking secular jobs and practicing harlotry as a side line until driven out by the godly or until the inevitable business depression occurred. I recall one who made several towns along the O. K. Railroad in Northeastern Missouri as regularly as the shoe drummers. Her studio was always an empty box car on the town siding, and she had a mania for inscribing in such cars the exact dates and hours of her adventures, and her honoraria. It was not unusual to find in a car some such inscription as this:

Ten p. m., July 8. Fifty cents.

These writings, scrawled in lead pencil or with a bit of chalk, were signed "Box Car Molly." Once, in a car from which I had unloaded many heavy bags of cement, I came across what seemed to be a choice bit of very early, and apparently authentic Box-Car-Molliana. On the wall was this:

I was ruined in this car May 10.

Box Car Molly

III

Our town harlot in Farmington was a scrawny creature called variously Fanny Fewclothes and Hatrack, but usually the latter in deference to her figure. When she stood with her arms outstretched she bore a remarkable resemblance to the tall hatracks then in general use in our homes, and since she was always most amiable and obliging, she was frequently asked to pose thus for the benefit of drummers and other infidels. In time, she came to take a considerable pride in this accomplishment; she referred to herself as a model, and talked vaguely of abandoning her wicked life and going to St. Louis, where she was sure she could make a living posing for artists.

Six days a week Hatrack was a competent and more or less virtuous drudge employed by one of our best families, but Sunday was her day off, and she then, in turn, offered her soul to the Lord and went to the devil. For the latter purpose she utilized the Masonic and Catholic cemeteries, which were side by side, although their occupants presumably went to different heavens. Hatrack's regular Sunday night parade, her descent from righteous-

ness to sin, was one of the most fascinating events of the week, and promptly after supper those of us who did not have engagements to take young ladies to church, (which was practically equivalent to publishing the banns), went downtown to the loafing place in front of the Post Office and waited impatiently.

On week days Hatrack turned a deaf ear to the blandishments of our roués, but on Sunday night she was very gracious and receptive. This, however, was not until she had gone to church and had been given to understand, tacitly but none the less clearly, that there was no room for her in the Kingdom of Heaven. Our Sunday night services usually began about eight o'clock, following the meetings of the various young people's societies. At seven thirty, regardless of the weather, the angular figure of Hatrack could be discerned coming down the hill from the direction of the cemeteries. She lived somewhere in that section and worked by the day. She was always dressed in her best, and in her eyes was the light of a great resolve. She was going to church, and there was that in her walk and manner which said that thereafter she was going to lead a better life.

There was always a group of men waiting for her around the Post Office. But although several always muttered, "Here she comes!" it was not good form to speak to her then, and she walked past them as though she had not seen them. But they, with their wide knowledge of the vagaries of the agents of the Lord, grinned hopefully and settled down to wait. They knew she would be back. She went on up the street past the Court House and turned into the Northern Methodist Church, where she took a seat in the last row. All about her were empty seats; if they were not empty when she got there they were soon vacated. No one spoke to her. No one asked her to come to Jesus. No one held out a welcoming hand. No one prayed for her. No one offered her a hymn-book. At the protracted meetings and revivals, which she invariably attended, none of the brothers and sisters tried to convert her; she was a Scarlet Woman and belonged to the devil. There was no place for her in a respectable congregation. They could not afford to be seen talking to her, even in church, where God's love, by their theory, made brothers and sisters of us all.

It was painful to watch her; she listened to the Word with such rapt attention; she sang the hymns with such fanatical fervor, and she plainly yearned for the comforts of that barbaric religion and the blessings of easy intercourse with decent people. But she never got them. From the Christians and their God she got nothing but scorn. Of all the sinners in our town Hatrack would have been the easiest to convert; she was so eager for salvation. If a preacher, or a brother, or a sister, had so much as spoken a kind word to her she would have dropped to her knees and given up her soul. And her conversion, in all likelihood, would have been permanent, for she was not mentally equipped for a struggle against the grandiose improbabilities of revealed religion. If someone had told her, as I was told, that God was an old man with long whiskers, she would not have called him "Daddy," as some of her more flippant city sisters might have done; she would have accepted Him and gloried in Him.

But she was not plucked from the burning, for the workers for the Lord would have nothing to do with her, and by the end of the service her eyes had grown sullen and her lip had curled upward in a sneer. Before the final hymn was sung and the benediction pronounced upon the congregation she got to her feet and left the church. None tried to stop her; she was not wanted in the House of God. I have seen her sit alone and miserably unhappy while the preacher bellowed a sermon about forgiveness, with the whole church rocking to a chorus of "amens" as he told the stories of various Biblical harlots, and how God had forgiven them.

But for Hatrack there was no forgiveness. Mary Magdalene was a Saint in

heaven, but Hatrack remained a harlot in Farmington. Every Sunday night for years she went through the same procedure. She was hopeful always that someone would speak to her and make a place for her, that the brothers and sisters who talked so volubly about the grace and the mercy of God would offer her some of the religion that they dripped so freely over everyone else in town. But they did not, and so she went back down the street to the Post Office, swishing her skirts and offering herself to all who desired her. The men who had been waiting for her, and who had known that she would come, leered at her and hailed her with obscene speech and gesture. And she gave them back leer for leer, meeting their sallies with giggles, and motioning with her head toward the cemeteries.

And so she went up the hill. A little while later a man left the group, remarking that he must go home. He followed her. And a moment after that another left, and then another, until behind Hatrack was a line of men, about one to a block, who would not look at one another, and who looked sheepishly at the ground when they met anyone coming the other way. As each man accosted her in turn Hatrack inquired whether he was a Protestant or a Catholic. If he was a Protestant she took him into the Catholic cemetery; if he was a Catholic they went into the Masonic cemetery. They paid her what they liked, or nothing, and she was grateful for whatever she received. It was Hatrack who made the remark that was famous in our town for many years. To a stranger who offered her a dollar she said:

"You know damned well I haven't got any change."

THE LIBERATOR

BY L. M. HUSSEY

I SUM him up in these words: he was a jocose martyr. In the final episode of his life there was no circumstance wanting to make him memorable. Or so it seemed at first glance. He espoused a high, romantic cause, and his conclusion was both glamorous and heroic. Yet he remains obscure and quite forgotten.

It is necessary to say at once that I speak of no remote person, but of one intimately known. This acquaintance spanned a considerable stretch of years. When I first saw him he was a swarthy, lowering little urchin, at that moment brought in from the street, where he had received a drubbing, or administered one to a small companion. The precise recipient is of no matter now. This was during the initial month of my first year in South America. I was that day a caller at the home of Señor Ramón Ramírez Silva, and stood in Señor Ramírez's *sala*, talking to that ornate gentleman in person.

There came a shrill screaming out of doors, a scuffling in the vestibule, and instantly Ismael was brought before his father in the *sala*. Holding him by the slack of his drill blouse was Modesta, the mulatto maid-servant. With tremendous volubility she began the tale of his wrongdoing. Meanwhile, the child said nothing at all, but stared at his father unflinchingly. I found him an engaging rascal. There was something impiously courageous in his face. He resembled a muddied cherub taken in effectual revolt against the celestial hierarchy.

To subdue Modesta, Señor Ramírez waved a forbidding forefinger. Meanwhile, frowning, he examined his young son.

"*Hijo*," he said, impressively, "once more you've been disobedient!"

"*Como no?*" inquired the disreputable cherub, insolently.

Why not? This was a taunting rejoinder. Señor Ramírez underwent an obvious struggle to maintain his temper and dignity. His frown intensified; it grew almost ferocious. But the small Ismael remained undaunted. His gaze was still sullenly unwavering. And after a few seconds Señor Ramírez shrugged his shoulders, abandoning a hopeless contest.

"The child is shamefully dirty," he said to Modesta. "Take him out and cause him to be cleaned."

As Ismael was being led away Señor Ramírez grew suavely apologetic, and at the same time confidential.

"He is a very corrupt infant. Not at all easy to control, I assure you, Señor! What am I to do? A grand problem! Punishment has virtually no effect. He sheds whippings like water. As for argument—my God! One might as well try to persuade the devil to virtue! Let me give you an example and you'll understand, Señor. Two weeks ago I had just come out of the Casa Amarilla when I discovered this young one in the Plaza with several companions. I was astonished! Ismael was cursing like a bandit. Positively it was shameless. He was brought home and Ifigenia, our cook, suggested that we wash out his evil little mouth with strong soap. Do you imagine the punishment was of any benefit? By no means, Señor! During the entire operation Ismael cursed so outrageously that we were forced to discontinue the punishment for fear of a scandal. Frankly I'm discouraged.

I leave his future in the hands of God!"

On saying these words Señor Ramírez Silva threw out his arms in a gesture of abandonment. Nevertheless, in a vague, smiling tremulousness at the corners of his lips I detected the secret of his hidden pride. Doubtless, as the years went on, the subsequent misdemeanors of his son sufficiently quenched this pride—but just at that moment I'm sure it pleased the old fellow to know that he had begotten such a robust little villain.

Then his confidences were interrupted by the entrance of Justina into the *sala*. I bowed, Justina gave me her hand, and I said:

"Your father and I were discussing the pranks of that little brother of yours, Señorita."

Señorita Justina still smiled, but the quick glance that searched my face and her father's face was one of suspicion. Had we been speaking too harshly of her little brother? Her voice, as she spoke to me, was firm, almost challenging.

"Ay, what a little mischief! But you must not take him seriously, Señor! Father doesn't always understand. It is simply a case of spirit. I think our Ismaelito has a perfectly marvelous spirit! Such energy! He'll assert himself in life! Sooner or later we'll all be proud of him!"

"I only pray God," remarked Señor Ramírez, "that sooner or later he doesn't get himself hung."

He said this with a smile, not at all seriously. Plainly enough, Señor Ramírez was now teasing his daughter—but she resented the jest.

"Please, papa!" she cried. "It hurts me to hear you say such things!"

II

Five months later I returned to the United States, taking Justina with me. We had been married late that Summer. On the day of our leave-taking Ismael created what Señor Ramírez called a "scandal." That is to say, he refused to bid us goodbye at home but howled with so much passion that he was finally permitted to ride with us in the motor to La Guayra, the seaport.

Clearly now, in retrospect, I see his small, robustly vital figure on that day of leave-taking. The sun streamed against his face; his brows were contracted and this assured him an aspect of concentrated malignancy. A launch was to carry us out to our steamer riding in the roadstead and as we moved forward the child stood motionlessly, his back against the blazing white wall of the customs building. He seemed less to observe us than to watch the limitless sea beyond, meditating piracies. His figure became a dusk splotch against the sunlit wall, but the shadow of it was projected upward, a looming, tall shadow somehow portentous.

After that, for some years, we learned of him in the letters from Justina's home. He was sent to the public school but in spite of Señor Ramírez Silva's political connections he was expelled at the end of a year. Thereafter we heard of private tutors, a pathetic succession of private tutors. Clearly I conceived the tribulations of those harassed pedagogues. Each must have entered the home of Señor Ramírez with lofty hopes. He was now Ministro de Relaciones Exteriores. Through him, to an impoverished man, might come the chance of political employment. Yet Ismael contrived to vanquish hope in every breast. One by one the tutors withdrew.

Their succession spanned a period of five or six years. At one time during this interval we received a droll snap-shot of the boy arrayed for his first communion. This snap-shot constituted an utter falsehood. There was no evil in it. The imp was replaced by a cherubic lad in a white drill suit, white shoes and stockings, broad white collar and snowy, flowing necktie, with a tall, slim taper in one hand and a breviary in the other.

"How dear!" exclaimed Justina. "What a wonderful likeness! He hasn't changed much. It looks exactly like Ismaelito!"

Her words caused me to smile, briefly.

The period of private tutorship ended, Ismael was entered as a cadet at the Escuela Militar. Señor Ramírez seemed to regard this as a stern yet hopeful shift; his letter to his daughter made Justina indignant.

"He will be the youngest student in the Academy," wrote my father-in-law, "but I had no other course than to send him there. As he grows older he grows more self-willed. He is excessively disobedient. I despair of disciplining him, but the officers at the Academy may succeed. Nevertheless, I am afraid!"

It seemed to Justina that there was in no one any sympathy for her brother; he was a martyred infant. His pranks, according to her opinion, were exaggerated out of all common sense.

And now, for a year or so, it seemed that her ceaseless optimism might find its justification. The reports from the Escuela Militar were not especially perturbing. Ismael was taken in various peccadillos, but these were deemed no more than the trifling misadventures of a lad notably high-spirited. Perhaps once a month he was arrested by the police, locked up over night and thereafter released. One took little alarm from these frequent incarcerations. The lads of his country were wont to drink *cinta verde* and yelp riotously in the streets. But at the end of two years he became, abruptly, the central figure in a scandalous adventure. It was this: he had fought a duel with another cadet, had been wounded and was in the hospital with a deep sabre cut across his breast and a fractured clavicle.

Here was something absurd, outrageously romantic! The boys had quarreled over a low wench who lived near the dubious corner of Horno Negro. A duel! a sabre battle! It was a reversion to the barbarous, forgotten practices of the early conquistadores. Previously no like encounter had ever been heard of in the Escuela Militar. Justina cared nothing for the scandal, but she was intolerably concerned for the welfare of her brother. Within a few days she sailed for home.

III

Three weeks later I received her first letter. Ismael was out of the hospital. Justina spoke proudly of his spirit and high courage. He was, of course, leaving the Academy—they had no place for a youth of his belligerency in a military school of noted respectability. "Father is sending him to the plantation," wrote Justina. "I think he can find an outlet there for his high spirits. The place will do him good."

Her surmise proved exuberantly true. He did find an outlet for his high spirits. He began by riding several horses to death, was bitten by a rattlesnake and survived, and before a year was out he had wrecked the *balandra* and lost the cargo in bringing cocoanuts from the plantation to La Guayra by sea.

Now, at last, Señor Ramírez was in despair. One could justly pity him. He threatened to disown the boy, cast him off utterly. Yet, even after her return, Justina's letters, her firm pleadings with her father, averted for a time at least an inevitable crisis.

I say a crisis was inevitable. From my knowledge of Ismael it was as predictable as the movements of the planets.

First came startling, yet not tragic news. Ismael, now eighteen years old, was married. Whom had he married? A child of sixteen named María de la Purísima Concepción. We knew nothing of her family, which bore the nondescript name Gonzales. She was a country lass. Señor Ramírez Silva wrote hopefully. Perhaps now Ismael would come to a sense of manly responsibility. "Conchita," he said, "is an angel. God knows what her fate will be at the hands of Ismael!"

This letter contained additional news. It told us that Ismael and his little bride were to visit the States on their honeymoon. We made ready for them and one rainy afternoon they appeared.

I found myself shaking hands with a short, swarthy young man not very different from the child of years before whose portentous shadow had loomed against the

gleaming wall of La Guayra's *aduana*. Behind him, blushing and incredibly shy, stood the child bride. A second later, before she embraced her brother, Justina clasped Concepción in her arms.

"We love you already, Conchita," she said. "It's very dear to have you and Ismaelito with us!"

Her voice trembled; it was vibrant with —compassion! Scarcely could I restrain a surprised start. What an admission! In actual syllables spoken by her lips no one could have wrung from Justina anything save a stanch avowal of her faith in Ismael. And now, for the first time, I knew definitely of her secret misgivings. These were betrayed by the pitying inflections of her voice. She did not say, "Poor child, poor little Concepción! Why did you marry my brother? Why was life so careless of you?" Yet these were the words plainly implied, both by the tenderness of her caressing embrace, and the trembling uncertainty of her voice.

As for Concepción, Señor Ramírez had not exaggerated the quality of her nature. She was, as he wrote, angelic. This suggests, too, that she was a bit stupid. True enough; Conchita was somewhat stupid. She was angelic in the conventional sense, in that she had very little spirit, smiled with eagerness, and did everything she was told. To her the word of Ismael was already as binding as a Mosaic injunction. Naturally dictatorial, he regulated the very minutiæ of her life. She smiled, called him "Papaito" and obeyed. It was charming; it was sad.

The pair remained with us for two weeks. All the while Ismael was impatient to return.

"I have my responsibilities now," he told me.

"Yes, you have. You have responsibilities now."

"A great deal can be made of the plantation. Father has old-fashioned ideas. But I've been there three years and I know what must be done!"

"What do you think must be done?"

His white teeth clicked together audibly. There was an ominous furrowing of his brow.

"If we're to make anything of the plantation," he declared, "we must discipline the damned niggers. *Caramba!* they do what they please! Their goats run through the freshly planted groves and eat the shoots of the young trees. When I return we're going first of all to organize a hunting party for goats!"

"Won't shooting the goats get you into trouble?"

"Damn them all!" declared Ismael with an explosive sniff. "I'll shoot the niggers too if they give me any impudence. *Caramba!* I'll stand for very little!"

"Would conciliation—" I began. But I saw that he resented advice.

They returned, the angel and the youth with responsibilities. He went with his bride to live at the plantation, there to bring discipline to the Negroes, that is to say, the mixed Indians and blacks who lived more or less independently as squatters on the land. From month to month we heard disquieting rumors—tales of ingenious brutalities. On a visit to the capital Conchita had a photograph made. She looked thinner, drawn, even older. Six months later a child was born, a boy.

I had, of course, been waiting for a crisis. It came when Ismael Junior was aged three months and, at the moment, fortunately with his mother on a visit to the capital. The squatters had rebelled, a battle with guns and machetes followed, Ismael's under-administrador had been killed, but Ismael had shot two men and escaped in the new *balandra*. His plantation days were ended.

IV

Señor Ramírez Silva declared that his responsibilities, too, were at an end. No, he would provide his son with no more money, nothing, no income whatever. The plight of Concepción and the baby might be piteous; nevertheless, one must sometime cease to compromise. One thing he would do.

Through his political influence he would obtain a small office for his son. And Ismael was sent to the village of Las Tejerías as collector of the alcohol excise.

It was a petty office. A modest, excessively careful man might have derived, however, a scant living from it. Ismael, of course, found life upon his legitimate earnings impossible. Doubtless Señor Ramírez foresaw this and planned in the end to aid him. But before he relented Ismael had made bold shift to aid himself.

That is to say, he took not only his commissions upon the excise collections, but the entire tax as well. We learned of his arrest, and Justina, in a tearful passion, swore that she would sell all her jewels to secure his release. It was a desperate manœuvre that proved unnecessary. Once more the father stepped in—for the last time. He made up the sum of Ismael's embezzlement and solemnly disowned him. He wrote to Concepción, advising her to leave her husband and bring the baby to live with him. The unfortunate girl made no reply; Ismael replied in her stead. Señor Ramírez sent us his scandalous letter.

"Father," he wrote, "I warn you never to send another such message to me again. If you attempt to separate me from my wife and child I'll come to the capital and shoot you like a nigger!"

Meanwhile, cut off from funds and employment, what was Ismael to do?

"He'll perish!" Justina cried. "He and poor Conchita and the child will starve. We can't allow it! We must do something!"

Her naïve faith was touching. Do something! I could not tell her that these events were fateful, that they were as if preordained. They were inevitably the consequence of that curious character, that strange, half-savage nature that had not discovered how to function in any environment. His moods and actions lashed at life like a small monster from the sea, beached on a dry shore. He was not tame; he had been born for a heartier age.

Nevertheless, Justina persuaded me to make the trip to South America. We would see Ismael ourselves. We would try to break the harsh resolution of his father.

To do this second task we found was hopeless. And the first part of our mission was also partly thwarted by Justina's sudden illness. She was in bed, but she persuaded me not to wait for her recovery.

"He must be in need at this moment," she said. "Please go to Tejerías yourself!"

Tejerías, a squalid little place to the South, is a comfortless day's ride from the capital. When I arrived a group of naked urchins dogged my heels until I entered the *botiquin* to make inquiries. The keeper of the *botiquin* stood behind his bar morosely staring at the cracked, plaster walls. In Tejerías poverty is so extreme that the natives have not even sufficient funds to support a prosperous *botiquin*. I drank a bottle of villainous warm beer and learned the whereabouts of Ismael.

I found him living a little outside the village, quartered in an abandoned *rancheria*. I know not what misguided optimist built this place, hoping to conduct a tavern at Las Tejerías. It had been long in disuse. The poles of the outer porch were rotted; one edge of the projecting roof drooped like a broken wing. Here Ismael had simply taken possession; in effect, he was a squatter.

As I approached I saw a child, a toddling baby, kicking in the dirt outside the infirm building. A thin girl stood listlessly in the doorway. She was vaguely outlined against the rectangular segment of a dusk interior. I came nearer before I realized her identity. This wan girl, pitifully thin and disheveled—she was Conchita!

Then her eyes caught sight of me.

"Ay, Señor!" she cried. And then, in a shriller voice: "Papaito!"

The old, caressing word! Nor did she say it with any declension from a first, honeymoon mildness. The angel was battered, but she was still of the conventional heaven.

Ismael came out wearing trousers that were supported by a cord about his lean middle. He looked smaller, more swarthy, and infamously lowering. He shook hands

with me without a smile. But Concepción smiled.

After a little while we sat outdoors on an old bench. Ismael had strangely little to say. He seemed to be brooding. Was he in need of immediate help? When I asked him he laughed. I saw at once that I had said a silly thing and I tried to tell him that Justina and I wished to help him in the straightening of his affairs.

"My affairs are my own!" he exclaimed, harshly.

"I know. But you'll let us—"

"Everyone can go to hell!"

"But Concepción?"

Passionately he held out his arms, the fists clenched. A plexus of angular veins stood up over the dark skin.

"I have these two strong arms," he cried, "to care for my own!"

And then he let me talk while he brooded. Perhaps I had talked several minutes before he interrupted. The interruption was irrelevant, incomprehensible.

"You've seen this place?" he inquired. "You've had a glimpse of these people. Or it's enough to look at me. Yes, by God, look at me! I'm the type, I'm the example. What do you see here? Victims of oppression! The outcasts that have been wrung dry like squeezed fruit. It's the corrupt government sucking the juices out of our life. It's the officials of a corrupt government that deprive us of every opportunity, impoverish us, dry us, grind us to a powder! Now is the time for a new Liberator!"

I stared at him as he talked. The inner passion of his words darkened his cheeks. What did he mean? It was impossible to conceive him in this new rôle of one who pitied the squalid lives about him. Yet there was, beyond doubt, a note of compassion, of savage compassion, in his voice. He grew silent again. Conchita came out and joined us.

After a day with him in Tejerías I found that he would listen to no plan, no suggestion. His obduracy puzzled me. It seemed to betoken some concealed project of his own—yet this he never revealed. Certainly I could do nothing at the moment. Moreover, I was worried for Justina. It would be better to return now.

On my departure I found him willing to accept a small sum of money. He took it without thanks.

V

A week later the mystery was unfolded. Since Señor Ramírez Silva was still Ministro de Relaciones Exteriores this scandalous news appeared in all the papers. Ismael Ramírez Silva, son of the Ministro, was leader of an insurrection at Las Tejerías!

Examining the reports with detachment, one could do no more than laugh. The affair was grotesque. A handful of peons was gathered in the hills back of Tejerías and Ismael had declared himself Liberator of the People. He had imperiously led these ragamuffins into the hills to be shot down by the first detachment of troops sent against them. It was an enterprise utterly insane and deplorable. But for the local Commandante at Tejerías the situation was delicate.

That is to say, on account of the position occupied by the Liberator's father, he could not proceed with the customary directness. In fact, the perturbed fellow hastened to Caracas and I was present at the conference between him and Señor Ramírez.

"It makes no difference," asserted Ramírez, with a gruff bitterness. "Put a bullet through him if you must!"

"Afterward your Excellency would regret. . . ."

There was a prolonged silence. I watched Ramírez as he stood near the window. The afternoon sunshine cast the shadows of gilt bars across his face. They were, it seemed to me, symbols of an imprisoned love he dare not confess. Certainly this harassed father did not deny the possibility of an ultimate harsh regret.

Abruptly he turned, facing Colonel Rojas.

"Señor Colonel," he said, "I'll go back with you! We'll examine the situation together."

Journeying once more to Tejerías, I sat in the train with these two, pondering my last talk with Ismael. Especially I remembered the compassionate note in his voice.

Then out of a muddle of unhappy events my mind groped to certain understandings. All the while I had been unable to reconcile this insane youth to his new rôle. How had he, by an incredible shift of temperament, learned to pity the economic sufferings of a few squalid villagers? Surely his emotions were far too primitive for the sophistication of social compassion! And now I seemed to understand how foolishly I had been imputing to him an impossible emotion.

No, I do not mean that I had found no pity in his voice—a savage pity. But this pity, I saw, bore no sincere reference to the villagers. Ismael had looked at them, not as separate individuals, but as repetitions of himself! In their plight he had witnessed his own plight. All his life he had been out of key with his environment, isolated, swimming with a kind of heroic brute passion against the tides of convention. Always alone, there had come to him at last the miraculous moment when he could identify himself with some of the rest of humankind. He and these others, they had one thing in common—their physical wretchedness. In this guise he saw them, seeing himself. Out of his brooding, robust ego he had then evoked the unwonted emotion of sympathy—for himself! Ismael was the Liberator of Ismael!

This was the high cause he had espoused with his accustomed audacity. And when we reached Tejerías we found he had become alone in his espousal of it. Within a few days his band of half-wits, growing hungry, had deserted him. But the Liberator continued the insurrection in his own person. We heard that he had fortified himself in a shack three miles from the village. The night before he had wounded one man from a company of soldiers attempting to take him by surprise.

Our Colonel heaved a sigh of profound relief.

"It doesn't matter now," he said. "We might leave him there."

Ramírez shook his head.

"No, you are right, Excellency," agreed the Colonel. "It will be better to bring the boy in. Our problem is very simple. We will surround him and let the *soldados* take him by a rush. Naturally we will fire no volleys. He may kill two or three men."

Colonel Rojas shrugged his shoulders.

"That doesn't matter. A *soldado* more or less—pfui!"

The expedition was to go forward that afternoon. I hurried to the abandoned *rancheria* and found a white-faced girl hugging her baby. She had always been a stupid angel; now she was one half imbecilic. One pitied less her physical suffering than her utter frustration. What was this after all, it came to me abruptly, save a drama of frustration? Señor Ramírez, smothering the affection in his heart, Conchita mutely bewildered—and the amazing Liberator, more than all these others, alone.

"Where is my Papaito?" Conchita asked me.

"We'll bring him back to you," I told her.

"You won't hurt him?"

"Certainly we won't hurt him!"

"Please bring him back! Tell him I'm hungry!"

"You sha'n't be hungry any longer, child. . . ."

I did at once what had to be done for her and rejoined Colonel Rojas and Ismael's father. A company of soldiers was loaded on a truck and we set out into the hills. The Liberator was grotesque, but so, I thought, was this gravely elaborate expedition. Yet Colonel Rojas did not smile; neither did Ramírez. After all, insurrection is no trifling business.

The truck came to a stop in the shelter of a clump of eucalyptus. Through the trees one could see the headquarters of the insurrection perched against the hillside. It was a drab, forlorn shack outlined by the sunlight upon a background of tropical leafage.

"Very well!" exclaimed Rojas. "Advance!"

The men scampered up the hillside, crouching. There was an instant, sputtering fire from the shack. We saw a man roll over and come to rest in a declivity.

"Not bad marksmanship!" declared the colonel. "Especially as the sun's against his eyes. But your *joven* was once in our Escuela Militar, *no verdad*, Excellency?"

He lit a cigarette.

The fringe of his men had almost reached the shack. In fact, the Liberator had ceased to fire. Then, as two men plunged toward the door, an ultimate explosion was heard. Yet no one fell.

For an instant Colonel Rojas stared at the father. And both men began running up the hill.

I was close behind them. We came into the single room simultaneously. Ismael lay face down on the floor, his rifle beneath him. By pressing it against his chest, the butt on the dirt floor, he had contrived to reach the trigger.

The savage pride of the Liberator, who declined shameful capture, did not surprise me. Like all the actions of his life, all his strange misfit moods and emotions, it was grotesque and romantic. Or so it seemed through my eyes—grotesque particularly. Afterward it occurred to me that one dare not, in life, be too individual. It is by this that the Liberator falls short of a high pity. Even as he commands the sympathy of two or three of us who knew him, he leaves us puzzled. He was etched too startlingly solitary against his background.

The shot had gone cleanly through his chest. It was over when we came in. Yes, he had found it, a very necessary thing for him—liberation.

VI

We took the meek, dazed angel and her baby back with us to the city. Justina and I prepared for her journey to the States.

We were standing one afternoon at the bedside of Ismael junior. He had slept, and now awakened. At the sight of us his small, swarthy face seamed itself with an engaging grimace. Justina looked at me with tears in her eyes. For her, at least, the Liberator had never appeared too utterly strange.

"I'm glad he's named Ismael!" she cried.

Meanwhile I regarded the baby's grimacing face with a touch of perturbation. Suddenly, very unreasonably, he began to scream.

Then I saw that Justina was smiling.

"He screams just like poor Ismaelito used to do!" she cried. "Yes, and he resembles poor Ismaelito, too! Our unlucky Conchita! She is so spiritless, the unhappy angel. But I'm sure there is fire in this child! Yes, thank God, I'm sure he's one of ours!"

CLINICAL NOTES

BY GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

The New View of Sex.—The doctrine that there is a very considerable humor in sex, long upheld by the small minority of men and women who were able to think with their emotions, has spread so rapidly and so widely in the last decade that it is difficult to find more than one man or woman out of every dozen who doesn't currently believe in it. It used to be thought pretty generally that sex was a grim, serious and ominous business, to be entered into only by those duly joined in holy wedlock or by those lost souls already in thrall to the devil. Sex was synonymous with danger, tragedy, woe or, at its best, with legalized baby carriages. This view of sex has gone out of style with such other contemporary delusions as French altruism, the making of the world safe for democracy and the evil of Bolshevist government. I do not argue, plainly enough, that back in the cow pastures of the Republic the old view of sex does not still prevail, for it does; but wherever lights are brighter and there are paving stones and so much as a single street-car, wherever a band, however bad, plays on Saturday nights, there you will find a change in the old order. Sex, once wearing the tragic mask, wears now the mask of comedy. And whenever one laughs at a thing, one is no longer afraid of it.

A short time ago, I pointed out in this place the current prevalent looseness of conversation on sex matters. That conversation generally takes on a humorous form, for one may be humorous about forbidden subjects with impunity, where a serious approach would be met with an offended air and rebuff. Many years ago, in my university days, I had a friend who played left end on the football team. It was my friend's technique—he was gifted with an irresistible talent for low comedy—to tell funny stories to the end playing opposite him on a rival eleven, weaken the latter with laughter and thus easily dispose of him. Since sex has become the playing-ground of conversational humor, we may believe that the technique of my football friend is often adopted in other directions.

What has brought about this view of sex as a humorous business is problematical. It is possible that the altered view has come about in due course of time and nature, that all such things move in inscrutable cycles and that once again we are in the midst of a quasi-Restoration turn of the clock. However, I make a guess in another direction. After a long and uninterrupted period of serious regard of anything, the wind always changes and there is born a sudden and recalcitrant laughter. Human nature is such that it cannot stand monotony; it demands relief. And history shows us that as surely as a period of high gaiety is followed abruptly by one of desolation and as surely as a period of misery is followed by one of prosperity, so, too, does a psychically and philosophically glum period inevitably soon or late give way to one of psychic and philosophical revelry. Thus, it is probable that the humorous view of sex has come about as a direct result of the long serious view of sex, that human nature simply demanded a change. As it deposed czars and kings and set up Yiddish pants-cutters and Wop soapbox spielers in their places, so it deposed the tragedians and tragédiennes of sex and set up comedians and comédiennes.

But the change in the approach to the

sex question has not, as might be inferred, been an arbitrary one. It is based upon a thoroughly clear and intelligent view of sex. Sex, in the great majority of instances, is a much more casual and unimportant thing than it is customarily admitted to be. An idiotic conspiracy has sought, with almost uniform success, to make the world accept it as something of paramount consequence in the life of man, the ground of his happiness or unhappiness, of his triumph or defeat, of his joy or his affliction. Yet the reflective man has long known that it is nothing of the kind, that it is, as a matter of fact, of considerably less importance in his general scheme of life than, say, his tobacco or his *Schnapps*. Sex is, purely and simply, the diversion of man, a pastime for his leisure hours and, as such, on the same plane with his other pleasures. The civilized man knows little difference between his bottle of vintage champagne, his Corona Corona, his seat at the "Follies" and the gratification of his sex impulse. They all fall much under the same heading. He takes sex no whit more seriously than he takes, to put it superlatively, a symphony concert. He sees in it simply something always amusing and sometimes beautiful, and lets it go at that.

Well, the world itself grows more and more civilized as century chases century down the avenue of time and gradually it works itself up to level of its more civilized inhabitants. And thus gradually the newer view of sex gains recruits. And what men believe, women in due time also believe. I do not say that such beliefs are commendable, for I am no judge, but merely an historian. I simply say that so long as men and women merely *felt* about sex, it was what it was yesterday. The moment they began instead to *think* about it, it dropped its mourning and wove vine leaves about its head—and painted its nose red.

In the course of man's contemplation of sex, one phenomenon has gradually impressed itself upon his consciousness above all others, and it is this one phenomenon that, more than anything else, has influenced him in his present attitude toward sex. That sex is a relatively trivial and inconsequential event in life, that it is of infinitely less permanent significance in his scheme of things than his work in the world, however humble the nature of that work, or than his material welfare or his physical comfort or, as I have hinted, even certain other of his diversions, is clearly borne in upon him after a meditation of the history of sex life as it has directly concerned him.

One of the first things that strikes such a reflective man is the manner in which the brain cells themselves peculiarly operate to demote sex to a plane of unimportance. Such is the curious functioning of the male cerebral centres that the sex act, once it is so much as twenty-four hours past, quite passes from the memory or, at all events, from the direct consciousness. Although the fact, so far as I know, has never been articulated, it remains as an actuality that nothing is so quickly erased from masculine tablets of memory as the sex act accomplished. It is a mental idiosyncrasy, indeed, that the association of the act with a specific woman vanishes within an unbelievably short space of time, that so evanescent is the recollection that the woman actually seems a physical stranger to the man. What remains in the masculine mind is not the consciousness of the sex act, but only what may have proceeded from it, to wit, affection, companionship, friendship or spiritual, as opposed to physical, love. It is not an easy matter to set down delicately in type the almost incomprehensible degree to which this post-consciousness of sexual indulgence evaporates. Yet there is no man, if he will view himself honestly in the light of his experience, but will recall at once the peculiar sense of remoteness that has generally and quickly enveloped the woman with whom he has been on terms of physical intimacy. It would seem that nature, operating through the human mind, has contrived thus to make the

world frequently a happier and more peaceful spot than it otherwise might be. In man's defective memory lies woman's symbol of chastity.

If sex were the important event in a man's life that some hold it to be, his mind would surely be influenced by it quite differently than it is. A woman, instead of so quickly and unintelligibly taking on the aspect of a complete physical stranger to him, would remain fixed in his sex consciousness. Sex would surely retain a vividness after its performance that it actually does not retain. Yet, such is the baffling drollery of human nature that a man's wife ever seems to him a virgin.

A Business Proposition.—There is no man engaged in business of any kind above street-cleaning who is not made steadily conscious of the inordinate and senseless mass of hocus-pocus that clutters it up and makes its practise unnecessarily irksome. The simplest business transaction today is enveloped in such a mantle of idiotic shenanigan that only a man of the stoutest nerves can go through it without feeling like throwing the office furniture out of the window, hitting his vis-à-vis over the head with the *crachoir* and hopping the first freight to Newfoundland. Conferences utterly without any intelligible purpose, shyster lawyers, system experts, bookkeepers, statisticians, push buttons, professional Cagliostros, typewritten statements that no one can understand, legal documents, two-hour luncheons, long-distance and short-distance telephonings, professors of various occult trade arts—business is presently so full of such time and money wasters that Job himself, were he to sit in an American office for so much as half an hour, would have to get himself completely drunk to be able to stand it.

All this useless to-do, when nine-tenths of the business thus ridiculously beset by unnecessary and empty rigmarole might be transacted very simply, as it used to be transacted, is due, I believe, to the overpowering desire of the average American business man to make himself appear to others—and to himself no less—as an important figure. Such a sublime jackass takes pride in making something that is very simple seem extremely difficult. He achieves a fine glow from making a mountain out of a molehill and then going in for a lot of hoopdedoodle with irrelevant but imposing-looking alpenstocks. His day is spent in making the easiest transaction as hard as possible; the selling of a gross of neckties is made to take on the aspect of a sale and purchase of the Standard Oil Company. It isn't that he distrusts persons so much as that he distrusts the opinion they may have of him if he doesn't present himself to them in the light of a captain of industry, a master of finance and a regius professor of all the arts of barter.

Now, the moment the business day is over, our friend promptly goes back to normal. Meet him in the evening and you will generally find him to be as simple and forthright a fellow as he was complex and knotty by day. I therefore propose a solution of the present state of affairs that is driving half the more rational business men of the Republic crazy. I propose that henceforth all American business offices be shut throughout the daytime and that all business be transacted after dark. The suggestion may at the first superficial glance seem foolish, but, appreciating human nature, I believe that it is an eminently sound one and, more, that it will work.

NOTES & *Queries*

Queries and Answers should be addressed to The Editor of Notes and Queries, and not to individuals. Queries are printed in the order of their receipt, and numbered serially. An answer should bear the number of the query it refers to.

QUERY NO. 141

For a long time I have been trying to find the source of the expression, "Pity the poor sailors on a night like this," or "God help the poor mariners on a night like this." Can anyone help me?

GERALD C. GROSS,
Haverford College, Penna.

QUERY NO. 142

I confess to a strong admiration for dogs—that is, for bull dogs, collies, bloodhounds, Irish terriers, German police dogs and other such honest-to-goodness canines. But I simply cannot understand how a normal human being can feel any attachment toward pekingese dogs or pomeranians. They seem to me to be no more than slightly overgrown cockroaches. I have hunted through all the Freudian literature for an explanation for the attachment some people have of these pseudo-dogs, but I have not found one as yet. Perhaps some more learned person can enlighten me.

BALDY, *Oklahoma City*

QUERY NO. 143

The other afternoon a little nephew of mine was singing a ditty which started off something like this:

> Who put the pants in Mrs. Murphy's chowder?
> Nobody answered, so they spoke a little louder.

Can anyone supply me with the remainder of this epic? I strongly suspect there is great stuff in it.

ERIC GRENOBLE, *Pottstown, Pa.*

QUERY NO. 144

I find the following in "Casanova: Adventurer and Lover," by Joseph Le Gras: "He knew infallible pastes, pomades of complicated origin, secret perfumes, baths and sweetmeats which controlled Love." Can anyone give me the name of an authoritative work on this interesting subject?

M. MYERS, *New York*

QUERY NO. 145

Can anyone tell me if Michael Paleologue, the French diplomat, has any connection with the Paleologos family, which ruled the Byzantine Empire for many years, or with the Paleologo family, which formerly ruled the Marquisate of Montferrat, in Italy?

E. M. GRIEDER, *Dubuque, Iowa*

QUERY NO. 146

Are there any philosophers in America? I do not mean, of course, men like Professors W. E. Hocking or John Dewey or Horace M. Kallen or Morris Cohen—all of these, I believe, are no more than earnest but rather dull youngsters who have never been able to understand Plato, Kant or Feuerbach. I mean real philosophers. I am a native of Germany and have been in this country only ten years, but I have been constantly on the lookout for a genuine American philosophical mind—and have found none. Maybe some native son can point one out to me.

HUGO KNUTMACHER, *Pasadena, Calif.*

QUERY NO. 147

Another grand old American institution seems to have disappeared. The Adam's apple is no more. What has become of it? Is it that we are breeding a race of fat-throated tenors, or that the vogue for soft or low collars, which has persisted for a half generation, has eliminated the necessity for the quondam Plimsol mark of stand-up neckwear, and with it the Adam's apple itself? Or is there some other cause for its disappearance?

HENRY TETLOW, *Philadelphia*

QUERY NO. 148

Can anyone refer me to a good, impartial history of the Popes? I do not want one written by a Roman Catholic, nor one by a Methodist, and above all not one by a German Lutheran.

JOHN HALTIGAN, *Carroll, Iowa*

Answers

ANSWER NO. 7

Perhaps "A. D. T.," who asks about the vitamine content of beer, will be interested to learn that an orange blossom cocktail literally swarms with vitamines. So does any other cocktail containing orange juice. I also hear that there are vitamines in vermouth—not in the non-alcoholic garbage now drunk, but in the genuine stuff. Fortunately, I live in a town where the booters are all Christian men and have intelligent enterprise. I am thus as full of vitamines, day in and day out, as a tick is of hemoglobin.

A UNITARIAN, *Norfolk, Va.*

ANSWER NO. 12

"Mother, may I go out to swim?" was written by the Rev. Joseph Pilmoor, D.D., who came to America in 1769 to convert the heathen New Yorkers to Methodism. He failed, and later became an Episcopalian, and rector of St. Paul's Church. He wrote the poem for a school-book of the period.

HISTORICUS, *Greenwich, Conn.*

ANSWER NO. 36

Some time ago I learned the song, "She was poor but she was honest," from an inebriate Eli, who in turn learned it from a still more inebriate Limey. The sodden Sassenach told the Eli that this song was a favorite in the Black Watch, and that verses were added from time to time as the War progressed. From a simple ballad, it developed into an epic, dealing with the wanderings of the parson's daughter, who follows the troops all over the world, and in each new billet we are told "onst ag'in she lorst 'er nyme." I have never been able to discover any of the verses dealing with the progress of the unfortunate lady, but the original ballad, as sung by the Black Watch, goes as follows:

She was a parson's daughter;
Pure unstyned was 'er fyme,
Till the country squire cyme courtin',
And the poor girl lorst 'er nyme.

CHORUS

It's the syme the wide world over;
It's the poor gets all the blyme,
While the rich gets all the gryvy.
Ayn't it all a bloody shyme?

So she went aw'y to Lunnon,
Just to 'ide 'er guilty shyme;
There she met an Army chaplain;
Onst ag'in she lorst 'er nyme.

Ear 'im as 'e jaws the Tommies,
Warnin' of the flymes of 'ell.
With 'er 'ole 'eart she had trusted,
But ag'in in sin she's fell.

So she settled down in Lunnon,
Sinkin' deeper in 'er shyme,
Till she met a lybor leader,
And ag'in she lorst 'er nyme.

See 'im in the 'Ouse of Commons,
Mykin' laws to put down crime,
While the poor girl that 'e's ruined
Wanders on through mud and slime.

Then there cyme a bloated bishop;
Marriage was the tyle 'e told;
There was no one else to tyke 'er,
So she sold 'er soul for gold.

See 'er in 'er 'orse and carriage,
Drivin' d'ily through the park.
Though she's myde a wealthy marriage,
Still she 'ides a brykin' 'eart.

In their poor and 'umble dwelling,
There 'er grievin' parents live,
Drinkin' champyne as she's sent 'em,
But they never can forgive.

It's the syme the wide world over,
It's the poor gets all the blyme,
While the rich gets all the clover.
Ayn't it all a bloody shyme!

It will be noted that many of the verses correspond to those published before, but the text is fuller, and there seems to be implied a subtle descent in the scale. The squire to the chaplain to the labor leader to the bishop. In the war-text, the fall continues; she leaves the bishop and follows the troops. Anyone who can dig up the migratory verses will be rendering a signal service to sociology.

BRUCE LANCASTER, *Worcester, Mass.*

ANSWER NO. 41

The life of Christ by "an unknown Disciple" was not written by Frank Harris, as J. H. K. surmises, but by an American college professor.

JOHN F. SCANLON, *Chicago*

ANSWER NO. 43

It would be very easy to fill a whole number of THE AMERICAN MERCURY with titles of fiction works dealing with scientific themes. Here are some of them, chosen at random:

"The Man in the Moone or a Discourse of a Voyage Thither by Domingo Gonsales," by Francis Godwin; published in 1638.

"Voyage aux Estats de la Lune et du Soleil," par Cyrano de Bergerac; posthumous, published in 1657.

"Histoire des Sevarambes," by Denis Veiras, published in 1677.

"Lamékis," by Fieux de Mouhy, published in 1735.

"Micromègas," by Voltaire, published in 1752.

"The Adventures of Peter Wilkins," by Robert Parbock, published in 1767.

Of the contemporary fiction, there is "Le Péril Bleu," by Maurice Renard, and published by Crès, Paris. It is more fascinating than any tale by Wells. Then there is "Les Xipéhuz," by J. H. Rosny, in the *Mercure de France*. The tale is short but of unexpected strangeness.

REGIS MESSAC, *Montreal*

I would suggest the inclusion of "Caesar's Column" by Ignatius Donnelly in Dr. Slosson's list of works of fiction dealing with science. While not so definitely of a scientific nature as Wells' or Verne's works, it nevertheless delves in no unlearned way into sociological problems, and forecasts modern aviation pretty accurately.

PATRIOT, *Marion, Ohio*

ANSWER NO. 63

Mr. Wolfgang's proposed National Shrine of non-Prohibitionists has my support. I nominate General Grant: he knew the difference between good rye and well water.

D. LESLIE SANDERS, *Buffalo*

ANSWER NO. 66

"Let George do it" was borrowed from the French. In that language it is "Laissez faire à Georges." It originated during the time of Louis XII, whose prime minister, Cardinal Georges d'Amboise, was a sort of Poohbah.

HORATIO WEEMS, *Denver*

The saying "How old is Ann?" comes from the following neat little arithmetical problem commonly put to the man on the street about twenty years ago:

Mary is twenty-four years old. Mary is twice as old as Ann was when Mary was as old as Ann is now. How old is Ann?

If you solve the problem you will find that Ann was eighteen. As a bit of arithmetic it was, of course, too much for the man in the street but he held the question and forgot all about the rest of it.

FRANK FITZPATRICK, *Tucson, Ariz.*

ANSWER NO. 71

The following, said to be part of the last will and testament of Charles Lounsbury, who died, insane, about fifteen years ago in the Cook County Asylum at Dunning, Illinois, may be of value to Mr. A. B. Eliot's collection of odd wills:

Item. I give to good fathers and mothers, in trust for their children, all and every, the flowers of the fields and the blossoms of the woods, with the right to play among them freely according to the customs of children, warning them at the same time against thistles and thorns. And I devise to children the banks of the brooks and the golden sands beneath the waters thereof, and the odors of the willows that dip therein, and the white clouds that float high over the giant trees. And I leave the children the long, long days to be merry in, in a thousand ways, and the night and the moon and the train of the Milky Way to wonder at, but subject nevertheless to the rights hereinafter given to lovers.

Item. I devise jointly all the useful ideal fields and commons where ball may be played; all pleasant waters where one may swim; all snow-clad hills where one may coast; and all streams and ponds where one may fish, or where, when grim Winter comes, one may skate; to have and to hold the same for the period of their boyhood. And all meadows with the clover blossoms and butterflies thereof, the woods and their appurtenances, the squirrels and birds and echoes and strange noises, and all distant places which may be visited, together with the adventures there found. And I give to said boys each his own place at the fireside at night, with all pictures that may be seen in the burning wood, to enjoy without let or hindrance, and without any incumbrance of care.

Item: To lovers I devise their imaginary world with whatever they may need; as the stars of the sky, the red roses by the wall, the blooms of the hawthorn, the sweet strains of music and aught else by which they may desire to figure to each other the lastingness and beauty of their love.

Item: To young men jointly I devise and bequeath all boisterous, inspiring sports of rivalry; and I give them the disdain of weakness, and undaunted confidence in their own strength, though they are rude. I give them the power to make lasting friendships, and of possessing companions, and to them exclusively I give all merry songs and brave choruses to sing with lusty voices.

Item: And to those who are no longer children or youths or lovers, I leave memory; and I bequeath to them the volumes of the poems of Burns and Shakespeare and of other poets, if there be others, to the end that they may live over the old days again, freely and fully, without tithe or diminution.

Item: To our loved ones with snowy crowns I bequeath the happiness of old age and the love and gratitude of their children until they fall asleep.

THEODORE BITTERMAN, *Washington*

ANSWER NO. 72

I have positive proof that the word *broad*, as used in Minneapolis today, had its origin in the city of Detroit about thirteen years ago. At that time I was a rescue worker attached to the Salvation Army and performed many an act of mercy in and around the brothels of Champlain street. One Saturday night, while in Kitty Fisher's place, I heard a young Bible student make inquiry concerning one named Lillie. The madame replied (and herein lies the true origin of the word): "Lillie? Oh, she got too broad for our house and moved three blocks down to a dollar dump." The appellation caught on and stuck, in the course of time extending to the female sex in general. It is, in my opinion, old enough and respectable enough to be used in any strata of present-day society.

JOHN WESLEY MOORE, *Flint, Mich.*

ANSWER NO. 83

What "An Elk Since 1889" says about the low type of the males who now infest the Pullman smokers is absolute truth. I think the reason for this decline is not far to seek: it is the spread of the poison of Service, which the rapidly multiplying schools of scientific business are manufacturing all over the land. The other day I was on the midnight from Boston to New York, and

after depositing my baggage I naturally wended my way to the smoker, my heart all apattering for the friendly shine of the spittoons and the real masculine stories that have brought me so much delight in the intervals between my shoe selling. The spittoons shone, but, alas, the stories were not coming. Instead, the slickum-haired youngsters there were gabbing about the relative services to society of soap selling and diaper-pin selling. I puffed hard at my Chesterfield—and my heart was sad. . . . These business schools will be the ruin of the manhood of this country!

AN OLD-TIME BUSINESS MAN, *Buffalo*

ANSWER NO. 87

Sadikichi Hartman, according to a legend of his brief stay in Huntington, W. Va., before the era of Prohibition, is the son of a German and a Japanese girl, whom the former married in the Orient. He was born in Japan, at least forty years ago. How he happened to be in Huntington has never been fully explained and the man who knows him best has since been converted to the creed of Mary Baker Eddy and is uncommunicative.

At one time during his stay Sadikichi gave a reading of his love sonnets to a group of congenial spirits at his friend's studio. To use the parlance of the day, his audience passed out early in the evening and lay stretched in charming disarray among the empty bottles on the floor. Sadikichi, however, read his sonnets through to the end and then went on his midnight walk. On his journey over the city he passed a fruit-stand and purchased a long string of garlic, which was dangling beside the door. On the fashionable South Side he performed a strange but characteristic ritual, placing a bit of garlic on the threshold of each house he passed and salaaming as he backed away from the doorstep. He kept up the performance throughout the night until the string of garlic was exhausted.

Whence he came or whither he went, history does not say. The legend of Huntington says that he will some day marry a full-blooded Indian princess. About a year ago he played the rôle of the magician in Douglas Fairbanks' picture "The Thief of Bagdad," but was said to have quit while the picture was still being filmed. I have never seen his "Last Thirty Days of Christ" and would like to know where it may be obtained.

H. D., *Huntington, W. Va.*

ANSWER NO. 97

"The Old Hell of the Bible" first appeared in the Atlanta *Constitution*, and was there credited to "a correspondent writing from Southwest Georgia." The actual author, I suspect, was Frank L. Stanton. Here is the original text:

It doesn't matter what they preach
Of high or low degree;
The old hell of the Bible
Is hell enough for me.

I don't know its location—
Can't say just where 'twill be,
But the old hell of the Bible
Is hell enough for me.

'Twas preached by Paul and Peter—
They spread it wide and free;
'Twas hell for old John Bunyan,
And it's hell enough for me.

In its passage through the newspapers of the time the song acquired other stanzas. I believe that Stanton wrote it about the year 1904. It is now a favorite hymn among the Cumberland Presbyterians of the Tennessee Tibet. They sing it to the tune of "From Greenland's Icy Mountains."

AGNOSTIC, *Chattanooga, Tenn.*

THE THEATRE

BY GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

Art and the Red Tail

It has always been the mission of the theatre to reduce, in so far as it lay within its power, the manners and morals of the community. Obviously, I do not speak of the debased, uncivilized theatre, but of the theatre that is artistically on the highest and finest level. That for more than two thousand years men who have not taken the trouble to understand the theatre have sponsored the opposite point of view and have seen in the playhouse a medium for the uplifting of the human psyche and table manners through the operation known as dramatic catharsis, indicates only that it has taken the twentieth of the centuries to arrive at other astonishing discoveries in the world of high art than the radio, colored moving pictures and the Czech drama.

When I speak of the theatre as a corrupter of morals, it is of course as a synonym for drama. And when I speak of drama, I speak at the same time of most of the other arts, for the accomplishment, if perhaps not always the intention, of all art is the lowering of human virtue, in the commonly accepted sense of the word, and the conversion of men from metaphysical and emotional Methodism to metaphysical and emotional Paganism. To believe the contrary, to believe that great art is an inspirer of virtue, is to be so vealy as to believe that "Tristan" makes its auditor feel like St. Francis of Assisi, that Byron and Swinburne conjure up Sunday-school memories, that the Venus of Cnidus makes one think of entering a monastery, and that "Lysistrata" is the most eloquent argument for continence ever written. Only the fly-blown and ignorant, however, longer suffer any delusions about the purposes of art. Such mammals hit upon a few obvious kindergarten exceptions to the general and seek to build their case upon them. Unacquainted with nine-tenths of the world's best music, literature, painting, sculpture, poetry and drama, they imagine that all art has the same effect upon the human spirit as Chopin's E flat major nocturne or the slow movement of his B flat minor sonata, Botticelli's "Madonna and Child," and "Romeo and Juliet." Yet if art were what these imbeciles imagine, it would have died from the cosmos hundreds of years ago. It has been kept alive by man's unregenerate sinfulness alone. Its greatest patron saints, the men who with power and gold and favor have encouraged and assisted its craftsmen, have almost without exception been the more dissolute kings and emperors, lechers and millionaire crooks, fleshpot fanciers and followers of Pan. And its greatest lovers and stoutest champions have ever been the men who most truly appreciated that under its pretense of divine origin there curled a red and forked tail.

Art ennobles? Then tell me what, precisely, is the ennobling nature of—and how, precisely, one is made to feel *Corpsbruder* to the angels by—"Macbeth," Rembrandt's portrait of his sister, "Madame Bovary" or Richard Strauss' "Salomé." The simple truth, of course, is that, aside from a purely critical gratification, "Macbeth" exalts the cultured and intelligent man just about as much as a modern Edinburgh bathtub, that the chief thought that enters the man's mind when he gazes upon the Rembrandt portrait is that it would be charming to give the old boy's sister a hug, and that Flaubert and Strauss induce in the reader and auditor much less an overwhelming desire to lead

a better and nobler life than a worse and more lamentably agreeable one. Such a contention, plainly enough, will be set down as a mere showy bout with paradox, since it is ever the custom of otherwise estimable folk to laugh off as unsound paradox any perfectly sound but more or less novel argument whose surface has upon it regrettable, but unavoidable, ripples of smart-aleckry. Yet that the thesis is deeply imbedded in fact may readily be determined by examining the lives and history of professional dramatic critics, for example, since the first and greatest of the craft saw the light of day at Stagira. If dramatic art is capable of ennobling the spirit, it is reasonable to suppose that men most constantly in audience with it should be among the blessed of God and that the dramatic critic, accordingly, should soon or late find himself upon a hyperphysical plane along with St. Peter, Emanuel Swedenborg and the Rev. Dr. C. F. Reisner. Yet it is well known that, with the exception of music critics, there has been and is no more spiritually disreputable body of men on earth than these very dramatic critics, beside whom an aisle full of Bobadils are paragons of virtue. If the influence of classic art is so powerful in the direction of the uplift, why have not those who have come most directly under that spell shown some of the good effects? However, glance at the leading subjects of the influence in question and see what happened to them! Scaliger, of the famous "Poetices Libri Septem," was one of the foulest liars of his time (he lied about everything from his mythical noble parentage to his conquests among women), was charged with heresy and found himself shunned by all the decent people of his day. Castelvetro, knowing that the authorities would get him for heresy, ran off like a frightened cur to Chiavenna and was later disgraced by excommunication. Sebillet, of the "Art Poétique," was a scurvy political crook; Cervantes was a jail-bird and in his later life was caught by the government in peculiar financial dealings and was kicked out of his job; Lope de Vega was banished from Spain for dirty libels, later raped the daughter of a Madrid government official and, entering a monastery in 1614, promptly brought obloquy upon the order by various sexual peccadilloes; and Gabriel Tellez's chief amusement lay in the "Cigarreles de Toledo," at some of which even Abe Lincoln would have blushed.

Coming to the Sir Philip Sidney of "A Defence of Poesie," we find an unmitigated snob and one whose questionable adventures among the fair sex are well known. Ben Jonson was sent to jail on three different occasions and had the killing of a man to his credit. Scudéry was guilty of unremitting personal dishonesty; among other noble acts, he based his hostile attitude toward Corneille entirely upon personal reasons and went far beyond the truth in calling the latter a thief. Chapelain was so drunk that Richelieu had a hard time getting him to rewrite his report on "Le Cid" so that it made clear reading. Racine was lazy, lived on pensions and at one time in his life was actually little better than literary gigolo to Madame de Maintenon. Saint-Evremond had the manners of a cheap boor, lost an army commission because of the execrable taste of a joke he tried to play on his quondam friend Condé, and was later sent into exile. John Dryden was once taught a lesson in manners by being beaten up on the streets by the Ku Klux of his day; Milton treated his wife so badly that she left him a short time after their marriage, and was subsequently clapped into the hoosegow as a public menace; Congreve, a gross fellow, was a victim of the gout from loose living and eventually went blind, according to report, from a lewd disease; and Farquhar got into a brawl with an actor and seriously wounded him, carried on loosely with Nance Oldfield, squandered his last shilling and died leaving his wife and two daughters to live on the charity of others.

Goldoni, to continue, was feared by the

mothers of the Italian countryside to such a degree that, whenever news of his approach was had, they locked their daughters in the attic and kept them there until he had gone on his way. Samuel Johnson was twice lodged in the cooler as a dead beat, and Oliver Goldsmith ate with his knife and gambled incessantly. Lessing didn't pay the contributors to his review, *Litteraturbriefe*, and, during the writing of the criticisms which were subsequently to be known as the "Hamburgische Dramaturgie," ran up such malt bills at the Hamburg *Bierstuben* that his credit was stopped on no less than four different occasions. Voltaire's record is familiar. He was thrice booted out of France, was lodged in the Bastille, wrote books that had to be suppressed by the authorities, violated confidences right and left and published private letters, was arrested in Frankfurt and broke the laws of Geneva. Diderot once actually stole money from a priest, kept a woman who took all his funds and who almost broke up his married life, and found himself in jail at Vincennes in 1749. Beaumarchais was constantly involved in all sorts of law suits, in 1765 was almost killed by a husband upon whose wife he had clapped a wicked eye, was chased a mile by an indignant father whose daughter he had made certain overtures to, later was sent to the lock-up, lost his reputation completely after the famous Goezman trial, and then again found himself in a prison cell in 1795. Schiller was arrested for insult amounting to libel; Goethe carried on with the girls and lived with La Vulpius many years before leading her to the altar; Schlegel got into amorous difficulties and found himself in the divorce court; and Freytag was such a boozer that it took two men and a chambermaid to get him into bed at nights.

As for Victor Hugo, he was banished from France because of questionable political dealings, entered into double-dealing with both political parties upon his return after the upheaval of 1870, and was driven from the country again. Dumas, *fils*, was always in debt and led a dissolute life; Sarcey periodically grafted on the leading personages of the theatre of his time; Brunetière was an absinthe fiend; and Zola was twice sentenced to a year's imprisonment and the payment of a heavy fine. Coleridge took opium to forget the ugliness of the world and once went around getting money for subscriptions to a paper which failed and didn't pay it back. Hazlitt, after one round in the divorce courts, found that his second wife also couldn't stand him and his temper became such and his meanness became so marked that he got into nasty quarrels with such of his best friends as Coleridge, Southey and Wordsworth. And, to come to a conclusion, Charles Lamb was actually driven crazy from application to the presumably exalting classics and, having got his sister Mary similarly to apply herself to them, also succeeded in driving the poor girl to a point of insanity where she lost all reason and killed her own mother. My own remaining infinitesimal share of manners and morals after something like twenty-five years spent under the influence of the art of drama keeps me from going into the question of the more modern critics, many of whom are still alive. I therefore simply wink meaningly, and bow myself politely out. As for music critics, I content myself with referring you to the police records.

If fine art has the power of spiritual exaltation in it, I should like to ask the greatest æsthetician living in the world today just what is the nature of the psychic uplift he gets from such things as Rembrandt's "Old Woman Cutting Her Fingernails," Boëthus' sculptures of the boy choking a goose and the little girl playing with dice, Fielding's "Tom Jones" and Zola's "La Terre," Brahms' variations on a theme by Schumann or Molière's "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme." The truth is that the inspirational value of art has become a proverb, a phrase for promiscuous mouthing, a something taken for granted, and has been brought to apply to all art when in reality it applies only

to a negligible fraction of art, and that fraction not always of the highest level. It may be true that such eminently estimable, if become obvious, works as the "Ave Maria" instil in the heart of man a feeling that was not there before and that such others as the crucifix of Spirito, the "Coronation of the Virgin" and the Rheims Cathedral accomplish a like end, but for every "Ave Maria" one finds no difficulty in naming a half dozen equally eminently estimable compositions by the same Johannes that do nothing of the kind and that make one feel considerably less devout than thirsty. And if the crucifix of Michelangelo, or the painting of Raphael alluded to, or the ecclesiastical architecture of a forgotten genius of the Middle Ages induces in the spectator one kind of feeling, you may be sure that Michelangelo's great cartoon of the Battle of Cascina, or certain of Raphael's frescoes, or the secular architecture of a forgotten genius of an earlier age in the instance of the Porta Martis induces quite another and vastly more material kind.

It is, as I have hinted, not art in its fullest flower that uplifts and nobilitates mortal man, but only art of a relatively mediocre quality. "Oedipus Rex" by no stretch of honest imagination can conceivably have the slightest inspirational effect upon any even half-way intelligent emotionalism, yet "Old Heidelberg," a comparatively tenth-rate piece of work, can. The so-called dramatic catharsis of "King Lear" isn't one-twentieth so strong as that of, say, "Peter Pan." "Das Wohltemperirte Klavier," from 1 to 48 inclusive, can't gild or stimulate the heart and fancy and make them better and braver than they were before, where "Der Alte Dessauer," "Madelon" or "Home Sweet Home" conceivably may. For what is the effect of truly great art? The effect of truly great art, I persuade myself to believe, is to induce in the beholder a sense of inferiority, a sense of the pettiness and futility of his own life, and, inducing these, to cause him to try to forget his triviality and despair in rash, impudent and deplorable actions, manners and thoughts which he would otherwise not engage. It stings him to the quick, challenges him, jeers at him. "Come on, worm!" it cries. "*Try* to look into Paradise!" The worm, humiliated but rambunctious, thereupon digs his toes into the ground, cocks back his head, strains the heavens with his eyes—and has his pocket picked.

II

Ut Supra

In the light of the above observations, let us take a look at the plays recently shown in the New York theatre. Here, without exception, one finds that the more authentic contributions to the art of drama are unequivocally much less ennobling, as the word goes, than the inferior ones. Thus, "Goat Song," Franz Werfel's fine play, does nothing more than to depress man with the philosophy that the monstrous seed of revolution with its trail of devastation will never die from the world, while such a piece of balderdash as "The Love City," by a fellow countryman of Werfel's, inspirits him with the philosophy that the forces of evil must inevitably meet with defeat. Thus again, "The Great God Brown," Eugene O'Neill's latest and most beautifully imaginative work, bears in upon man's consciousness the rueful facts that hypocrisy triumphs in this world where truth and forthrightness fail, that noble dreams must go down to defeat before the world's prosaicism, that what the world demands is mere show and pretense and that heartache and desolation are ever the reward of great, deep and faithful love—where, on the other hand, "The Shanghai Gesture," a *paté* of box-office drivel, sends the spectator home with the comforting conviction that earthly lust resolves itself into tragedy, that the sinner must soon or late pay a grievous penalty and that vice is ever less profitable than virtue. Thus further, Ibsen's "Little Eyolf," aiming to be a sermon against sel-

fishness, actually makes mankind bitterly despairful with its demonstration that egoism, which is mortal man's one pragmatic religion and his one potential victorious battle-cry, is the faith of the humiliated and defeated; "Hedda Gabler" instils a sense of the utter futility of life by showing that the bad angel of man's destiny holds ever the whip hand; and "John Gabriel Borkman" puts hope and trust to rout with its doctrine of the eternal cruel indifference and selfishness of one's offspring and with its categorical enunciation of age's chagrin and suffering. Such an unmitigated gimcrack as Capek's "The Makropoulos Secret," to the contrary, gladdens the mortal soul with the thesis that the short span of life allotted to man by God is infinitely more desirable than a longer span would be; such a tenth-rate French boulevard play as Fauchois' "The Monkey Talks" warms the human heart and mind with a promulgation of the tenet that man's outward self, however ugly, has beneath it a true radiance and that the reward of honest love is a permanent happiness; and such commercial exhibits as "Love 'Em and Leave 'Em" and "Puppy Love" bring God nearer to earth with the eloquent assurance that self-sacrifice is the most exalted of human acts and that true affection will irresistibly find a way to the human heart.

A few words on the O'Neill and Werfel dramas. The former is in many respects the most richly imagined and brilliantly articulated work that the playwright has yet produced. In none of his previous manuscripts has O'Neill written with so deep an insight into human aspiration and defeat; in none has he achieved such moving and forceful romantic prose. His technique here is largely what it has always been: the filtering of an ironic vision of humanity through a sieve of pitiful despair and the embellishment of the residuum with the species of ejaculation customarily associated with dock laborers and vice-presidents of the United States. But there is noticeable an increasing mellowness and a paling of indignation that lift the drama into a doubled grip and power of conviction. The dialogue reaches heights of tender profundity that have seldom been equalled in the native drama. Now and again, the author's imaginative resources fail him, as, for example, in the Al Woods crook drama species of curtain line that brings to a conclusion the act wherein the police captain demands to know how "man" is spelled, but in its entirety the work has soundness, beauty and a very real quality.

Werfel's play, like much of authentic drama, is in essence a melodrama imagined, orchestrated and executed in terms of its overtones. I have indicated the theme. This theme the highly talented young German has set into the Slavic countryside in the period of Turkish domination. His symbol of the ugliness of revolution, however blinding and dazzling the firebrand that lights it on its way, is a monstrosity born to a man and wife in the form of a child half human, half goat. In the development of his motif, Werfel periodically relies more greatly upon literary means than upon dramatic, but so skilful is his employment of them that he frequently evokes a sense of drama where actually there is none. His play is one of the most meritorious that has come from the younger element in Central Europe and in its author there are gifts that are unmistakable.

III

Some Others

That F. Scott Fitzgerald's estimable novel of last year, "The Great Gatsby," could be made into a respectable play was a matter of considerable doubt and that, if it could be, Mr. Owen Davis, author of a hundred or more potboilers, was the man to do the job was a matter of considerably more. Yet Davis has made a dramatization which not only safeguards most of the virtues of the novel but which actually, in one instance, improves upon the latter. This is in a more compact and reasonable

gathering together of the novel's threads by making the garage-keeper Gatsby's chauffeur and Buchanan's mistress the latter's wife. Fitzgerald's admirably drawn characters are no less real in Davis' stage manipulation of them than they were in book covers. Gatsby lives as he did in type; Daisy is more real, if anything, than she was; the Baker girl's character is shown with a few sharp, rapid dramatic strokes; Wolfshiem steps alive from the book; the jazz and gin debauch on Long Island is even more convincingly realistic than it was on the printed page; and if Carraway and Buchanan seem relatively in the domain of a playwright's arbitrary puppets, they seemed equally so in the domain of a novelist's.

Where the play misses the quality of the novel is, as was duly to be expected, in the department of style. Although here and there the dramatist has succeeded in getting into the play a measure of Fitzgerald's tone and color, there is more often the unavoidable substitution of purely physical stage movement for suggestion and inference. Yet, if a novel is to be made into a play, such a defective stratagem is inevitable in the light of the stage's limitations.

"Love 'Em and Leave 'Em" is an attempt on the part of John V. A. Weaver, aided by the theatrically experienced hand of George Abbott, to get into dramatic characters some of the sauce and flavor of the characters that have figured in his American language verses. The attempt is only moderately happy, and for a reason that is simple. In his verses, Weaver can get his lingo effects in a few stanzas and then stop. In the theatre, after getting these effects in a correspondingly short time, he must perforce keep at the task of sustaining them for a couple of hours more and what has struck the ear convincingly for the short time thus presently loses the feel of reality through repetition, overemphasis and the general process of forcing. In order to stretch his American language mouthpieces into the necessary theatrical length, Weaver has found himself compelled to supplement his stock of accurate Americanisms with a lot of artificial slang, obviously manufactured expressions and synthetic wise-cracks that are much less the product of the soil than of the typewriter and vaudeville stage. The plot of the play, furthermore, has been so scantily handled that wide gaps constantly present themselves to be filled with Americanisms, and the demand is infinitely greater than the authentic supply. As an instance of the forcing to which the characters are subjected, one may point to the shop-girl who is a likely candidate for the post of private secretary to an official in the firm that employs her and who is yet made periodically to speak in wholly illiterate American. The play is not without its amusing qualities, but it is amusing more on the score of its lines couched in straight English than on the score of those couched in the strained vernacular.

"The Shanghai Gesture," by John Colton, is cheap sensationalism aimed at such blockheads as are willing to pay out fancy prices to hear a character declare that she is a nymphomaniac and to see her lewdly demonstrate it by rushing up to an actor and kissing him on the ear. The scene is a Chinese bordello which closely resembles the Ritz Crystal Room. "The Love City," by an Oriental named Hans Bachwitz, was originally done in Germany under the title of "Yoshiwara." The scene is here also a Chinese bordello resembling Hanlons' "Superba." "Lulu Belle," by Edward Sheldon and Charles MacArthur, is a handsomely staged exhibit in which Miss Lenore Ulric in blackface is chased around the stage for several acts by Mr. Henry Hull, also in blackface, and finally strangled to death as a faithless wench, the whole purporting to be a study of modern Negro life. Among the ethnological authorities consulted were apparently Lew Dockstader, Al Jolson and Eddie Cantor.

THE LIBRARY

BY H. L. MENCKEN

Fiction Good and Bad

THE ODYSSEY OF A NICE GIRL, by Ruth Suckow. New York: *Alfred A. Knopf.*

PIG IRON, by Charles G. Norris. New York: *E. P. Dutton & Company.*

MARY GLENN, by Sarah Gertrude Millin. New York: *Boni & Liveright.*

SIREN, by C. Kay Scott. London: *Faber & Gwyer.*

MANHATTAN TRANSFER, by John Dos Passos. New York: *Harper & Brothers.*

ANDREW BRIDE OF PARIS, by Henry Sydnor Harrison. Boston: *The Houghton Mifflin Company.*

Of these books, the most important as an item of literary news is Miss Suckow's, for it is her first full-length novel. "Country People," though a vast mass of observation was packed into it and its people had almost complete reality, remained a novelette, small in scale and not pretending to much profundity. In "The Odyssey of a Nice Girl" the author plows deeper, and turns up stuff of far more significance. What she sets out to do, in essence, is to tell the history of a typical girl in a small town of the Midlands—a girl almost mathematically normal. As document, I believe, the thing is extremely sound, and so I commend it to the sexual psychologists of Greenwich Village. It is their theory that such a girl is tortured incessantly by sex—that her whole history is the history of a struggle with unchristian hormones. Miss Suckow shows her as scarcely aware of sex at all, at least in the physiological sense. She has her beaux, of course, and on occasion she is somewhat shyly necked, but that is as far as it goes. Her dreams upon her virtuous couch are not phallic, but simply sentimental. She looks forward to marriage, not as to a debauch, but as to a sort of sacrament. All of which is saying that she is the normal daughter of a normal small-town American, brought up to fear God's anger and the communal sniff. Calvinism is in the very marrow of her. She can no more imagine throwing her slipper over the garden-wall figuratively than she can imagine blowing spit-balls at the pastor actually.

Nevertheless, this highly respectable and more than a little stupid maiden also has her longing, and it takes her into the one grand adventure of her life. She aspires, like her Freudian sisters, to escape the dull routine of purely domestic bliss. She would horn into the bozart, and lead her own life. I describe the girl and her scene completely when I tell you that the art she itches for is that of elocution! So off to Boston she goes, where the thing is still taught for the country trade, and then back to Buena Vista, Iowa, to practise it. Alas, for the artist, at all times and everywhere! It is not correct form in Buena Vista to moon and dream. An elocutionist, of course, is not downright obscene, like a painter of hand-painted oil-paintings or a fancy dancer, but even an elocutionist is somehow suspect. Thus the long arms of normalcy stretch out for poor Marjorie Stoessel—what a name! They drag her down, inch by inch, to the connubial bliss foreordained for her. And so, as we part from her, she fades into nothingness, lawfully tied to a member of the American Legion.

No one familiar with Miss Suckow's short stories need be told the manner of this book. It is a manner at once natural and highly artful. The tale does not boom along in scenes of high drama; it unfolds slowly, gradually. But what sharp observation is in the detail of it, and with what skill that detail is piled up! One enters intimately and almost shamelessly into the life of that forlorn and soggy town.

Its people, met one by one, become familiars; its very streets and houses take on the aspect of things long known. And what fine feeling creeps into the chronicle! Irony plays about it from first to last, but always there is pity underneath. One does not laugh at poor Marjorie. Her story is commonplace; it revolves around petty aspirations, petty adventures, petty heartaches. But it is genuinely moving; it is never banal. There are those, I suppose, who will complain that it is too long. If so, let them put it down for another. An artist of Miss Suckow's sure but delicate skill is entitled to choose any scale she fancies. At the first business of her craft she is adept as few others are adept: she can discern and evoke the eternal tragedy in the life of man.

Mr. Norris' "Pig Iron," I take it, will also bring forth protests from literary speed-maniacs, but as for me, I have read it with immense interest, and enjoyed it unflaggingly. Dreiser's title, "An American Tragedy," would fit it far better than the title it has. For what it sets forth is simply the futility of success, as success is measured in a sordid land. Sam Smith comes to New York from his Massachusetts village, establishes himself in business after a desperate struggle, makes a brilliant marriage, amasses a great fortune —and then finds that he has nothing. As we part from him in the end he is trying idiotically to pick up Hastings, Neb., on the radio. His daughter has made the Junior League, but has the tastes and manners of a garage mechanic. His son is developing into what seems likely to be a Young Intellectual. His wife flits from lover to lover, too timorous (or too shrewd) to leap through the seventh hoop with any of them. In his old age he travels all the way to California to see an old flame, a lady once in public life, the unforgotten companion of his first sins in the grand manner—and arrives three days too late: she is dead and buried when he gets there. He picks up the feeling of being three days late everywhere. In theory—even his own theory—he has everything. In fact he has nothing.

It is the ages-old tragedy of the Munseys of this world. Has anyone, speculating upon Munsey's magnificently idiotic will, sought to penetrate the mood which inspired it? Was it simply an ironical gesture—a last, sardonic thumbing of the nose at an intolerable world? Or was it pathetic—the dying bray of a jackass with a breaking heart? It is hard to decide: I'd like to hear Mr. Norris' opinion on the subject, for in "Pig Iron" he has managed to get reality into a very similar man. His novels, it seems to me, have received a great deal less critical attention than they deserve; perhaps the reputations of his brother and his wife have kept him in a shadow. Beginning with "Salt," in 1918, he has concerned himself steadily with typical Americans and typically American situations. His manner is leisurely, but painstaking and effective. There is nothing of the improvisateur about him. He never employs tricks of writing to conceal gaps in his material. What he sets forth he knows, and has given thought to. His books have solid substance in them, and a fine dignity.

Of "Mary Glenn" it is almost sufficient to say that it is by the author of "God's Stepchildren." The latter is certainly remembered brilliantly by everyone who read it last year: it had the unmistakable glow of genuinely first-rate work. "Mary Glenn" is much smaller in scale—in fact, little more than a novelette. But within its narrow limits it is a splendid thing, indeed—vivid, highly dramatic, and full of a poignant eloquence. In brief, the story of an ambitious woman who jilts one man to marry what seems to be a better one, and then discovers too late that the thing runs the other way. There is no hint of a triangle. Mary Glenn is tempted, once, to use her old lover against her husband, but puts the thought away as abominable. The business of the tale is to show how the intolerable puts on tolerableness; it is achieved with great plausibility and effect.

The last scene, in particular, is managed with consummate adroitness. Elliott Glenn, passing stupidly from failure to failure, is only loathsome, but plunged suddenly into tragedy he becomes straightway bearable. This Mrs. Millin knows more about novel-writing than all the bespectacled spinsters who bang away at us from the Motherland. She has keener eyes and by far, and she knows much better the way to the secrets of the human heart. She lives in South Africa. Let Australia and Canada take notice that even a colony may produce a first-rate artist.

"Siren," "No More Parades" and "Manhattan Transfer" are all attempts to escape from the conventional bounds of the novel, and all of them, I suppose, stem from "Ulysses." Of the three, "No More Parades" is by far the most workmanlike. Mr. Ford, though he must be pushing sixty, is yet one of the younger men, but his long service at the desk has at least taught him a sound technique: he knows how to get the precise effects that he wants. In "No More Parades" there is a sense of confusion, but it has purpose in it, for what Mr. Ford is trying to depict is the immense confusion behind the British army in France. It is, however, more than a war story. It is a study of the British gentry in disintegration—a preposterous and pathetic *Totentanz*. The book has been praised in extravagant terms. Ford, it appears, is one of the greatest stylists ever practising in English. He is a profound thinker, with touches of genius. "No More Parades" is the best war story ever written. All this is silly, and can only have the effect of raising up impossible expectations, and making for sad disappointments. Ford, in fact, is only a second-rater, and "No More Parades" seldom gets beyond the obvious. But it is a highly amusing piece of work, and well worth reading. I wish I could say the same for "Manhattan Transfer," but I am in grave doubt that any human being will ever be able to read it—that is, honestly, thoroughly, from end to end. It is incoherent, and not infrequently very dull. It staggers all over the lot. Mr. Dos Passos, indeed, has yet to prove that the promise of "Three Soldiers" had any substance in it. His first book was far too successful: a very unfortunate thing for a young novelist. His later volumes have shown him hard at it, but making extremely heavy weather.

In "Siren" there is a great deal of genuine novelty. The author's aim is to exhibit the effects upon a group of men, and especially upon two men, of proximity to an inordinately lascivious woman. The theme, I suppose, alarmed the publishers of the Republic. I get news that many of them declined to publish the book: it bears the imprint of a new firm in England. But I can find nothing obscene in it; it is, in fact, done with excellent restraint, and persons stupid enough to be damaged by reading it would probably get through it without suspecting what it was about. What distinguishes it is the author's ingenious effort to enter into the very minds of his characters. The play of their thoughts is set forth precisely as he conceives it to go on in fact. Not only do ideas run together; even words run together. It seems to me that he manages the device very competently, and that his experiment is thus interesting and valuable. Altogether, a novelty that lifts itself above the general run of such things. Mr. Scott is intelligent, and has something to say.

In "Andrew Bride of Paris," by Henry Sydnor Harrison, there is only a pathetic hollowness. This Mr. Harrison fluttered the provincial dovecotes a dozen or more years ago with a series of sentimental novels about pure-souled cripples, absent-minded professors and the other *dramatis personæ* of the Sunday-school library—sugary stuff, but harmless. His trade, I suspect, has now deserted to Christopher Morley, and so he takes to sterner things. In "Andrew Bride" he flings himself waspishly upon the Young Intellectuals who make such a pother. Specifically, he sends one of them to Paris, fills him gradually

with disgust for Left Bank *Kultur*, and then brings him home a 100% American. The thing is childishly transparent—a moral tale that even schoolboys—nay, schoolmasters—must laugh at. But in the backwaters of the land, I daresay, it will have its admirers.

Old Ludwig

BEETHOVEN, by Paul Bekker. New York: *E. P. Dutton & Company.*

This excellent book stands midway between the colossal Beethoven biography of A. W. Thayer and the small but penetrating critical work of Vincent D'Indy, and will probably be more useful to the average reader than either. The author is a German critic with a profound and encyclopedic knowledge of the Beethoven canon, and an admiration for the master that almost amounts to adoration; nevertheless, he manages to keep his critical wits about him, and never descends to mere mushy eulogy. His main business is to analyze the works of old Ludwig in detail, not only as musical compositions but also as human documents, but he also has room for a short biographical sketch of conventional cut, and in it he does some of his shrewdest writing. The fact that Beethoven was really two men is plain to him, and does not daunt him. He deals with the slovenly lout and boor, the absurd sentimentalist and posturer in a realistic and unsparing manner; he deals with the incomparable artist in the reverent attitude of a devotee before a shrine. Always he is immensely well informed. He knows every detail of the Beethoven legend. He knows every note that Beethoven ever wrote. He is never merely rhetorical, and it is seldom possible to question his judgment.

Beethoven was one of those lucky men whose stature, viewed in retrospect, grows steadily. How many movements have there been to put him on the shelf? At least a dozen in the ninety-nine years since his death. There was one only a few years ago in New York, launched by silly critics and supported by the war fever: his place, it appeared, was to be taken by such prophets of the new enlightenment as Stravinsky! The net result of that movement was simply that the best orchestra in America went to pot—and Beethoven survived unscathed. It is, indeed, almost impossible to imagine displacing him—at all events, in the concert-hall, where the shadow of Bach cannot reach him. Surely the Nineteenth Century was not deficient in master musicians. It produced Schubert, Schumann, Mendelssohn, Chopin, Wagner and Brahms, to say nothing of a whole horde of Dvořáks, Tschaikowskys, Raffs, Debussys, Verdis, Griegs, Puccinis and Mahlers. Yet it gave us nothing better than the first movement of the Eroica. That movement, the first challenge of the new music, remains its last word. It is the noblest piece of absolute music ever written in the sonata form, and it is the noblest piece of programme music. In Beethoven, indeed, the distinction became purely imaginary, as Dr. Bekker is careful to point out. Everything he wrote was, in a way, programme music, including even the first two symphonies, and everything was absolute music, including even the Battle grotesquerie. (Is the latter, indeed, as bad as ancient report makes it? Why doesn't some *Kappellmeister* let us hear it?)

The peculiar virtues of Beethoven were the grand ones of dignity and simplicity. As a man he appeared to his contemporaries to have little dignity. He was querulous, noisy and vain; he wore absurd clothes; he engaged in nonsensical quarrels; he forgot debts. But all that was on the surface. Deep down there was another Beethoven whose soul was stately and austere—a man whose lightest thoughts had a curiously god-like quality—a sort of blood brother to the Old Testament prophets. It is almost a literal fact that there is not a trace of cheapness in the whole body of his music. Nor is this due to reticence, for no composer was ever more expansive: it was his complete lack

of reserve, indeed, even more than his purely musical heresies, that shocked his contemporaries. Compared to Mozart and Haydn, he seemed shameless to them. What they failed to notice was the noble quality of his confidences. Mozart, spreading himself upon the minutes, could never get beyond the facile emotions of good society: he was correct at all costs. Haydn seldom went much further: he was sentimental but never tragic, save now and then for a few measures. Old Ludwig rose far above all that. The feelings that he put into his music were feelings that music had been bare of since the days of Bach. He was never sweet and romantic; he never shed conventional tears; he never struck orthodox attitudes. His emotions were not those of a common man; they were those of a man clearly superior, and well aware of it. In his lightest moods there was always an immense and inescapable dignity. He concerned himself, not with the puerile agonies of love, but with the eternal tragedy of man. He was a great tragic poet, and like all great tragic poets, he was obsessed by a sense of the inscrutable meaninglessness of life. From the Eroica onward he seldom departed from that theme. It roars through the first movement of the C minor symphony, and it comes to a stupendous final statement in the Ninth.

All this was new in music, and so it caused murmurs of surprise and even indignation. The step from Mozart's Jupiter to the first movement of the Eroica was uncomfortable; the Viennese began to wriggle in their stalls. But there was one among them who didn't wriggle, and that was Franz Schubert. Turn to the first movement of his Unfinished or to the slow movement of his Tragic, and you will see how quickly the example of Beethoven was followed—and with what genius! But there was a long hiatus after that, with Mendelssohn, Weber, Chopin and company performing upon their pretty pipes. Eventually the day of November 6, 1876, dawned in Karlsruhe, and with it came the first performance of Brahms' C minor. Once more the gods walked in the concert-hall. They will walk again when another Brahms is born, but not before. For nothing can come out of an artist that is not in the man. What ails the music of all the Tschaikowskys, Stravinskys—and Strausses? What ails it is that it is the music of shallow men. It is often, in its way, lovely. It bristles with charming musical ideas. It is infinitely ingenious and workmanlike. But it is as hollow, at bottom, as a bull by Bishop Manning.

Beethoven disdained all the artifices of his successors: he didn't need them. It would be hard to think of a composer, even of the fourth rate, who worked with thematic matter of less intrinsic merit. He borrowed tunes wherever he found them; he made them up out of snatches of country jigs; when he lacked one altogether he contented himself with a simple phrase, a few banal notes. All such things he viewed simply as raw materials; his interest was concentrated upon their use. To that use of them he brought genius of the very first rank. His ingenuity began where that of other men left off. His most complicated structures retained the overwhelming clarity of the Parthenon. And into them he got a kind of feeling that even the Greeks could seldom match: he was preëminently a modern man, with all trace of the barbarian vanished. In his gorgeous music there went the high skepticism that was of the essence of the Eighteenth Century, but into it there also went the new enthusiasm, the new determination to challenge and beat the gods, that dawned with the Nineteenth. He was one of the noblest artists and one of the most remarkable men that the human race has yet produced.

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HERBERT ASBURY *is a member of the staff of the New York* Herald-Tribune. *He was born in Missouri. His first book, "Up From Methodism," is soon to be published.*

JAMES D. BERNARD *is the same who wrote "The Baptists" in the February number.*

CHESTER T. CROWELL'S *article gives the main facts about his early career. He was later an editorial writer on the New York* Evening Post. *He is now writing for the magazines, and his first novel is nearly ready.*

FIELDING H. GARRISON, M.D., *is a lieutenant-colonel in the Army Medical Corps, on duty in the Army Medical Museum. He is generally conceded to hold first place among American medical historians. His books include histories of medicine, of military medicine and of pediatrics, and memoirs of Josiah W. Gibbs and John S. Billings.*

ISAAC GOLDBERG, PH.D. (Harvard), *is a specialist in Latin American literature, and has written numerous books and articles on that subject. He is now at work on a critical and biographical study of Havelock Ellis.*

HAROLD MACGRATH *is the well-known novelist, author of "The Man on the Box," "The Puppet Crown," "The Carpet from Bagdad," and many other books. He was born and still lives in Syracuse, N. Y.*

JOHN MCCLURE *is one of the editors of the* Double Dealer *at New Orleans. He is an Oklahoman.*

JOSEPHINE HERBST *was born in Sioux City, Iowa, and was educated at Morningside College, the University of Iowa and the University of California. She spent three years abroad, but is now living in Connecticut. Her first novel, "Unmarried," is soon to be published.*

L. M. HUSSEY *is a Philadelphia chemist. His first novel is soon to be published. He is now in Venezuela.*

HENRY OSBORNE OSGOOD *has been editor of the* Musical Courier *for ten years past. He was an assistant conductor at the Munich Royal Opera for three years. He has written for various journals on various art problems, and is the author of many songs and piano pieces, and of a book for children.*

DAVID WARREN RYDER *is a California journalist who has specialized in political and industrial subjects. He is a frequent contributor to the reviews.*

JAMES STEVENS *is the author of "Paul Bunyan." For a number of years he was a laborer in the Northwest.*

SAMUEL W. TAIT, JR., *is a native of Indiana, and was educated at Washington University. He is now engaged in business.*

STANLEY VESTAL (WALTER STANLEY CAMPBELL) *is assistant professor of English at the University of Oklahoma. He was the first Rhodes Scholar from Oklahoma.*

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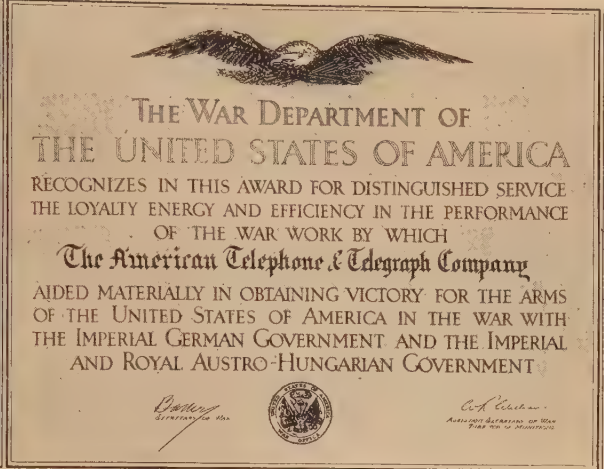
Editorial NOTES

In its next issue THE AMERICAN MERCURY will present a selection of poems by the young poets who now trill and twitter in the great State of Oklahoma. Twenty years ago Oklahoma was a roaring wilderness, given over to cattle rustlers, Indians, land boomers, and the primeval bootleggers of that era. Ten years ago it was a land of oil prospectors, uncouth and wild. But today it has Rotarians, realtors, Boy Scouts, vice crusaders, bridge clubs, gaudy hotels, and several excellent newspapers. The old days survive in its politicians, who struggle over the Klan and frequently get into jail; the new days dawn in its poets, who are numerous and of considerable talent. Oklahoma not only has a school of poetry of its own; it has two schools. The one is headed by John McClure, who has deserted the State for New Orleans; the other by Stanley Vestal, a professor in the State university. Both have contributed to THE AMERICAN MERCURY. But the poets engaged to display their paces next month are mainly unknowns. For the first time they will perform *en masse* before a candid world.

Before the end of the present year, D. V., THE AMERICAN MERCURY will publish a Y. M. C. A. Number—the first ever attempted by any great organ of opinion in the Republic. The Y. M. C. A. is at once one of the most characteristic and one of the most potent of American institutions. Its cheap and comfortable dormitories rear themselves in all of our great cities, and its class-rooms are crowded with aspiring young Americans, both of the

Continued on page xxviii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Editorial NOTES

Continued from page xxvi

New Testament and the Old. It is the mother of Rotary, and the aunt, at least, of Kiwanis. The busy Y. M. C. A. secretary has his finger in every pie; his dulcet coos are broadcast from every stump. Able authors in the employ of THE AMERICAN MERCURY will describe this great organization in detail, setting forth its lofty principles, its ingenious methods, and its vast influence. There is yet room to squeeze in one or two more articles. Anyone desiring to be heard is invited to communicate with the editor.

The following comes from one subscribing himself "A Dialect Fan":

> Alter Brody's article, "Yiddish in American Fiction," in the February number, makes some good points, such as the one about Potash and Perlmutter being likely to converse in Yiddish rather than in English when no one was with them. But how is it that he approves of Bruno Lessing's fishwife saying, "Herr" to the rabbi? And doesn't he show that he doesn't know East Side children when he speaks of their "aping their teacher's accent and deportment with uncanny perfection?" Speech habits are not easily acquired, and East Side children do use a dialect, whether or not Myra Kelly set it down correctly. Has Mr. Brody never heard them say, "My father is by his store," "It stands in the paper that there was an accident," or "Someone clapped on the door"? As a cruel punishment let me condemn him to read aloud the complete works of Mr. Milt Gross of the *Sunday World*.

From Mr. William Chamberlain Burwell, of New York, who says that the February issue of THE AMERICAN MERCURY was the first he ever read, comes this protest against the shortness of Mr. Bernard's list of eminent American Baptists:

> I wonder why he passed up the cultured Dr. Woelfkin, of New York; Dr. Petty and his wonderful work in the district around Judson Memorial Church (New York); Dr. Russell Conwell, famous preacher, lecturer and founder

Continued on page xxx

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Editorial NOTES

Continued from page xxviii

of Temple University in Philadelphia (he earned $10,000,000 during his life but turned it all back into education); Drs. Shailer Mathews and Gerald B. Smith, of Chicago; Dr. W. W. Keen, internationally known and honored surgeon of Philadelphia; Dr. George Grafton Wilson, of Harvard, internationally known authority on international law; Dr. Ferris and his great work in St. Louis; George Coleman, of Boston, founder of the famous forum of Ford Hall, which grew out of the generosity of Daniel Ford, founder of the *Youth's Companion;* Dr. W. H. P. Faunce, President of Brown University; also the work of the Calvary Baptist Church of Washington, of the Calvary Baptist Church of Providence, of Dr. W. A. Davison, of Vermont, of Dr. E. A. Hanley, of Berkeley, Cal.; of the White Temple in Portland, Ore.; and of William Carey and Adoniram Judson, pioneer missionaries to India, to say nothing of a host of other devout and educated leaders.

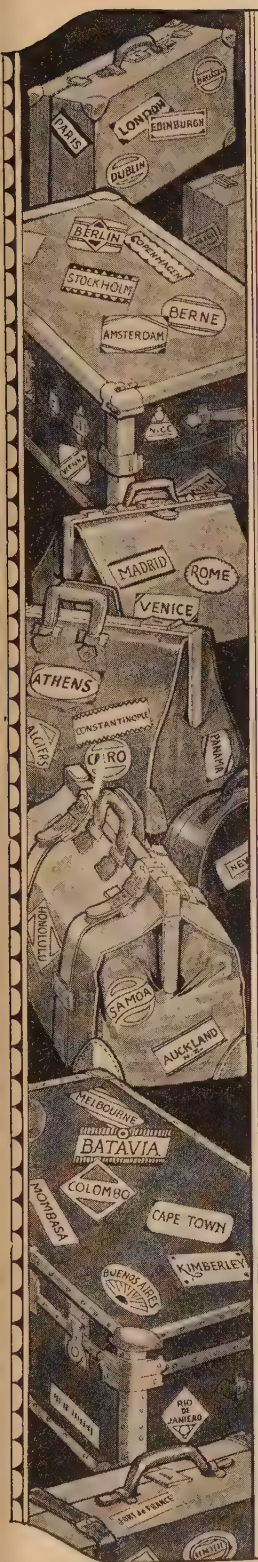
The following somewhat tart commentary upon Mr. Stewart H. Holbrook's article, "Wobbly Talk," in the January issue, comes from Mr. James Lance, of Portland, Ore., a member of the I. W. W.:

Harrison Gray Otis, former owner of the Los Angeles *Times* and rabid labor-hater, was the first to christen members of the I. W. W. *wobblies*. He coined the name long before the C. N. R. had began building to the coast (Mr. Holbrook's Chinaman ran a restaurant in one of the end-of-steel towns on that railroad) and before the I. W. W. had any membership worth speaking of in Canada.

Mr. Holbrook is wrong in saying that *dehorn* is used to designate anything contrary to wobbly teachings. *Dehorn* means, and means only, bootleg booze and its users. Never is the word used otherwise. It is never used in connection with a worker who lacks class-consciousness; *scissorbill* is the word most commonly employed in referring to such workers, although *wick* runs it a close second and *William Shears* is by no means left at the post.

When Mr. Holbrook calls a cook a *sizzler* or a *boiler* he demonstrates that he went otherwhere than among wobblies for his information. In twenty years of lumber and construction camp life I have never heard either of the words applied to cooks. Wobblies use *stomach-robber*,

Continued on page xxxii



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Editorial NOTES

Continued from page xxx

stew-builder or *meat-burner* when speaking of the men responsible for working-class belly-aches.

Straw-boss is little used nowadays; never by wobblies and only occasionally by *hoosiers*. Sub-foremen in construction camps are known as *commanders* or the *guys packing the book* (time-book). In the woods of the Pacific coast, the long-log country, the hook-tender is the sub-foreman; he is usually called the *hooker*. A logging superintendent is not a *bull of the woods*. Only woods foremen are so designated. Mr. Holbrook is guilty of grave errors of omission in respect to lumber workers. He forgets to mention that there are also *chasers*, *choker-setters*, *whistle-punks*, *donkey-punchers*, *high-climbers* and *rig-up men* in the woods. Apparently he has also never heard of *straw-cats*, *dirt-movers*, or *wood-apes*. These apply respectively to harvest hands, construction workers, and loggers, either *long-loggers* or *short-loggers*. *Long-loggers* are men who work in the big timber country on the coast, where fir, spruce and redwood logs 32 and 64 feet long are cut. *Short-loggers* are the men who get out the timber east of the Cascades, where 16 feet is considered length enough for horses and men.

Hay-burner is not in wobbly parlance. The word originated among the railroad men when Jesse P. Farley was receiver for the St. Paul and Pacific. The deluded Dutchmen who had been supplying the finances for Jim Hill's dreams of empire had decided the property was a junk-pile rather than a railroad, and so economy was the order of the day. Mr. Farley, economical soul, saw a chance to drive a good bargain for a lot of farmers' lanterns and drove it. He issued the lanterns to the railroad men, who were unable to work with them because of improper drafting and who, knowing where Farley had bought them and where they were generally used, christened them *hay-burners*.

Why Mr. Holbrook should differentiate between *packing* the *riggin* (by the way, the final *g* is always deleted) and *carrying* a *balloon* is beyond me. *Packing* has always been good working stiff speech out here. He is correct in regard to *homeguard*, but *stiff* is used far more frequently to designate a migratory worker than *boomer*.

It is a pleasure to give a welcome to the *Quarterly Review of Biology*, just set up with Dr. Raymond Pearl, director of the Insti-

Continued on page xxxiv

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Editorial NOTES

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tute of Biology at the Johns Hopkins, as editor, and a distinguished staff of contributors. The new review is unusual in more ways than one. It is, for a scientific journal, extremely sightly, with a cream and orange cover, clear illustrations, and Garamont text. And the editor's foreword is plain-spoken and full of interesting promise. He says:

> There is a marked recrudescence just now of the age-old warfare between religion and science. Some of our scientific *confrères* appear either to have forgotten, or never to have grasped, the significance of the length and bitterness of the struggle which finally freed the human mind from the shackles imposed and maintained through centuries by organized religion. They go about plaintively bleating that there *is* no conflict between science and religion, to the great joy of the shrewder Fundamentalists, who perceive at once the enormous aid which such views will be to them in their work of forging again the fetters from which Huxley finally freed human-kind. The plain fact, of course, is that there can never be any real compromise between science and mysticism, between the real and the supernatural, between light and darkness, between the demonstrable, verifiable truth which makes us free and the ancient superstitions grounded in phallic folk-lore. The experience of centuries indicates that there is only one way effectively to meet the menace of Fundamentalism, which in a real sense threatens the continuance of those elements in our civilization which every intelligent man holds dear. It is by the diffusion of scientific knowledge.

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THE RAVEN ON THE SKYSCRAPER.
By Veronica and Paul King. *T. Fisher Unwin*
10 sh. 8¾ x 5¾; 308 pp. *London*

A violent denunciation of everything American, from immigration laws to movies. Even Walter Hines Page comes in for his share of abuse: he was not sufficiently the Anglomaniac, it appears, to content the authors. The value of their criticism may be gauged by the fact that a large part of their evidence is taken from Henry Ford's paper, the Dearborn *Independent*.

GLIMPSES OF AMERICA.
By Sudhindra Bose. *M. C. Sarkar & Sons*
Rs. 6 7⅛ x 4¾; 249 pp. *Calcutta*

The author, a native of India, has been living in the United States for many years and is now a lecturer at the Iowa State University. The aim of his book is to describe America for his fellow Indians. His view, in the main, is very favorable and even naïve, but now and then, as in the case of Fundamentalism, he permits himself to smile.

THE MELTING-POT MISTAKE.
By Henry Pratt Fairchild. *Little, Brown & Company*
$2.50 8½ x 5½; 266 pp. *Boston*

The author is strongly in favor of the restriction of immigration. The arguments he offers are never new, but he brings them forward in a plausible manner and without the usual appeals to mere prejudice.

CRIMINOLOGY AND PENOLOGY.
By John Lewis Gillin. *The Century Company*
$4.50 9 x 6; 873 pp. *New York*

This extensive study of crime and punishment was written primarily for elementary classes in college. The book is full of valuable statistics, but the author is a bit too cock-sure about their interpretation, and he places himself open to immediate attack by considering all disobedience to law as criminal. His point of view, in general, is that of the "good" man, rather than that of the scientist. As remedies for the so-called crime wave he offers such hoary things as moral education, speedier trials, severer sentences, the segregation of criminals, and so on. There is an inconse-

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quential introduction by Professor Edward Alsworth Ross. There are short but useful bibliographies throughout the book.

FREE NEGRO HEADS OF FAMILIES IN THE UNITED STATES IN 1830.
By Carter Godwin Woodson *The Association for the Study of Negro Life and History, Inc.*
$5 10 x 6½; 296 pp. *Washington*

This is as complete a compilation as has yet been made of the names of the free Negro heads of families in the United States in 1830, the year when it is believed their number was the largest. The names were obtained from the census for that year. There is a long introduction dealing with the sociological, legal and economic aspects of the free Negroes prior to and after the Civil War.

BEYOND HATRED. *The Democratic Ideal in France and America.*
By Albert Leon Guérard. *Charles Scribner's Sons*
$3 8¾ x 6; 298 pp. *New York*

In the first part of this book the author points out the differences between French and American democracy, and repeats what every college freshman knows. In the second part he calls for three cheers for Love, Justice, Brotherhood *et al.* Most of the chapters would make excellent lectures before Kiwanis or Rotary. One of the chapters, that on international languages, first appeared in THE AMERICAN MERCURY.

THE NATION'S MEAT.
By R. D. MacManus. *The Industries Publishing Co.*
$1 7½ x 4¾; 124 pp. *New York*

A short account of the origin and growth of the firm of Armour & Company, highly eulogistic in tone.

HISTORY

LINCOLN AND HIS GENERALS.
By Clarence Edward Macartney *Dorrance & Company*
$2.50 8 x 5⅜; 226 pp. *Philadelphia*

There is nothing in this compilation that is not to be found in other books. It is but one more of the endless series of contributions to Lincolniana. There are portraits of Scott, Frémont, Butler, McClellan, Sherman, Burnside, Hooker, Meade, Halleck and Grant.

THE JEWS OF EASTERN EUROPE.
By Arnold D. Margolin. *Thomas Seltzer*
$2.50 8¼ x 5½; 292 pp. *New York*

The author first treats of the political and economic phases of the life of the Jews in what was the Russian

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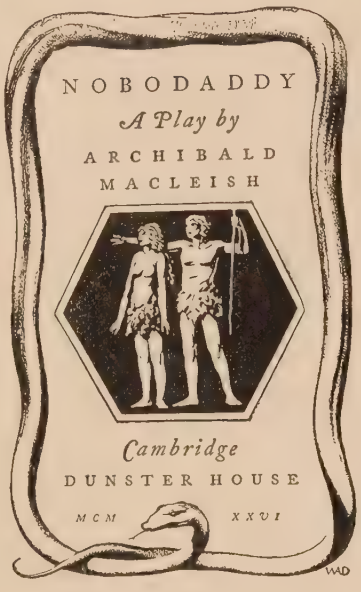

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THE SCIENCES

THE HISTORIAN AND HISTORICAL EVIDENCE.
By Allen Johnson. *Charles Scribner's Sons*
$2 8¼ x 5⅛; 179 pp. *New York*

An admirable survey of a subject only too little discussed in English. Dr. Johnson, who is professor of American history at Yale, describes the materials of history, the difficulties of the historian, and the means by which an approximation to the truth is reached. His review of previous authorities is full and excellent.

HEREDITY.
By A. Franklin Shull. *The McGraw-Hill Book Co.*
$3 9 x 5¾; 287 pp. *New York*

A well-ordered and useful text, apparently designed for students but well adapted to the needs of the general reader. All the essential facts about the known phenomena of heredity are set forth clearly, and there is an intelligent discussion of their relation to human problems. The book is well illustrated, and there is a glossary at the end.

THE NATURAL INCREASE OF MANKIND.
By J. Shirley Sweeney. *The Williams & Wilkins Co.*
$4 8½ x 5¾; 185 pp. *Baltimore*

Dr. Sweeney applies Dr. Raymond Pearl's vital index, 100 *B/D*, to all countries with adequate vital statistics, and so tries to establish the relative vitality of their populations. He finds that, in general, this vitality increases in direct ratio to the distance from the equator. His discussion, in large part, is beyond the general reader.

CRITICISM

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By Albert H. Tolman. *The Macmillan Company*
$2.50 7½ x 5¼; 270 pp. *New York*

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Shakespearean text without any reference to Dr. Leon Kellner. He is professor of English at the University of Chicago.

THE COMIC AND THE REALISTIC IN ENGLISH DRAMA.
By John B. Moore. *The University of Chicago Press*
$2 7½ x 5; 231 pp. *Chicago*

This is an extensive investigation of English realistic comedy from its beginning to about 1600. The author comes to the following conclusions: that the comic loses its virtue when it is protracted, that realism is almost always essential to the vitality of comedy, and that the life of the lower classes has always proved more fruitful of the comic than the life of the upper classes. A bibliography is appended.

ARTHUR SYMONS. *A Critical Study.*
By T. Earle Welby. *The Adelphi Company*
$3 8¼ x 5½; 148 pp. *New York*

This critique of the works of the famous English literatus is of little value. The author sees transcendent beauty even in the most flabby of Symons' verses. He considers his man the "finest" critic of his generation.

VOLTAIRE.
By Richard Aldington. *E. P. Dutton & Company*
$2.50 7½ x 5; 278 pp. *New York*

The purpose of this book is to serve as a guide to the life and works of the famous French philosopher. On the whole, it is carried out fairly well, especially the first half, which deals with Voltaire's life. One regrets, however, that the task was assigned to Mr. Aldington, for he is an earnest Christian and therefore takes Voltaire's heresies with bad humor. On page 136 he says: "Christianity . . . was the greatest effort of human idealism in the Western World. Voltaire was an acrid critic and destroyer of that ideal and created nothing permanent to take its place. If the world is now the prey of the successful tradesman, must we not in part blame Voltaire?"

LITERATURE

THE LIFE AND WORKS OF EDWARD COOTE PINKNEY.
By Thomas Ollive Mabbott and Frank Lester Pleadwell.
The Macmillan Company
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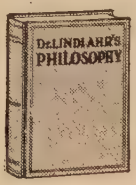

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Check List of NEW BOOKS

Continued from page xlii

unearthed a number of hitherto unpublished pieces, and have ransacked the archives of the Navy Department for light upon Pinkney's career as a midshipman. Probably few unbiased readers of today will join in the encomiums they lavish upon his poetry. It is slight in quantity, and very dubious in merit, despite the praise of Poe.

OSCAR WILDE. LETZTE BRIEFE.
Translated into German by Max Meyerfeld.
S. Fischer Verlag.
9½ x 6; 173 pp. *Berlin*

There are ninety letters in this collection, all of them written in the last three years of Wilde's life, 1897–1900, and all of them addressed to his friend, Robert Ross. The last twenty-six letters are here presented for the first time anywhere, and so are various passages in the remaining ones, which were cut in the English editions.

THE ROMANTIC '90'S.
By Richard Le Gallienne. *Doubleday, Page & Co.*
$2.50 8⅜ x 5⅝; 271 pp. *Garden City, L. I.*

The amusing reminiscences of a survivor of the Beardsley period. The chapters on George Meredith and Algernon Charles Swinburne are especially interesting. There are many facsimiles of letters from the men and women discussed.

REPRINTS

A SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY THROUGH FRANCE AND BELGIUM.
By Laurence Sterne. *Alfred A. Knopf*
$5 9¼ x 6; 140 pp. *New York*

A limited edition (of which 2,000 copies are for sale), designed by Elmer Adler, with woodcuts by Wilfred Jones, and printed by the Pynson Printers. An extremely attractive example of modern book-making. The binding is in figured paper, with a cloth back.

REPRESENTATIVE PLAYS BY AMERICAN DRAMATISTS.
Edited by Montrose J. Moses. *E. P. Dutton & Co.*
$8 9¼ x 6; 823 pp. *New York*

This is the second volume of a collection that runs to three volumes, and covers the period 1815–1858. The third volume was issued ahead of it. The dramatists represented are Joseph Hutton, John Howard

Continued on page xlvi

WHO ELSE should see this number?

Very often, finishing an article in THE AMERICAN MERCURY, you have thought of someone who ought to read it. If he is a friend you have probably mentioned it to him.

But sometimes he is only a casual acquaintance, or perhaps an editor or an artist or an office-holder whom you know only by reputation.

If you will send us the names of such persons, we will notify them, mentioning your name or not, as you instruct us. This may result in the spread of enlightenment in your community, and in another enthusiastic reader for us.

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Check List of NEW BOOKS

Continued from page xliv

Payne, David Paul Brown, Nathaniel P. Willis, Joseph S. Jones, Robert T. Conrad, Mrs. Anna Cora Mowatt, Mrs. Sidney F. Bateman, Clifton W. Tayleure, and George L. Aiken, who made one of the earliest and best dramatizations of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." There is a valuable introduction to each play by the editor, and a series of bibliographies.

GREAT SHORT STORIES OF THE WORLD.
Edited by Barrett H. Clark and Maxim Lieber. *Robert M. McBride & Company*
$5 8¼ x 5½; 1072 pp. *New York*

This is a colossal collection, and covers all countries, ancient and modern, including even Costa Rica, China, Bulgaria and modern Greece. The American authors represented are Irving, Hawthorne, Poe, Clemens, Bierce, Harte, James, James Lane Allen, Sarah Orne Jewett, Bunner, O. Henry, Crane, Dreiser, Sherwood Anderson, Willa Cather and Cabell.

STUDIES IN SEVEN ARTS.
By Arthur Symons. *E. P. Dutton & Company*
$3.50 8 x 5½; 324 pp. *New York*

Essays on Rodin, Moreau, Watts, Whistler, Beethoven, Wagner, Richard Strauss, Eleanora Duse, Millais, Rembrandt, Raphael, Sargent, de Groux, Charles Conder, Augustus John and Alfred Jarry. The book was first printed in 1906.

ESSAYS

OUROBOROS, *or, The Mechanical Extension of Mankind.*
By Garet Garrett. *E. P. Dutton & Company*
$1 6¼ x 4½; 101 pp. *New York*

The general thesis of this book is the now ancient one that machinery, which was once the servant of mankind, is now becoming its cruel master.

LYCURGUS, *or, The Future of Law.*
By E. S. P. Haynes. *E. P. Dutton & Company*
$1 6¼ x 4½; 82 pp. *New York*

The author predicts a more civilized attitude in the law of the future regarding such things as legitimization, marriage, divorce, inheritance, and so on. He believes that the greatest danger to society at the present time, from the legal standpoint, is the gradual throttling of the liberties of the individual by the spread of centralization and the increase in the number of sumptuary laws, such as Prohibition. It is significant that he speaks of all this as Americanization.

The BORZOI Broadside

Published almost every month by ALFRED A. KNOPF, 730 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

APRIL, 1926 — VOL. VII. NO. 5.

The Decline of the West

OF FAR greater intellectual significance than the writings of *Keyserling* and *Steiner* is *Spengler's* massive treatise, THE DECLINE OF THE WEST (DER UNTERGANG DES ABENDLANDES), the most important and influential work published in Germany during the last decade. Like *Keyserling*, he held no academic post, and except for his Doctor's thesis on Heraclitus he published nothing before the appearance of his masterpiece at the age of thirty-eight. If mathematics and philosophy were his favourite subjects, he also read widely in history and literature, religion and art.

The Agadir crisis of 1911 turned his attention to current issues, and his first instinct was to write on some political phenomena of the age and the conclusions to which they pointed. "I then discovered not only that I must go much further back in order to understand the present, but that a political problem could not be understood on the purely political plane, and, indeed, that no fragment of history could be understood till we penetrated the secret of world-history, which no one had ever achieved. Then all the connections began to become clear, and I envisaged the approaching war as the type of a historical occurrence which had its predetermined place within a great historical framework. At last I saw the solution plainly before me in immense outlines and in all its logical necessity. My book contains the irrefutable formulation of an idea which cannot be contested. Its narrower theme is an analysis of the decline of the culture of the West; but the goal is nothing less than the problem of civilization."

The title of his treatise was chosen in 1912; the first draft was finished before the outbreak of war; and the first volume, revised and enlarged, appeared in 1918, with the subtitle "Outlines of a Morphology of World-History." The preface, dated from his Munich home in December 1917, describes the work both as a philosophy of history and as a commentary on a great epoch. "I close with the expression of a wish that this book should stand not altogether unworthily beside the military achievements of Germany." Thus the work, far from being the offspring of defeat and despair, was planned at the meridian of the Empire

(*Continued on page 39*)

BORZOI BOOKS

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All information contained herein relative to publication dates prices, format, etc., is as accurate as possible at date of publication. Later changes, however, may be made without notice. For the latest possible information, see your bookseller.

An Elizabethan Classic

HAKLUYT'S VOYAGES is one of the many Elizabethan classics that are accepted as basic in the background of the cultured mind but are really very seldom read. We are inclined to prefer the lukewarm substitutes of contemporary romances for the flaming chronicles of this imaginative geographer. *The Principal Navigations, Voyages, Traffiques and Discoveries of the English Nation* has been called the prose-epic of the modern English nation and like every other epic contains a vast amount of fascinating nonsense in addition to the unique treasure of first hand information on English discovery and colonization, the intimate deeds of Britannia's seamen and warriors, and the naive unconscious revelations of the spirit of an epic.

In this edition careful editing has eliminated the irrelevant matter and presents to the modern reader all that is essentially worth while in *Hakluyt's* truly great work. The wood engravings of *Laurence Irving* retain the flourish and the flavor characteristic of Elizabethan times.

HAKLUYT'S VOYAGES. *With woodcuts and preface by* LAURENCE IRVING. $5.00 *net.*

Flight

THE interest of the American people in the New Negro is growing phenomenally and any book which deals truthfully and intelligently with the problems and the life of the colored people immediately wins for itself a host of readers.

Outstanding among the novels which present the New Negro in a clear and intimate light is this story by *Walter White* whose THE FIRE IN THE FLINT inspired American critics to lavish praise of its power and importance. FLIGHT is the story of Mimi Daquin, a cultured Creole girl who leaves her own race to marry a wealthy white man. Her problems and experiences and her final decision to return to her own people form one of the most stirring novels of the season.

This is a truthful and very significant study of Negro life in America. Its action takes place in the Negro sections of New Orleans, Atlanta, Philadelphia and New York so that the reader gets a complete picture of the new spirit and the changes that are coming to pass in our country.

* * *

Sinclair Lewis: "THE FIRE IN THE FLINT is splendidly courageous, rather terrifying and of the highest significance."

FLIGHT. *By* WALTER WHITE. $2.50 *net.*

Read It And Weep!

APPASSIONATA.
By FANNIE HURST. Knopf.

If crocodiles could only read
Fannie could make 'em cry, indeed.
If a hyena had a heart
Fannie would make it ache and smart.
What chance had just a hard-boiled guy
Like me to keep his hanky dry?
—*Keith Preston* in the Chicago News

This is the Book!!

SELDOM, if ever, has a Borzoi Book, been acclaimed with such unanimous enthusiasm as greeted *Walt McDougall's* extraordinarily happy biography, THIS IS THE LIFE, when it appeared in January.

The ball was started rolling by the New York Times review on January 10 which recommended the book and presented the author's purpose and point of view in the words: "*Mr. McDougall* makes no pretense of being a superman. He is as ready to tell of his failures as of his successes. All he asks is that it be a good story."

And *W. Orton Tewson* in his column, An Attic Salt-Shaker, reprinted about a dozen stories from the book which he characterizes as "the cheeriest, frankest, breeziest, lightest, most piquant newspaper man's book of reminiscences we have read in many a moon."

Then *Harry Hansen* in the Chicago Daily News announced: "*Walt McDougall* will have no difficulty finding listeners for his memoirs. For he has set down his experiences in a rollicking book, THIS IS THE LIFE, which deals with men and events that seem almost contemporary. From this book you get the idea that in whatever situation, if somebody snickers just around the corner, it's *McDougall.*"

While *Keith Preston* summed up the book in a phrase; "Delightfully hard-boiled reminiscences."

Then the whole country took up the cry.

A. L. S. Wood in the Springfield Union: "A book that contains all the joyousness he has found in a snooty, snippy existence, and it turns out to be the best book ever written in words by a cartoonist. . . . It is irreverent, an attack on shams, a philosophy of life that has worked tremendously well for *Walter McDougall* and essentially gay. It is obviously a book by one who has seen much of life at its most spectacular pass in review and who, not greatly impressed by the spectacle, has decided that nevertheless it is a comic thing to watch."

V. J. M'Cafferty in the Philadelphia Record: "There are times when *McDougall* keeps the reader hilarious with his countless anecdotes of the famous, near-famous and notorious. He treats them all with the deft pen that made his cartoons well known to an older generation."

Robertus Love in the St. Louis Post Dispatch: This is the sprightliest autobiography that has come our way in years. It is crowded with episode and incident, anecdote and comment. This old-time cartoonist, known to hundreds of newspaper men and to most of the important personages who have inhabited or visited New York City in the past fifty years, has a way of writing which appeals to the layman and is not to be despised by the expert. *Walt* is cynical, but hardly too much so; humorous, but not slapstickery; and always with an eye to the vivid and the vital in human adventures."

New Bedford Standard thinks: "His picturesque, if not picaresque, manner is appealing; his disregard for pomp, power and pretense striking. He admits that he has sometimes been too cynical, that he is conceited, that he drinks on all occasions. He, in other words, disarms criticism."

Then the Los Angeles Record observes: "*McDougall* details interestingly and with humor events of the half-century past, the good old days when men were men and cocktails twenty-five cents a toss. The book is more than a biography. It is an intelligent commentary on a fascinating period, on political and social intrigues, on the foibles and peculiarities of the noted men and women of the times, in short, on the events which contributed to the twentieth century renaissance."

Hartford (Conn.) Times: "A man who drank Santa Cruz rum in *Samuel J. Tilden's* library and then passed out, if we may use an expression of our own, has something to tell the world. *Mr. McDougall* has and does, charmingly."

Boston Globe is even more emphatic: "Once in a great while one runs across a biography that is honest and makes most entertaining reading. . . . It is a 330-page volume and there is not a dull page between the covers."

Brooks Cottle in the Morgantown (W. Va.) Post makes the following comparison: "Now reminiscences and anecdotes of famous persons are no rare thing in contemporary books. Volume after volume of that sort of stuff is turned out every year. But the kind of book that *McDougall* has written is a rare thing, and reading it is a rare pleasure. He has just enough irreverence not to be awed by the majesty of their presence. What he gives are not sugar-coated capsules, but tales stripped of all artificiality and pictures not retouched.

(*Continued on page 39*)

A Group of Borzoi Novels

The Story of a Poet

Mr. Cournos has established a reputation in America as an uncompromising artist. He has expressed himself in many different veins but seldom so happily as in MIRANDA MASTERS, a story of life and love in our own day as it is experienced by strikingly individual and intensely real people.

MIRANDA MASTERS is a study of a remarkable person—a poet, a lovely woman and a curiously introspective but unconsciously dishonest individual. Acting out of the conviction arising from a fear complex, she loses her husband whom she passionately loves and alienates the few friends who really matter in her life. At the end, she is left alone, a somewhat pathetic figure, defeated by the intensity of her own misunderstanding of herself.

Mr. Cournos has created here an extraordinary character and in addition has written a superb story of a group of artists living in war-time England. His study of their reactions to the cataclysm and of their relations with the hysterical world of their time makes MIRANDA MASTERS an achievement that marks a great advance in the art of an outstanding novelist.

Heat

ON THE crest of the wave of easy-fortune hunters and reformers who streamed out to the Philippines in the early years of the century, came young Tom Vernay, just out of West Point, to join his regiment. His essentially imaginative and romantic mind, long suppressed at the Point, unfolds and flowers under the caressing influence of the ruins of the ancient Spanish culture.

Tom's imagination is inflamed and the beautiful daughter of an aristocratic Spanish family becomes for him the incarnation of the illusive spirit of the Walled City and of his boyish romantic dreams.

HEAT is the story of this tropical love affair, the sacrifice of a life on the altar of a passionate illusion. *Miss Glenn* writes from a complete knowledge and a unique understanding of her scene. Her satiric picture of the army life—its perverse stupidities, its malicious, gossiping women—is a devastating criticism of our very presence in the Islands.

HEAT. *By* ISA GLENN. *With a wrapper in full colors by* COVARRUBIAS. $2.50 *net.*

The Artist and the Woman

THIS book is not an entertainment. It is a record of experience, dearly paid for and observed with a passionate objectivity. It is therefore a book of discoveries, of discoveries in a region which is of the utmost importance to mankind; the region of artistic creation. It has long been known that a feminine element is present in all artistic happening, and that it is a necessity to the artist to find this feminine element, whether within or outside himself or both within and without. But *Stephen Hudson* has gone much further in disentangling the problem. He shows first of all that this feminine element necessary to intellectual creation does not demand mere intelligence in a woman. This again was known, and the fact has driven artists to non-intelligent woman which is a great error. *Stephen Hudson* gives here an experimental demonstration of what the type of woman is which is necessary to the artist: not an intellectual proper, not a non-intellectual, but a woman who has an instinct for intellectual creation—a totally different thing from intelligence, or from artistic creative power in a woman.—From "A Note on Stephen Hudson" by *Denis Saurat,* Professor at the University of Bordeaux.

RICHARD, MYRTLE AND I. *By* STEPHEN HUDSON, *author of "Tony," "Myrtle."* $2.00 *net.*

The Ninth Thermidor

THE author of ST. HELENA, a Russian now living in Paris, gives us in his second work the historical novel at its very best. Starting in the Russia of *Catherine the Great* the scene shifts to London and then to Paris during the French Revolution. In a series of brilliant pictures we see life in the capitals of Europe at the end of the eighteenth century.

Young Staal, the hero, like Don Juan, meets romance and political commotion in his journey through Europe. As a diplomat he moves among the famous characters of the period: *Talleyrand, Priestly, Burke, Pitt, Robespierre* and *Kant,* while his fancies range from an innkeeper's daughter in Königsberg to a rabid revolutionary in Paris, and even to the great *Catherine* herself.

THE NINTH THERMIDOR. *By* M. A. ALDANOV, *author of "Saint Helena." Translated from the Russian by* A. E. CHAMOT. $2.50 *net.*

Roundabout

Miss Hoyt's description of herself is the best indication why ROUNDABOUT will prove interesting reading, for it shows the intimacy which she has with the giddy whirl which she describes. The story is a gay, satiric romance for sophisticated people which takes its heroine from her home in a Montmartre studio around the world to Washington, D. C., where she makes her debut in the diplomatic set.

Miss Hoyt writes: "I was born in Washington twenty-three years ago. My father was then Solicitor General. Of my mother's grandfathers, one was the first American publisher of *Walter Scott* and *Washington Irving* and the Analectic Magazine from 1813–1818, and the other owned and edited several Philadelphia papers and reviews, amongst them for a short time the Saturday Evening Post (Alas! this was about 1840!).

"I never had a great deal of school at one time because my family were always taking me off to Europe at a few days notice; a very pleasing habit for a child who never shone very brightly in school to suddenly be able to dump all the books in a back street and depart for new places. I had crossed ten times when I was eleven.

"I live in Washington and points about 3,000 miles east: London, Paris, etc. New York intimidates me. My sister is *Elinor Wylie.* My hobbies: 'Gold Flakes' or any plain Virginian cigarettes, dancing, collecting new examples of young men, *Congreve* and letters from semi-permanent Americans in Paris."

ROUNDABOUT. *By* NANCY HOYT. *$2.50 net.*

The House-Maid

THIS story of a house-maid's career chronicles the effects of this servant's far-reaching ambitions on a group of people remote from her sphere and ignorant of her very existence. During one dramatic hour, when the threads of their several lives converge, Ann Page's are the unwitting hands that control their destinies.

This is a brilliantly written and unusual novel, depicting with unfailing charm the opposite poles of modern London's social life.

THE HOUSE-MAID. *By* NAOMI G. ROYDE-SMITH. *$2.50 net.*

Two Books on the War Guilt

THE GENESIS OF THE WORLD WAR is based on a series of twelve papers which attracted nation-wide attention when they were printed in The Christian Century. It is the first book by an American scholar that deals exhaustively (yet never dully) and in the light of all the latest documents with the great problem of war guilt.

Professor Barnes' conclusions are startling and not every reader will agree with them. But it does not seem too much to say that no man or woman will be able to consider himself or herself well-informed who isn't familiar with this book.

Probably the most important of these documents are the letters and memoranda kept by *Isvolsky* who was for some years the Russian minister of Foreign Affairs and also Ambassador at Paris during the critical years, 1911–1914. *Dr. Stieve* states the conclusions which he draws from the correspondence supporting them by copious extracts. The book develops a trenchant attack on the policy of *Isvolsky* and *Sasonov* and of *Poincaré*, all of whom it roundly charges with having worked for war.

THE GENESIS OF THE WORLD WAR: AN INTRODUCTION TO THE PROBLEM OF WAR GUILT. *By* HARRY ELMER BARNES, *author of "Sociology and Political Theory." $3.50 net.*

ISVOLSKY AND THE WORLD WAR. *By* FRIEDRICH STIEVE. *Translated by* E. W. DICKES. *$3.50 net.*

Relativity Made Easy

J. W. N. Sullivan is a young man of whom much is going to be heard in the next few years. His knowledge of science, especially mathematics, is immense, and he is gifted as well with a singularly pleasing literary style. He knows *Einstein* well and the Theory of Relativity as do few other living men. He has written this book, however, not for his fellow scholars but for the man in the street. Thus, through the use of the dialogue form he can use the terms of ordinary speech. In six dialogues the Theory of Relativity is threshed out by a Philosopher, a Mathematical Physicist and an ordinary Intelligent Person.

THREE MEN DISCUSS RELATIVITY. *By* J. W. N. SULLIVAN, *author of "Aspects of Science." $2.50 net.*

Arthur Machen Again

WITHIN three months *Mr. Knopf* has published the latest and the first of *Arthur Machen's* books. THE CANNING WONDER, which appeared on January 2, has found new adherents for this whimsical master of English prose and now THE ANATOMY OF TOBACCO, the earliest of his works, will uncover the writer who appeals to a still wider audience.

In this book he is nearest to the brightest of contemporary "colyumists." Though he wrote it when a lad of twenty, he put into it all the fresh foolery and satirical sophistication that would characterize an experienced and mature author.

Anyone who has ever smoked a pipe and laughed, and anyone who has ever sympathetically contemplated that beatific mood in another, will love this little book.

THE ANATOMY OF TOBACCO. *By* ARTHUR MACHEN, *author of "The Canning Wonder," "The Hill of Dreams," "Things Near and Far," etc. $2.00 net.*

Announcement

MY GOOD friend, *William Morrow*, for nineteen years associated with Frederick A. Stokes Company as Secretary and Director, has formed a new publishing house under the name of William Morrow and Company, Inc., with offices at 303 Fifth Avenue. He writes:

"The new house will be interested in publications of all descriptions; literature, books on general information, fiction, books for young readers—any books of distinction that can be sold through the book shops, etc. There will be no special departments for some time to come."

It is a pleasure to welcome *Mr. Morrow* in his new venture. We shall look forward with great interest to his activities, in which we wish him all good luck.

Alfred A. Knopf

An English Gentleman-Adventurer

UPON the publication of the first two volumes of the MEMOIRS *Edwin Francis Edgett*, literary editor of the Boston Evening Transcript, was prompted to a leading review.

"Revelations of romantic epochs and picturesque people have been made in the course of many books, but rarely have they been more appealing than in the two stout volumes totalling more than seven hundred pages, which form the MEMOIRS OF WILLIAM HICKEY. The first idea occuring in the mind of anyone who sees them is naturally the question: "Who was *William Hickey*, and why should he write his memoirs?" but it is answered by a mere glance at any portion of these volumes, whether their beginning, their middle, or their end. Whether the man himself was of any importance does not matter. He tells an entertaining story with himself as hero, and that is sufficient.

"Born in London in 1749, of an ancient Irish family on his father's side, and of an equally ancient Yorkshire heritage on his mother's, *William Hickey* from his youngest days lived a venturesome and adventurous life such as comes to few mortals. After his schooldays and a period of study for the bar, debauchery and a dissipated youthful career cut him adrift from all ties of family and friends, and he was sent away from England as a cadet on a ship bound for the Far East. His voyages and knocking about the world apparently taught him no permanent lesson, and his return to London was followed by a second experience of being driven from home by his own misdeeds.

Thus *Mr. Edgett* begins his extended and enthusiastic criticism which is too long for quotation. And in conclusion he says: "The value of the entire record as a human document cannot be overestimated, for it reveals not merely the adventures of a man, but also the spirit of his time. It is as alive as a novel, and it was apparently written without thought of publication."

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The Decline of the West

(*Continued from page 33*)

and completed when Germany still counted confidently on victory.

"In this book," begins *Spengler*, "the attempt is made for the first time to determine history in advance, to follow up the fate of the civilization of Western Europe in the stages through which it has still to pass."

THE DECLINE OF THE WEST, though written before the *débâcle*, is the typical book of post-war Germany, as *Chamberlain's* FOUNDATIONS OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY was the typical book of the Empire at its height. Had Germany won the war, its merits would have secured it the attention of scholars, but hardly the plaudits of the public. The title, which would have sounded like a paradox to a victorious people, harmonised with the apocalyptic mood which accompanied military defeat, political upheaval, and physical privation. The soul of the West, the soul of Faust, as *Spengler* describes it, the soul of aspiration which awoke in the Middle Ages, was ceasing to create, and was passing through quiescence towards extinction.

The strength and erudition of the book must strike every reader, and its bold generalisations stimulate reflection even if they do not always convince. An immense literature of criticism and interpretation greeted its appearance, and historians, philosophers, and theologians felt compelled to explain their attitude to "Spenglerism." Some critics, like *Croce*, argued that its thesis was neither new nor true; but the obvious power of the work deserved at any rate the larger part of the attention which it received. . . .

Though it is not surprising that *Spengler* was regarded as a pessimist, he refused to accept the label without qualification. . . . "Some people confound the decline of the ancient world with the sinking of an ocean liner. If we speak of fulfillment, the pessimism disappears."—*G. P. Gooch* in "Germany"; from the chapter: "The German Mind."

THE DECLINE OF THE WEST. *By* OSWALD SPENGLER. *Translated from the German by* MAJOR C. F. ATKINSON. 8*vo*, *buckram*, 460 *pages*. $6.00 *net*.

This is the Book!!

(*Continued from page 35*)

"*Mr. McDougall* has just enough frankness, impudence and thumb-at-the-nose attitude, without being disrespectful or scandal-mongering, to make his reminiscences delightful reading. He also has a sense of humor that approaching old age has not blunted, and a conversational style that is easy to follow and appreciate. He has had all sorts of rare experiences, and his undress portraits of some great men, living and dead, will give his readers a view of them they have not hitherto enjoyed."

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Publishing Announcements

ON March 26 LIFE AND WORK IN MODERN EUROPE by *G. Renard*, Professor at the College of France, and *G. Weulersse*, Professor at the Lycée Carnot, was published as the latest volume in the *History of Civilization* Series, $6.00 net. The volumes that will follow shortly are: THE MIGRATION OF SYMBOLS by *Donald A. Mackenzie*, author of "Ancient Man in Britain," $4.00 net; and TRAVEL AND TRAVELLERS IN THE MIDDLE AGES, edited by *Professor A. P. Newton*, $4.00 net.

USELESS BEAUTY and A WOMAN'S HEART, volumes XVI and XVII respectively in THE COLLECTED NOVELS AND STORIES OF GUY DE MAUPASSANT, appear in the bookstores on April 9. The price per volume is $2.00 net. THE PEDDLER, Volume XVIII, will soon be published, completing the edition. There is in active preparation for probable publication in the fall of 1926 a critical biography of *Maupassant* by *Ernest Boyd*.

Among the books scheduled for publication in the fall of 1926 are:

IOWA INTERIORS, a book of short stories by *Ruth Suckow*.

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Other May features:

NORTH CAROLINA — *By Nell Battle Lewis*

An account of recent human events in the most civilized of all the Southern States. The author is a member of the staff of the Hon. Josephus Daniels' great moral and political journal, the Raleigh *News and Observer*.

THE SWEDES AMONG US — *By Nils F:Son Brown*

A distinguished Swedish-American journalist discusses his countrymen, and describes the ideals that ride them.

THE PASSING OF THE FREE EDITOR

By William Allen White

The celebrated Kansas editor delivers a powerful funeral oration at the bier of American journalism, butchered by the Munseys.

THE FATHERS AT WORK AND PLAY

By Harry Elmer Barnes

Intimate glimpses of the private notions and recreations of such immortals as Washington, Franklin, Jefferson, Hamilton and old John Adams.

OKLAHOMA POETS

Selections from the work of the young bards, male and female, whose work has begun to attract nation-wide attention to the University of Oklahoma.

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